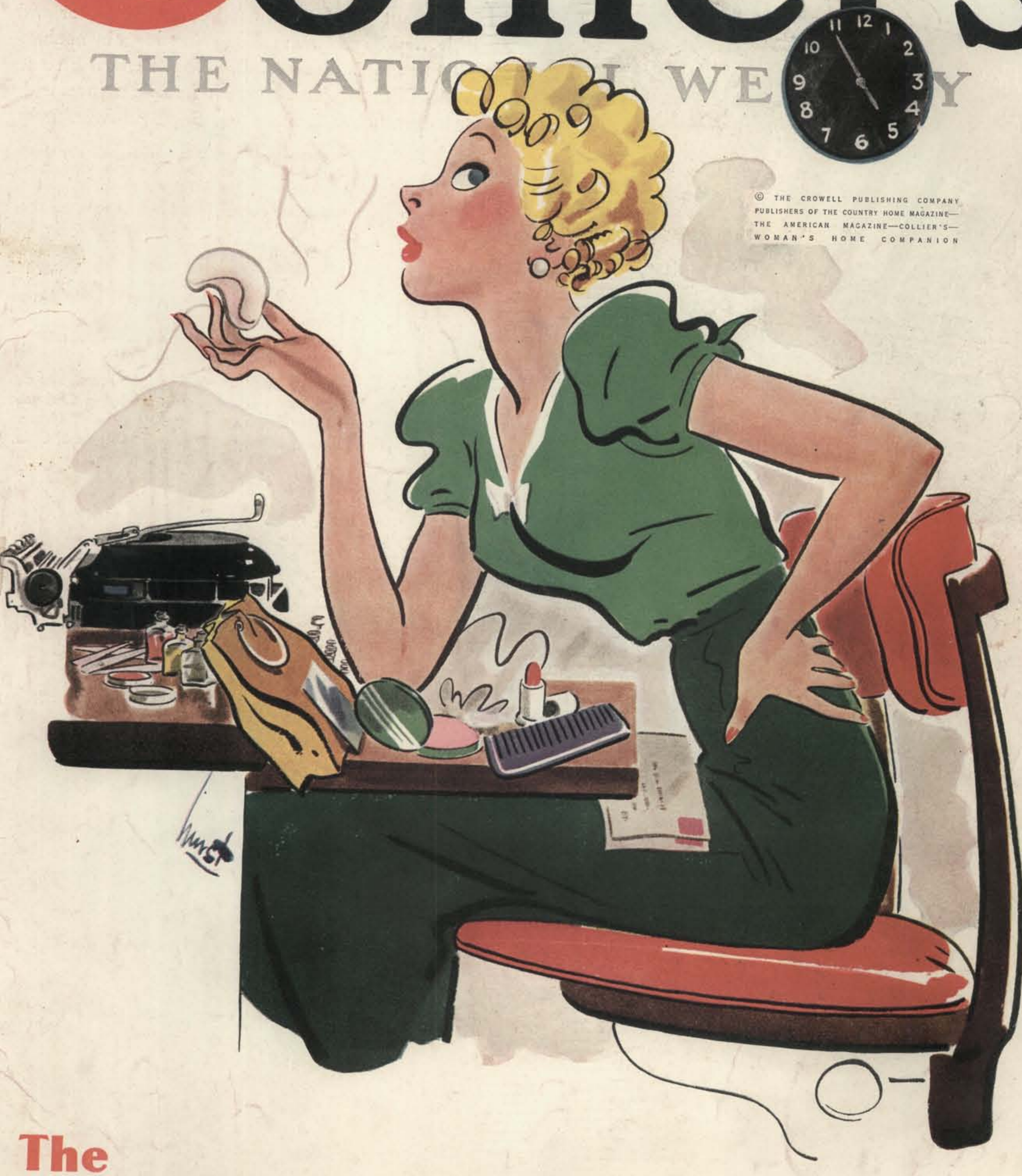
December 19, 1936

5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATI L WE Y



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PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

The
ALL-AMERICA FOOTBAL

FRANK TAYLOR
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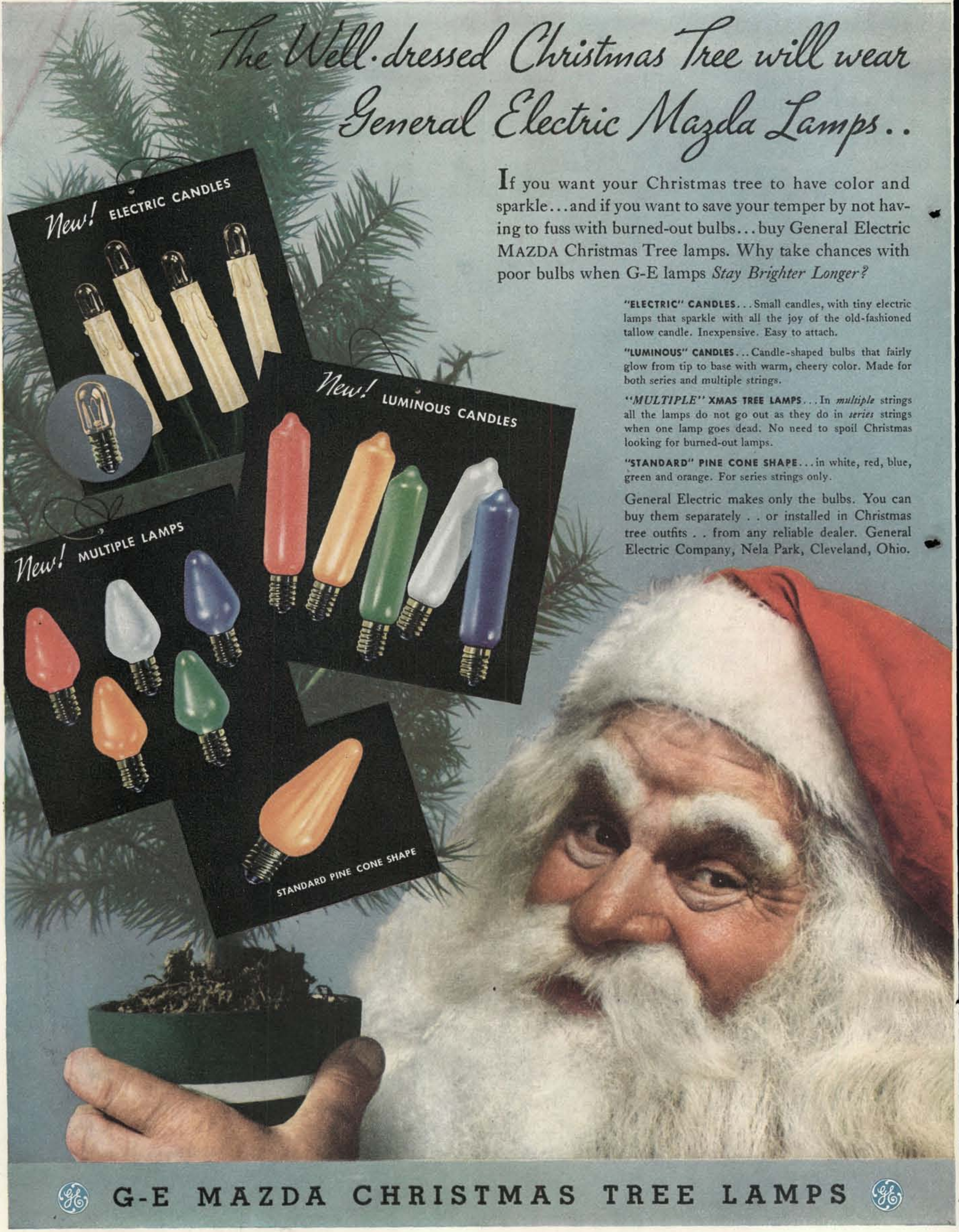


The Well-dressed Christmas Tree will wear General Electric Mazda Lamps..

If you want your Christmas tree to have color and sparkle...and if you want to save your temper by not having to fuss with burned-out bulbs...buy General Electric MAZDA Christmas Tree lamps. Why take chances with poor bulbs when G-E lamps *Stay Brighter Longer?*

"ELECTRIC" CANDLES...Small candles, with tiny electric lamps that sparkle with all the joy of the old-fashioned tallow candle. Inexpensive. Easy to attach.

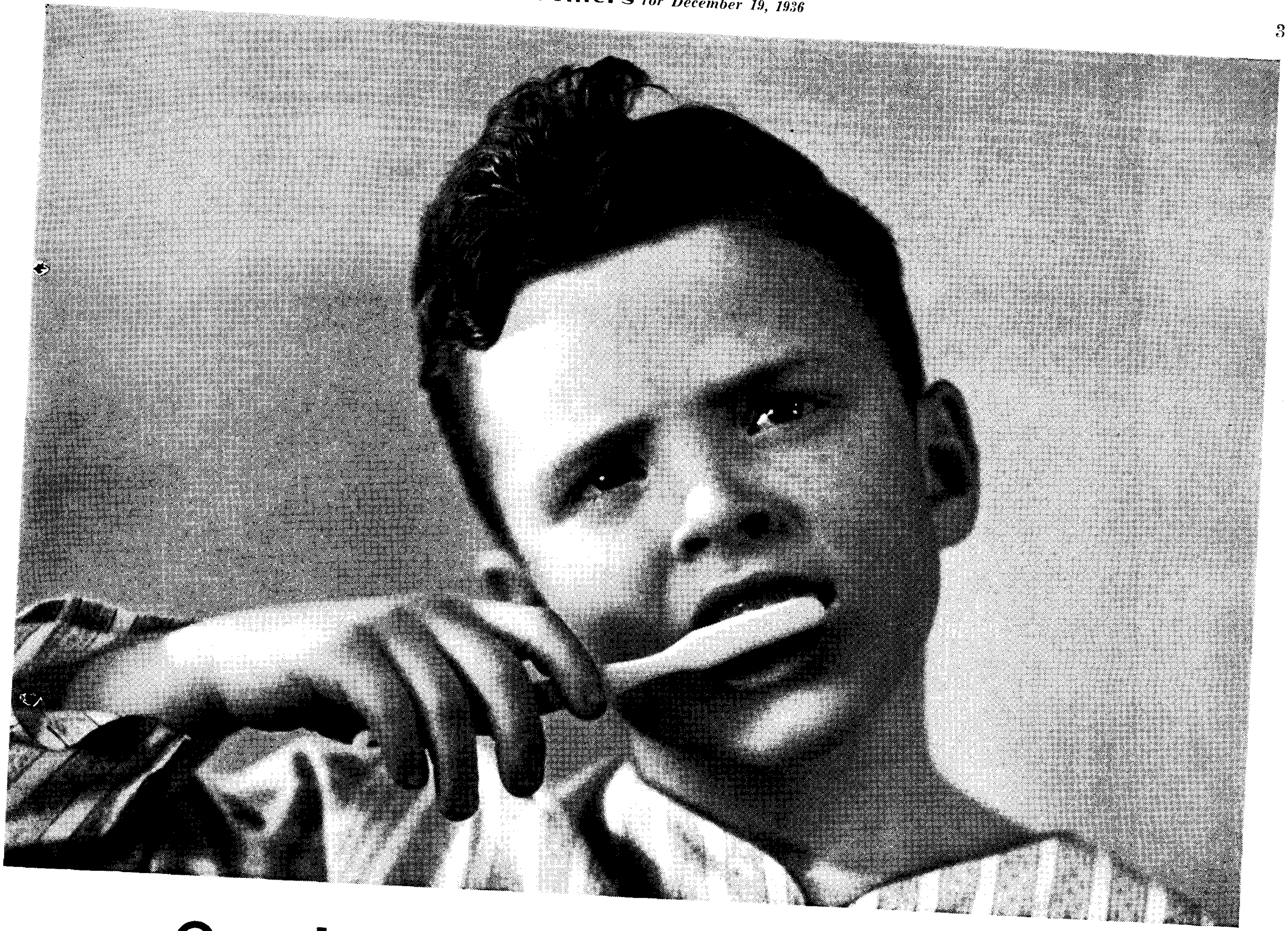
"LUMINOUS" CANDLES...Candle-shaped bulbs that fairly glow from tip to base with warm, cheery color. Made for both series and multiple strings.

"*MULTIPLE*" XMAS TREE LAMPS...In *multiple* strings all the lamps do not go out as they do in *series* strings when one lamp goes dead. No need to spoil Christmas looking for burned-out lamps.

"STANDARD" PINE CONE SHAPE...in white, red, blue, green and orange. For series strings only.

General Electric makes only the bulbs. You can buy them separately . . or installed in Christmas tree outfits . . from any reliable dealer. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

G-E MAZDA CHRISTMAS TREE LAMPS



One classroom drill he'll never forget—Ipana and Massage for white Teeth and healthy Gums!

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

TWENTY years from now he will probably have forgotten the *mountains* of South America and the rivers of Asia, but there's one classroom lesson that will stay with him a lifetime—his daily classroom drills in the modern *dental health* practice of Ipana and massage.

Such classroom drills are probably guiding your own children to a lifetime of sound teeth and healthy gums. And in thousands of American homes, modern parents have profited from the instruction and example of youngsters—learned to know that dental warning "pink tooth brush"—what it means and how to defeat it.

For "pink tooth brush" is a warning you should not ignore. When you see it—*see your dentist promptly.* It can mean trouble—a serious gum disorder. But usually it only means gums robbed of exercise and work.

Our modern soft food menus are largely responsible for our modern gum troubles. Gums grow flabby and tender simply because they never get enough vigorous exercise to keep them healthy. And modern dental practice turns naturally to massage with Ipana Tooth Paste to supply the exercise and stimulation they need.

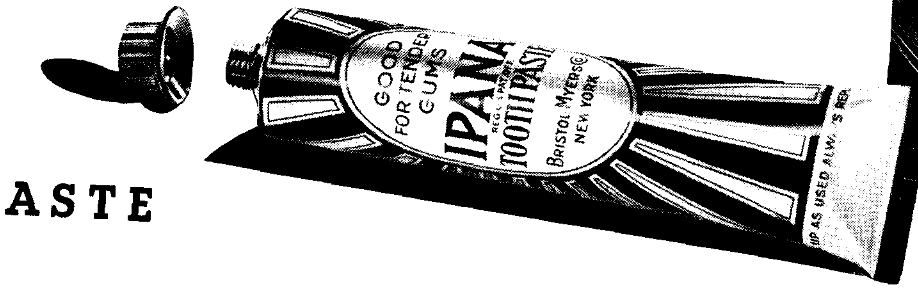
Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. When you use it, you'll feel your gums grow livelier, firmer, more resistant. New circulation brings them new life. They feel and look better.

Change today to this simple, easy routine. Give your gums the advantages of this better care. Keep "pink tooth brush" a stranger. Keep the really serious gum diseases far in the background.

- With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

"ROOSEVELT'S Plans and Purposes" is the completely descriptive title of a scoop on the grand scale by Collier's Washington staff writer, George Creel. As a member of Woodrow Wilson's official family Mr. Creel worked side by side with Mr. Roosevelt. Twice previously he has had the privilege of announcing in Collier's the policies that would determine the Administration's plans. At the time of Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration in March, 1933, he set forth exactly the outlines of the original New Deal laws. Next week he gives expression to the plans and purposes that animate the President as he faces his second term.

THERE'S no place for sentiment in a hospital. Any good nurse will feel just a little contemptuous of the comfortable women who lead unlaborious and undramatic lives in the world outside. It's all very well for them to spend their time on sentiment; they know nothing of the fatigue, the heartbreak and the scientific exaltation of the staff.

And yet, a good nurse might envy those comfortable women, might decide to leave the stripped efficiency of the wards for a luxurious life outside. Paula Trainer did. Perhaps she was looking for sentiment. Anyway, she found it, not in the world outside, but in the grim, unornamented hospital one "Shining Day." Teresa Hyde Phillips writes a nurse's Christmas story.

JOHN CLEATS was a modest, retiring and methodical fellow. He minded his own business, strictly. There was just one thing that the bank robbers overlooked when they picked him as an unwilling accomplice. John liked to get "To Work at Nine." And nothing could stop him. The story is by Frank Bunce.

THE day may come when the Rose Bowl contender comes charging down from Canada amid a flurry of lateral passes. Each season brings the Canadian game of football closer to ours. Already they can give us pointers. Come north with Quentin Reynolds and see.

GLENN PHILLIPS was a "Daredevil" and, the Swiss guides would add, a fool. He climbed alone and he chose the worst places. No one but Glenn knew that he climbed because he was afraid—Glenn and a girl. Edwin Muller writes of the time when she climbed after him.

KYLE CRICHTON, Peter B. Kyne, Jim Marshall, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Faith Baldwin, Betty Thornley Stuart, Alan LeMay and others supply fact and fiction. Plus the season's greetings.

This Week

●

December 19, 1936

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

GRANTLAND RICE
The All America Football Team. Ending all arguments. Page 7

WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON
No Orders Obeyed. Story of a considerate nephew. Page 10

RUTH MOORE MORRISS
Cooking Up Christmas. Neat trick with a goose. Page 12

KYLE CRICHTON
Strip to Fame. Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, in person. Page 13

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
A Matter of Timing. A well-placed bullet. Page 14

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Fighting Lady. An admiral fallen among kids. Page 16

GEORGE CREEL
Youngest and Loudest. Senator Holt has a rush of words. Page 18

ERNEST HAYCOX
Deep Horizons. A prairie Christmas. Page 19

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Accenting Love, by Blake Cabot. Page 21

ALAN LeMAY
Dark Tropic Sea, Part IX. Twisted evidence. Page 22

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pick of the crop. Page 31

FAITH BALDWIN
The Heart Has Wings, Part VII. Bill Jones takes a hand. Page 33

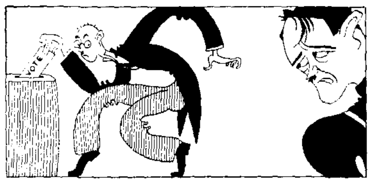
EDWIN MULLER
Beyond the Ranges. Blank spaces on the American map. Page 48

EDITORIAL
Going Places. Page 66

●

Any Week

UNTIL this one arrived from Abdul Bey in Istanbul, Turkey, we never saw a Turk or thought of one without having visions of a wrestler. To make the picture complete, we've usually thought of Turks as running baths and rug shops by day and wrestling by night. But the Bey informs us that Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the current boss-man of Turkey, has added to his other Westernisms advocacy of football and baseball. "Everybody in Turkey," says the Bey, "must now exercise." In consequence, there is considerable uneasiness in Konya, Yarpus, Bitlis and Angora. The rumor now rocking all Turkey is that Mr. Dizzy Dean is now consulting maps, while large numbers of American football coaches are writing Kemal about the various advantages of the Rockne, Warner and Houghton systems of good-humored leg breaking.



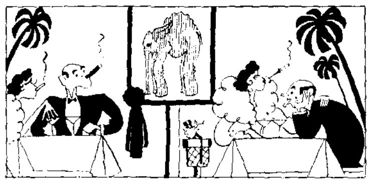
WE'VE news from Berlin, too. Naturally we may not mention our German correspondent's name, Messrs Goebbels, Goering and Hitler being paid salaries to act decisively against anyone writing such obviously obstructive letters. But he says: "Every American should devote an hour to prayer on his knees, thanking God that you can do what you did on your election day. But make no mistake. In Germany and Italy and maybe Russia, if we had the right to vote in secret, there would be no Hitler, Mussolini and perhaps Stalin. We cheer them because it is better to be free than in the dungeons. But let us vote in secret and we would show you that you are not the only free peoples."

AND from China we have it on the word of Mr. Wing Chow T'sung of Peiping that China is not suffering from the incursions of Japan as much as some of our newspapers would have us think. "China seems doomed forever," writes Mr. Wing pessimistically, "to be exploited. Shall we be exploited by men of our own race or by Occidentals, who do not understand us? Perhaps better by Japan, who thinks as we do but faster. As for the Occidental exploiter, we have an illuminating saying, which is: 'When, upon arriving at your home after a hard day's work, you find your house in flames, scan carefully the change you have received from the chair carrier; calamities seldom happen singly.'"

FROM Calgary, Alberta, Canada, comes word that the Honorable Bill Aberhart, the Premier who has yet to find a substitute for money, is complaining that it is almost impossible to save people who would prefer not to be saved. "When we elected Bill," writes Mr. Ted Briscoe, "we called him the Roosevelt of Alberta. We've quit that and have gone back to the original Bible Bill. Some of Bill's friends are blaming his flop on your Father Coughlin, who taught Bill banking and finance. With the involuntary retirement of Coughlin, our Bill's left all alone holding the bag. We're busted and even Bill's about to admit it."

APPARENTLY we've met Mr. George S. Wheat of New York City. He writes: "I've just read in the papers all about the Ash-Can Hat Racket. The racketeers get up early in the morning, search all the ash cans and retrieve all the old hats. They then block, dope and refurbish the castaway lids and sell them in gyp shops for new. At last I have the answer to a question which has puzzled me for years—where you got that relic you've been wearing so long."

MRS. RUTH LEMUEL, of Miami, Florida, writes: "All available space is being occupied by Yankees who have come down to mourn for Mr. Landon, the Constitution, the Supreme Court and liberty all winter. They are drowning their bitter sorrow in champagne and filling their hearts with *filets mignon.* And don't think, either, that we aren't helping them to bear up—at a hundred bucks a help. Here's hoping your heels freeze!"



WELL, we know a Yankee who didn't go south after the election. He's the now Honorable George Aiken of Brattleboro, Vermont. The Republicans elected Mr. Aiken governor. Mr. Aiken's a farmer. We called him up right after his accident, saying we guessed he wasn't so busy. "You're wrong," said Mr. Aiken; "I'm awful busy." We said: "You don't mean to say that the duties of being governor of Vermont are taking up all your time—particularly as you don't take office until January?" And Mr. Aiken said: "Hell, no, 'tain't that; but my hired man's just quit."

A JOB for Alf Landon.

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Youngest and Loudest

Continued from page 18

the state director's name had been mentioned thirty-five times, and President Roosevelt's only once. He continued his tirades for weeks; there were days when a speech took up as much as thirteen pages in the Congressional Record.

Filing a categorical denial, Harry Hopkins mentioned less than casually that Senator Holt's brother had been discharged on February 14th from his post of engineer in the Parkersburg district for overloading projects with supervisory personnel, and collecting money from employees to pay the cost of broadcasting a speech by the senator. Also that the files were full of communications from the senator, containing threats and demands in connection with appointments. Naïvely enough, Master Rush admitted the plain implication by shouting that Matt Neely had "left him out in the cold," giving him only two administrative appointments out of 127.

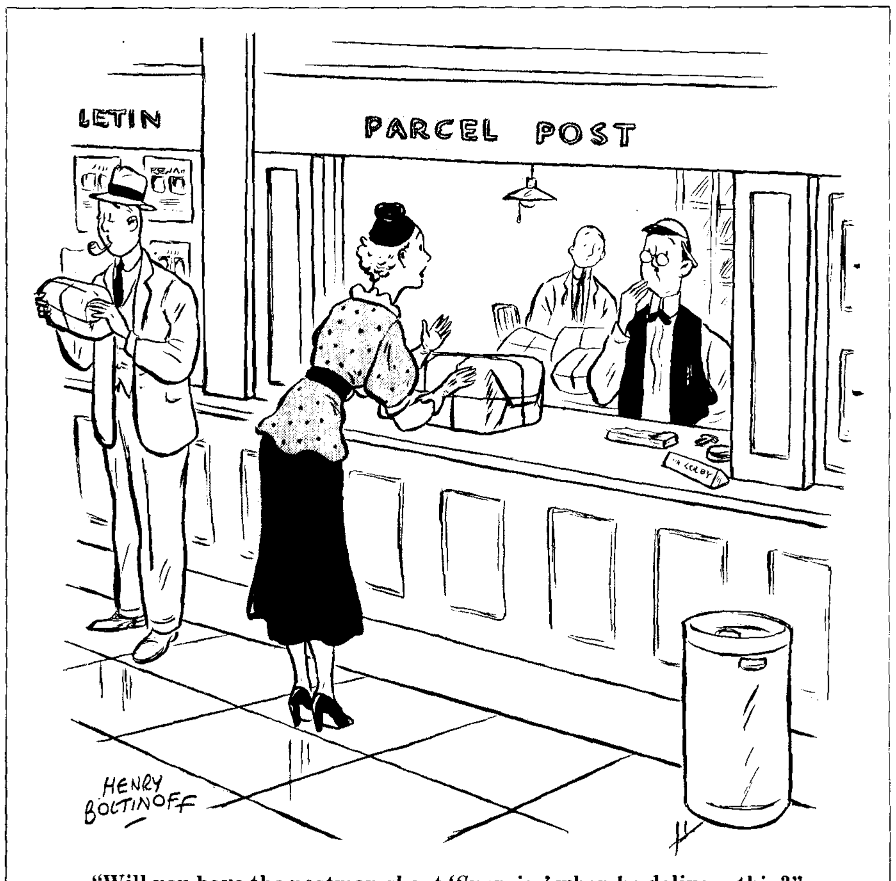
WHEN Senator Neely went home to campaign for renomination, the junior senator followed hotfoot on the trail of his former friend and backer. Putting himself squarely behind an opposing candidate, he stumped the entire state, making some thirty speeches in which he held Neely up to public execration. At the primary election on May 12th, however, Senator Neely came out ahead by a vote of four to one.

Not until late June was the Senate privileged to hear again from its youngest member, the Guffey coal bill bringing him to his feet. No one had been more enthusiastic over the original measure than Senator Holt, yet when it came before the Upper House on the last day of the session, hopefully amended with a view to meeting the Supreme Court's objections, he reversed his stand completely. Senator Neely, it may be mentioned, was sponsoring the bill. Announcing that he would refuse to permit a vote, Master Rush conducted a one-man filibuster, rambling violently from one thing to another, and reading Aesop's fables when he ran out of original thought. John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, almost fell out of the gallery as he watched the performance of his former protégé and pet.

The West Virginian's next public appearance was before the convention of the National Union for Social Justice in August. His "keynote" berated the Roosevelt administration and stressed "cheap money," but any hope that he may have had of keeping the limelight went glimmering when Dr. Townsend, Father Coughlin and the Reverend Gerald Smith took the platform. From Cleveland, therefore, he rushed to Topeka for a conference with Governor Landon, and from Kansas he dashed back to his own state for a series of speeches. What he meant to say may never be known, for angry crowds howled him down and booed him from the platform.

As things stand today, the future would seem to hold a lot of loneliness for Rush D. Holt. Senators are a curious lot. They do not quarrel with any member's convictions if he really *has* convictions. Men such as Glass, Vandenberg, Robinson, McNary, Norris, Barkley, Wheeler, Steiwer and LaFollette differ violently, yet each has liking and admiration for the others based on a belief in their honesty and sincerity. That is where young Senator Holt has lost out. Democrats, Progressives and Republicans are very frankly of the opinion that Master Rush is a half-baked opportunist, moved only by his ambitions and vanities.

With four years yet to serve, it is possible, of course, for him to regain the esteem of his fellows. Only, however, if he abates his juvenile rages, quits filibusters based on personal animus, bears his share of committee work and learns to keep silent when he has nothing to say. It is not too much to assert that a whole country wishes him well, for there is not only pathos but real tragedy in the failure of one who entered the Senate at thirty.



"Will you have the postman shout '*Surprise*' when he delivers this?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

Cigarette Case Gift Package — Handsome thin model Walnut DUREZ Cigarette Case and 50 Gillette Blades. The cigarette case alone is easily worth $1.00 —yet you get it *free!* **Price, complete $2.45**

GILLETTE OFFERS

5 Smart Gifts

THAT EVERY MAN WILL APPRECIATE

● This Christmas buy him a gift that you *know* he will appreciate—not just for a day but every morning for months to come!

Whether you are selecting a gift for father, brother, husband or sweetheart, he will be delighted with any one of the five beautiful Gillette Gift Packages pictured here.

Typical of the value and beauty of Gillette's special Christmas assortment is the handsome Cigarette Case Gift Package which contains 50 Gillette Blades. The handsome thin model Walnut Durez case alone is worth $1.00—but you get it absolutely free with the purchase of 50 Gillette Blades.

Styled right up to the minute, these gifts are wrapped in gay holiday boxes. They make the ideal present for a man, yet note how surprisingly inexpensive they are.

Why risk giving a gift that may soon be discarded? Gillette has spent years in catering to men and knows what they like. See your dealer today. Ask him to show you Gillette's sensational new Christmas Gift Packages.

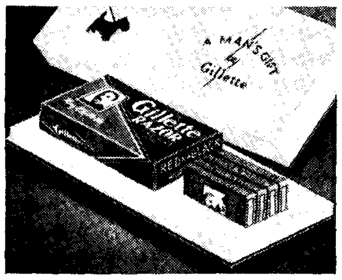
If your dealer cannot supply you with the gift set desired, send your order with check or money order to Gillette Safety Razor Co., Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York.

Gillette

Smile with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E. S. T.

Aristocrat Gift Package — Contains the new $4.00 Aristocrat, one-piece 24-Kt. gold-plated razor and gold-plated case. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blades. Also 50 Gillette Blades. A gift de luxe. **Price, $5.75**

Bostonian Gift Package—Contains the Bostonian gold-plated razor and blade container, in metal case, leathergrain covered. Also 45 Gillette Blades. A gift worth much more than its price. **Price, $2.85**



Red and Black Gift Package—One Red and Black Gillette Razor Set with 5 Gillette Blades in attractive case. Also 20 additional Gillette Blades. Just the thing for brother. **Price, $1.47**

Gillette Blade Gift Package—Fifty Gillette Blades (10 individual packages of 5's) in a beautiful Christmas wrapping. A grand present for any man. **Price, $2.45**

Collier's

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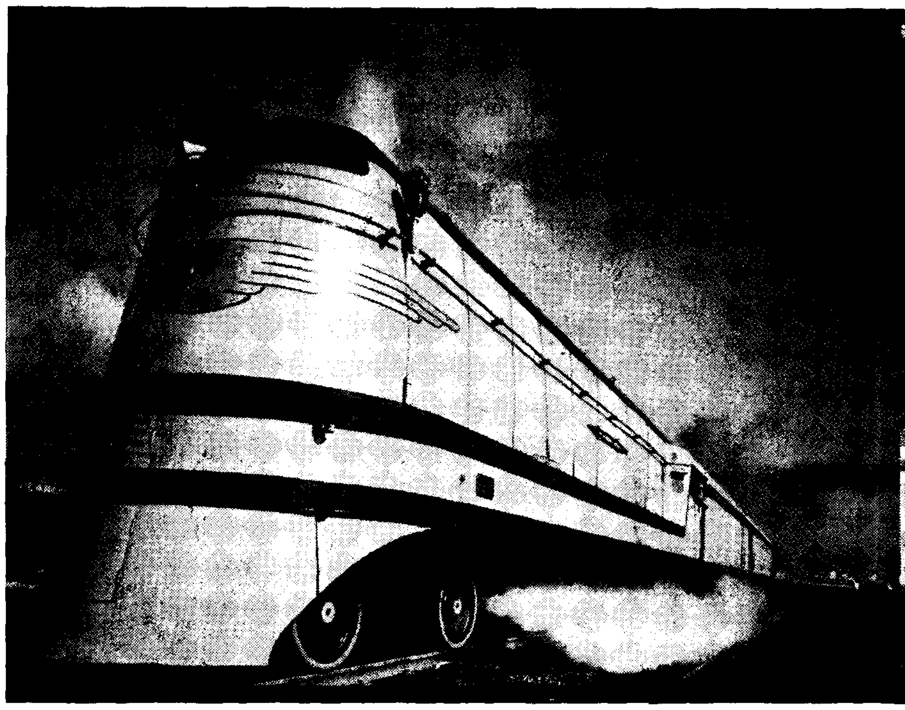


ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

In the competitive field of transportation the railroads have introduced streamlining as the latest in speedy travel

IFOR THOMAS

A network of giant planes fly the country on schedule. Speed, safety and comfort are the aims of these great lines

Going Places

LEADERS in the march to better times in this country have been the transportation industries. Motorcars, railroads and airplanes have shown us one trustworthy road to economic health. The achievements in all three fields have been prodigious.

The railroad revival is an exciting and heartening event. Long before 1929 wrote its question mark behind everything, the railroads were experiencing difficulty. New competition from motorcars and airplanes was depriving the railroads of business which seemed vital to their prosperity.

Many said the railroads were to be the victims of a slowly but endlessly losing struggle. Like the electric streetcars, they were to be weakened by a competition they could not meet. The tears were shed too soon. The prospects of the railroads are brighter now than at any time for years.

The railroads are succeeding because they are selling better products more cheaply. This is the familiar American formula of accomplishment. Finer service at lower prices is the essential American contribution to industrial civilization.

The railroads first employed research to learn how to improve the service offered the traveling public. Speed, cleanness, comfort were the objectives. More progress has been made in obtaining these objectives during the last five years than in the previous fifty.

Air-conditioned trains made railroad travel clean and comfortable in any weather. New engines and newly designed cars made high speed practicable and safe. New prices, voluntarily offered by the pioneers and later established by rule of the government, brought railroad tickets within the buying power of millions who had refrained from travel or had used other means.

Today the railroads have captured the imagination of the public. Railroads are going places. A new and a stimulating chapter in their history is being written.

Airplanes made it necessary for the railroads to hustle if they wanted to retain the patronage of travelers eager to get somewhere. Now the speedier new service offered by the railroads has stimulated the airmen to fresh developments. The accomplishments recorded during the six years of world-wide financial adversity are truly amazing.

Air service is offered up and down this country and American airplanes are in use on the principal lines of world air travel. Every continent has airplane service. Regular sailings are scheduled over the Pacific and Indian oceans. Transatlantic travel is a matter of a few months.

In the matter of safety, American railroads long ago accomplished miracles. Year after year some of the best roads have had the perfect record of injuring not one passenger. Airlines stimulated by this accomplishment have themselves had remarkable success in preventing accidents in the air.

Rivalry for the patronage of travelers has been an awakening influence both on the railroads and airlines. Both have benefited from the enterprise of competitors.

Both, also, are indebted to the enterprise and daring of American motorcar manufacturers. No industry has been more honestly competitive than this one and none has extended its benefits more widely.

More consciously and deliberately perhaps than any other group, the motorcar manufacturers set themselves the task of giving year by year a better product for fewer dollars. The record is brilliant. During the darkest years of financial uncertainty engineering inquiry was steadily pursued. Trained men were employed to make experiments and to think. They did, effectually.

"The average five-passenger four-door sedan of today in the $800 to $950 retail price classification has as much room and provides as much comfort to passengers as the $1,500 to $1,600 automobiles of 1928," in the words of Howard S. Welch, chief of the Automobile-Aeronautics Division of the Department of Commerce. In 1928 Americans bought 3,250,000 motorcars at an average price of $898. This year the same number of new and better cars were bought at an average price of $702.

Cars are speedier. They require less fuel. Fewer repairs are necessary. They are safer and more beautiful. The motorcar manufacturers had the wisdom to build for the masses rather than for smaller classes. The result is that 26,000,000 motorcars are in use in the United States. Naturally the public responded to the opportunity.

No one is wise enough to see the consequences of this immense advancement in the agencies of transportation. We do know that historically travel preceded the development of civilization. We know, also, that the use of the motorcar did more to change our habits and customs than any other influence within the past century. Inventors and manufacturers, intent only on making and distributing better products, have been more potent than statesmen in creating new conditions and in giving us the tools with which we built a new way of life.

Our civilization is in ferment. Great changes are occurring. Transportation in all its branches is expanding. Success is coming to those able to think fresh thoughts, to do honest work and to satisfy the aspirations of the millions and the tens of millions for the conveniences of civilized living.

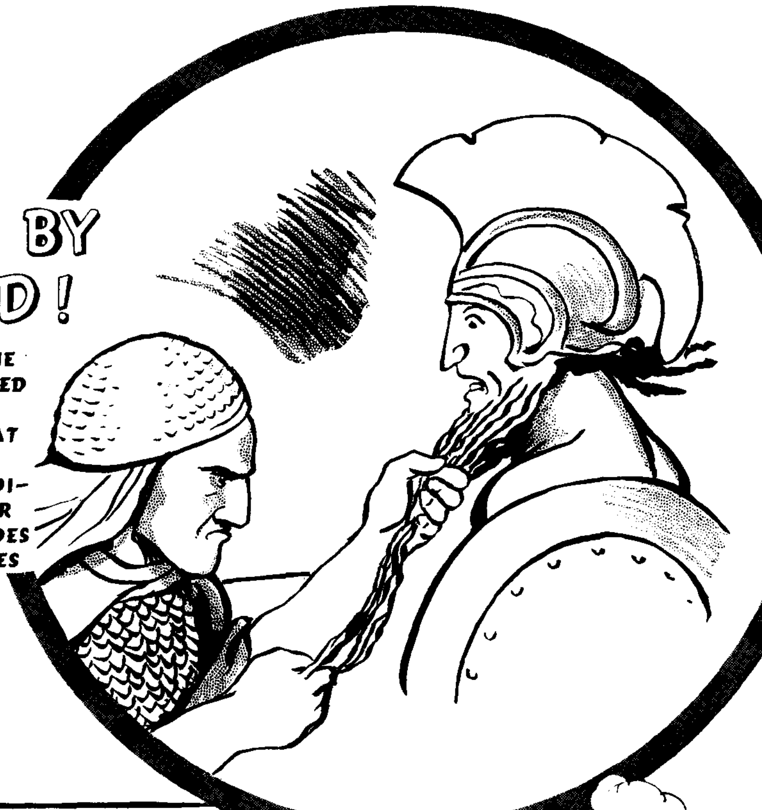
"Jim Called Up Today"

TIME and distance may prevent your being there in person. But you can always be there by telephone, with a warm and friendly greeting. For across the miles your voice is you!

It's easy to do and it can mean so much. A few words—thoughtful, kindly, reassuring—may gladden a day or a life. Somewhere today—perhaps this hour—some one is wishing you'd call.

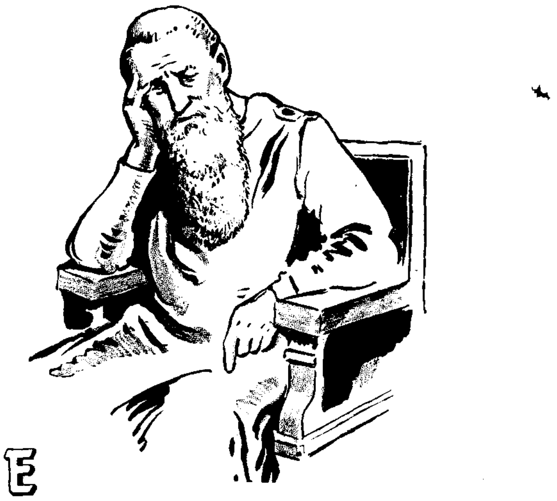
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Shaving Oddities



BEATEN BY A BEARD!

DURING A BATTLE, THE PERSIANS HANDICAPPED THE SOLDIERS OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT BY PULLING THEIR BEARDS! DON'T HANDICAP YOUR GEM RAZOR WITH IMITATION BLADES ..GENUINE GEM BLADES GIVE CLEANER, SMOOTHER SHAVES.

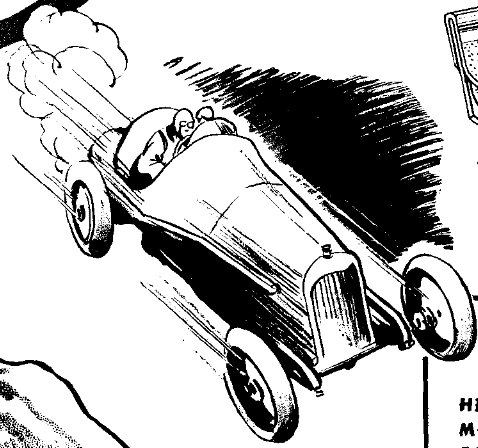


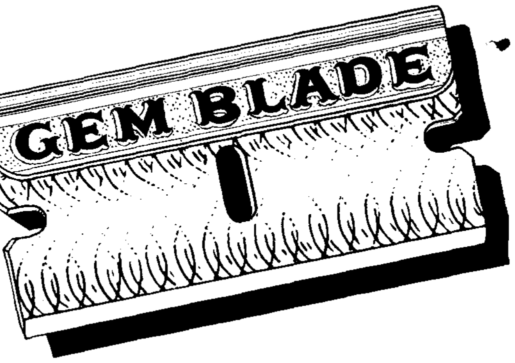
THE MOURNING BEARD!

IN OLD ROMAN TIMES, A LONG BEARD WAS A SIGN OF GRIEF, WORN BY MEN IN MOURNING. TO TAKE THE GRIEF OUT OF YOUR MORNING SHAVES, CHANGE TO GENUINE GEM BLADES! THEY NEVER IRRITATE YOUR FACE.

AFRICAN BEARD CHISEL!

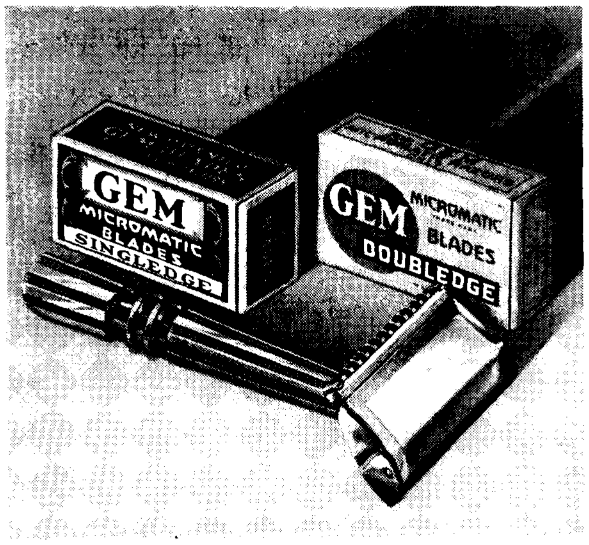
AFRICAN NATIVES CHISEL OFF THEIR WHISKERS WITH THIS CRUDE, PRIMITIVE "RAZOR". BUT WHY SHOULD YOU USE CHIN-CHAFING IMITATION BLADES WHEN GENUINE GEM BLADES ACTUALLY COST LESS PER SHAVE!





SPEED KING!

HERE'S WHY GEM BLADES SPEED THROUGH MORNING SHAVES IN RECORD TIME...THEIR 50% THICKER STEEL IS HONED FOR 3 MILES, STROPPED 4840 TIMES TO A SHARPNESS NO OTHER BLADE CAN EQUAL!



SIAMESE TWINS OF SHAVING!

THE GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR AND A GEM BLADE MAKE A PERFECT PAIR. GEM'S DUAL-ALIGNMENT LOCKS THE BLADE RIGID AT 5 POINTS. GEM'S BEVEL TOP INSISTS THAT YOU USE THE MASTER BARBER'S LONG, GLIDING STROKE. YOU CANNOT IRRITATE YOUR FACE.

TRY THESE COMFORT TWINS! GET A $1.00 GEM RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES AT YOUR DEALER'S. OR SEND 25¢ WITH COUPON FOR SPECIAL TEST SET WITH STANDARD $1.00 GEM RAZOR AND 2 BLADES. IMPROVED SHAVES GUARANTEED!

SPECIAL OFFER

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Collier's The National Weekly for December 19, 1936

Alexander Wojciechowicz, center, Fordham University. Height, 5:11. Weight, 192. Home, South River, New Jersey

The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

GAYNELL TINSLEY
End, Louisiana State University

LAWRENCE KELLEY
End, Yale University

ED WIDSETH
Tackle, University of Minnesota

AVERELL DANIELL
Tackle, University of Pittsburgh

MAX STARCEVICH
Guard, University of Washington

STEVE REID
Guard, Northwestern University

ALEXANDER WOJCIECHOWICZ
Center, Fordham University

CLINTON FRANK
Halfback, Yale University

RAYMOND BUIVID
Halfback, Marquette University

SAM BAUGH
Quarterback
Texas Christian University

SAM FRANCIS
Fullback
University of Nebraska

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FORTY million witnesses, the thudding echo of fifteen thousand sets of cleats from coast to coast, over four hundred teams upon the field—and from this grand army of the gridiron only one team from the upper tier was strong enough or lucky enough to remain unbeaten.

This was Santa Clara, a smart, strong, well-balanced outfit that, through no fault of its own, was not called upon to play anything like a killing schedule.

In the dramatic swirl and counterswirl of football fortune and football skill, where the breaks of the game played an impressive part, one point remained unchallenged. While the East took over her lost leadership in 1936, there is no longer any all-conquering system or any section that remains supreme for two or three consecutive seasons.

Strong teams came to high peaks and fell away under the heavy grind of modern schedules. Others started raggedly and came with a rush at the finish. In most games today the winning team has to play itself out to win. One human system can only burn up so much energy. Football is largely competitive energy or fight on a given day. This explains the upsets.

From all these head-over-heels turns of fortune, from all these outlandish form reversals, there were two teams that stood out as possessing all-season strength. They were Louisiana State in the South and Minnesota in the Middle West. And Pittsburgh wasn't far away.

Early in the season Pittsburgh beat Notre Dame 26 to 0. Northwestern beat Minnesota 6 to 0. Notre Dame crushed Northwestern 26 to 6. You have here a big part of the story of 1936 if you take these same reversals and scatter them all over the map.

Tides ebb and tides flow. Back in 1909, which is only twenty-seven years ago, there were still six Yale men on Walter Camp's official All-America. They were Cooney, Andrus, Hobbs, Kilpatrick, Philbin and Coy.

Then the mad whirl got under way. The game moved from the East to the

Midwest. Then to the Far West. Then it swung to the stars of the Deep South and from there moved to the Southwest and the cottonwood trail.

But the tides of 1936 brought back football supremacy to the East, shown by a margin of more than 2 to 1 in over seventy intersectional games. There were top waves in every section—but there was no one section that could throw in twelve teams to equal Fordham, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, Yale, Holy Cross, Temple, Duquesne, Princeton, Villanova, Navy and Army.

Nineteen thirty-six was a year that belonged largely to offensive football. In the most thrilling single game of the year Yale beat Princeton 26 to 23. An outclassed Texas team scored 19 points against Minnesota. A young Wisconsin team scored 18 points against Northwestern, champion of the Big Ten. Minnesota scored 85 points against Purdue and Iowa. A young, green Harvard team ran up 40 points against Princeton, Yale and Navy. More effective use of forwards and laterals and better deception helped to break down defensive strength.

THE ADVISORY BOARD

Pacific Coast
R. L. (Dink) TEMPLETON
San Francisco Call-Bulletin
BRAVEN DYER
Los Angeles Times

—

Southwest
GEORGE W. WHITE
Dallas News

—

Missouri Valley
C. E. McBRIDE
Kansas City Star

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Middle West
H. G. SALSINGER
Detroit News

—

South
O. B. KEELER
Atlanta Journal

—

East
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Collier's

—

New England and Northeast
BILL CUNNINGHAM
Boston Post

This lift in offense caught the interest of football crowds. Army had been beaten once and Notre Dame twice, yet their annual game was an 80,000 sell-out. Both Yale and Princeton had been beaten but the public demand was still hot after the last of 57,000 seats had been sold. Army and Navy with five defeats passed the 100,000 count at Philadelphia. Notre Dame, almost wrecked by Pittsburgh, beaten later by Navy, again led the attendance parade with a total of 450,000 spectators. The old belief that big crowds only come to see the winners and the unbeaten was thoroughly disproved. The crowds came out to see action and color and rivalries they remembered.

With all these complications, with all this extended field to cover, upon what basis can any All-America be named?

Here is the system Collier's uses:

1. An Advisory Board of leading football writers who cover every section and who are in close contact with coaches, players and officials. The reports from this board are made every week from early October to December.

2. Confidential reports from more than ninety coaches, especially stars and teams they have played against.

3. Keeping in mind opposing strength, week after week, all-around ability, opinions from the opposition, length of service (which is important), leadership, the competitive side.

4. Here is an extremely vital point to be considered: Many teams had an even balance of strength, each man helping to make the other look good—such as L. S. U., Minnesota, Santa Clara and Pittsburgh. Other teams, such as Yale, had to depend upon two or three men.

The most difficult selections this fall fell to the centers and the backs. Star centers included Ray of Dartmouth, one of the best, Wojciechowicz of Fordham, Stewart of L. S. U., Herwig of California, Gilbert of Auburn and Basrak of Duquesne.

The best backs included Frank of Yale, Murray of Pennsylvania, Buivid of Marquette, Brumbaugh of Duquesne, Francis of Nebraska, Baugh of T. C. U., Parker of Duke, Dickens of Tennessee, Falaschi of Santa Clara and Goddard of Washington State. The three outstanding players of the year were Frank of Yale, Gaynell Tinsley of L. S. U. and Francis of Nebraska.

The final selections were made from the following list of outstanding players sent in by Collier's Advisory Board:

EAST

Ends

Kelley, Yale
Siegel, Columbia
Curley, Holy Cross
Ritchko, Colgate
Merrill, Dartmouth
Patt, Carnegie Tech.
Daddio, Pittsburgh
Stromberg, Army
O'Donnell, Holy Cross
Holland, Cornell
Fitts, Bowdoin
Daughters, Harvard
Platukis, Duquesne
Paquin, Fordham

Tackles

Toll, Princeton
Moncewicz, Holy Cross
Chesbro, Colgate
Bennett, Dartmouth
Scott, Yale
Maras, Duquesne
Henrion, Carnegie Tech.
Dominick, Boston College
Gavin, Holy Cross
Eriksen, Army
Camerer, Dartmouth
Matisi, Pittsburgh
Docherty, Temple
Franco, Fordham

Centers

Wojciechowicz, Fordham
Ted Hughes, Cornell
Mautner, Holy Cross
Jones, Harvard
Schoemann, Marquette
Ray, Dartmouth
Cherundolo, Penn State
Beckwith, Yale
Basrak, Duquesne

Guards

Montgomery, Princeton
Hooper, Cornell
Luciano, Holy Cross
Jennings, Marquette
Coviello, Columbia
Cole, Dartmouth
Morrell, Navy
Gaffney, Harvard
Henrion, Carnegie Tech.

Backs

Frank, Yale
Meyer, Army
Ingram, Navy
Stopper, Villanova
Osmanski, Holy Cross
Bartolomeo, Holy Cross
Sandbach, Princeton
Kurlish, Pennsylvania
Reckmack, Syracuse
Furey, Columbia
John Handrahan, Dartmouth
Whitaker, Dartmouth
Oakes, Harvard
Chalmers, Middlebury
Marcus, Bates
Kobrosky, Trinity
Huston, Springfield
Brumbaugh, Duquesne
Goldberg, Pittsburgh
Ewart, Yale
Craig, Army
Antrim, Navy
Raimo, Villanova
Dougherty, Holy Cross
White, Princeton
Murray, Pennsylvania
Elverson, Pennsylvania
Palau, Fordham
Harrison, Penn State
MacLeod, Dartmouth
Jaeger, Colgate
Gintoff, Boston College
Stanley, Williams
Frye, Bowdoin
Doddario, Wesleyan
Butchka, St. Anselm's
LaRue, Pittsburgh
Guckeyson, Maryland

MIDDLE WEST

Ends

Wendt, Ohio State
Kovatch, Northwestern
Boglarsky, Detroit
Gaines, Michigan State
King, Minnesota
Patanelli, Michigan
Zwers, Notre Dame
Nelson, Illinois

Tackles

Widseth, Minnesota
Dal Sasso, Indiana
Beinor, Notre Dame
Voigts, Northwestern
Golemgeske, Wisconsin

Centers

Cooper, Detroit
Fuller, Northwestern
Bell, Purdue
Sayre, Illinois
Wolfe, Ohio State

Guards

Reid, Northwestern
Lautar, Notre Dame
Garber, Michigan
Dahlgren, Michigan State
Inwood Smith, Ohio State
Kuhn, Illinois
Gibson, Northwestern

Backs

Vanzo, Northwestern
Huffman, Indiana
Uram, Minnesota
Albert Guepe, Marquette
Arthur Guepe, Marquette
Drake, Purdue
Wilkinson, Minnesota
Schenk, Iowa
Buivid, Marquette
Heap, Northwestern
Wilke, Notre Dame
Cecil Isbell, Purdue
Wojcihovski, Notre Dame
Sherman, Chicago
Jankowski, Wisconsin
McDonald, Ohio State
Wilson, Illinois
Farkas, Detroit
Gembis, Wayne
Simmons, Iowa
Cody Isbell, Purdue
Brandstatter, Michigan State

Gaynell Tinsley, end, Louisiana State University. Height, 6 feet. Weight, 194. Home, Haynesville, La.

Ed Widseth, tackle, University of Minnesota. Height, 6:2. Weight, 220. Home, McIntosh, Minnesota

SOUTH

Ends

Tinsley, L. S. U.
Bershak, North Carolina
Eaves, Auburn
Taliaferro, Duke
MacCara, N. C. State
Shoemaker, Alabama
King, Furman
Buck, North Carolina
Jordan, Georgia Tech.
Liana, Duke
Plasman, Vanderbilt

Tackles

Kinard, Mississippi
Brunansky, Duke
Roton, Auburn
Black, Clemson
Frankie, Rice
Moss, Tulane
Colmore, Sewanee
Carroll, L. S. U.
Strickler, V. M. I.

Centers

Gilbert, Auburn
Myers, Kentucky
Dan Hill, Jr., Duke
Preston, Georgia Tech.
Lumpkin, Georgia
Tull, Tulane
Stewart, L. S. U.
Hinkle, Vanderbilt
Lewis, Clemson
Moye, Alabama
Price, Mississippi State

Guards

FitzSimmons, Georgia Tech.
Baldwin, L. S. U.
Johnston, Davidson
White, Alabama
Ragdon, N. C. State
Hall, Georgia
Gantt, Auburn
McIver, North Carolina
Merlin, Vanderbilt
Lipscomb, Duke
Jim Farley, V. M. I.

Backs

Parker, Duke
Riley, Alabama
Hackney, Duke
Crass, L. S. U.
Bryan, Tulane
Appleby, Georgia Tech.
Hutchins, No. Carolina
Folger, Clemson
Kilgore, Auburn
Davis, Kentucky
Bloodworth, Mercer
Green, Georgia
Guckeyson, Maryland
Ryneska, N. C. State
Dickens, Tennessee
Kilgrow, Alabama
Tipton, Duke
Coffee, L. S. U.
Andrews, Tulane
Konemann, Georgia Tech.
Burnette, No. Carolina
Berry, Clemson
Hapes, Mississippi
Puryear, Oglethorpe
Trzeciak, V. M. I.
Armstrong, Mississippi State
Armfield, Davidson
Scott, Furman

MISSOURI VALLEY AND ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Ends

McDonald, Nebraska
Pete Smith, Oklahoma
Yelkin, Nebraska
Gustine, Iowa State
Hays, Kansas State
Henderson, Missouri
Dreher, Denver Univ.
Mulleneau, Utah Aggies
Pederson, Western State

Tackles

Shirey, Nebraska
Schafroth, Iowa State
Doyle, Nebraska
Van Dyke, Colorado Aggies
Schleckman, Utah Univ.
Brown, Oklahoma
Fanning, Kansas State
Ellsworth, Oklahoma
Ray, Nebraska
Giles, Western State
Walso, Brigham Young

Centers

Conkright, Oklahoma
Betty, Missouri
Hurt, Colorado Springs
Scudder, Colorado College
Brock, Nebraska
Whearty, Kansas State
Moore, Colorado Univ.
Lantz, Wyoming Univ.

Guards

Holland, Kansas State
Brobnich, Denver Univ.
Bock, Iowa State
Beger, Missouri
Ahrens, Oklahoma
English, Nebraska
McGinnis, Nebraska
Barnard, Greeley State

Backs

Francis, Nebraska
Cleveland, Kansas State
Hewes, Oklahoma
Andrews, Nebraska
Elder, Kansas State
Reupke, Iowa State
Douglass, Kansas
Merriman, Greeley State
Mullinx, Colorado Mines
Kizzarre, Wyoming Univ.
Roberts, Brigham Young
Douglas, Nebraska
Frye, Missouri
Howell, Nebraska
Ryan, Utah State
Mahley, Missouri
Breeden, Oklahoma
Mandola, Missouri
White, Colorado Univ.
Trainor, Colorado Col.
McDonald, Colo. Mines
Call, Utah Univ.
Zupan, Montana State

SOUTHWEST

Ends

Roach, Texas C. U.
West, Texas Tech.
Morrow, Texas A. & M.
Benton, Arkansas
Walls, T. C. U.

Tackles

Parry, Baylor
Young, Texas A. & M.
Hale, T. C. U.

Centers

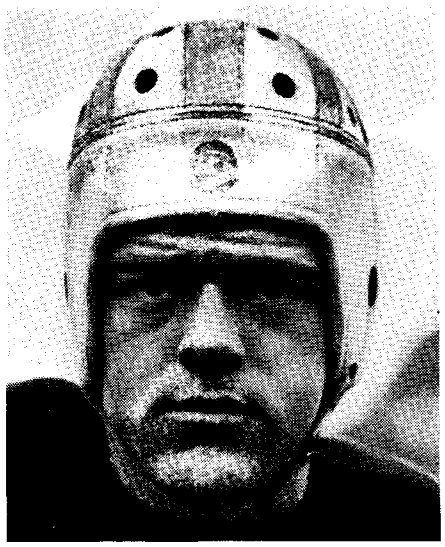
Reynolds, Baylor
Aldrich, Texas Christian
Stokes, Centenary

Guards

Routt, Texas A. & M.
Ard, Rice
King, Univ. of Texas
Robinson, Centenary
Scottino, Southern Methodist
Harrison, T. C. U.

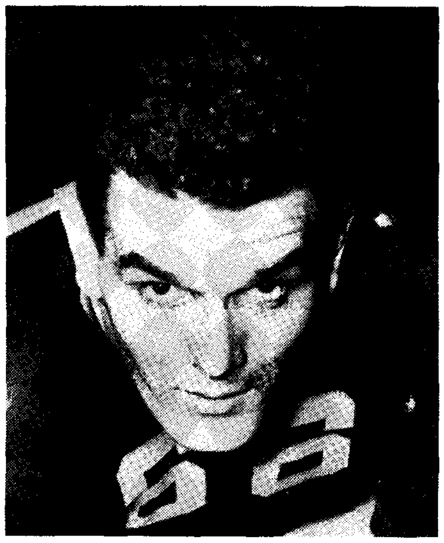
Backs

Baugh, T. C. U.
Vitek, Texas A. & M.
Sheridan, Univ. of Texas
Tyler, Hardin Simmons
Stovall, North Texas Teachers
J. Sprague, Southern Methodist
Wolfe, Univ. of Texas
Friedman, Rice
Neill, Texas Tech.



Lawrence Kelley, end, Yale University. Height, 6:1. Weight, 175. Home, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Sam Baugh, quarterback, Texas Christian University. Height, 6:2. Weight, 180. Home, Sweetwater, Tex.



Max Starcevich, guard, University of Washington. Height, 5:10. Weight, 190. Home, Duluth, Minn.

Steve Reid, guard, Northwestern University. Height, 5:9. Weight, 192. Home, Chicago, Illinois

Averell Daniell, tackle, University of Pittsburgh. Height, 6:3. Weight, 200. Home, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

FAR WEST

Ends

Clark, Stanford
Finney, Santa Clara
Schroeder, U. C. L. A.
Hibbs, U. S. C.
Peters, Washington
Wehba, U. S. C.
Stone, Stanford

Tackles

Zagar, Stanford
Bjork, Oregon
Nordstrom, California
Charles Bond, Washington
Barber, U. C. L. A.
Callaway, Stanford
George, U. S. C.
Cope, Santa Clara
Dennerlein, St. Mary's

Centers

Herwig, California
Kuhn, U. S. C.
Chavoor, U. C. L. A.
Wiatrak, Washington

Guards

Hansen, U. S. C.
Bassi, Santa Clara
Halvorsen, U. S. C.
Starcevich, Washington
Rodgers, Santa Clara

Backs

Falaschi, Santa Clara
Schindler, U. S. C.
Karamatic, Gonzaga
Meek, California
Davis, U. S. C.
Pavelko, St. Mary's
Braddock, Oregon
Jones, U. S. C.
Funk, U. C. L. A.
Cain, Washington
Sill, St. Mary's
Yeager, Santa Barbara State
Bottari, California
McCaffrey, U. S. F.
Haines, Washington
Goddard, W. S. C.
Logg, Washington
Hoos, Stanford
Morse, St. Mary's
Nowogroski, Washington
Williams, U. C. L. A.
Gray, Oregon State
Peterson, U. S. F.
Coffis, Stanford
Waskowitz, Washington
Blower, California
Dougherty, W. S. C.
Chapman, California

WOJCIECHOWICZ—*Center, Fordham*

Fordham's "thirty-letter man," better known as Wojjy, the Menacing Pole, was the strong spot in Fordham's great line. Pittsburgh admits Wojjy was the man who stopped her marches and kept her from winning. Probably no man in football this year made more tackles at vital moments. In the Georgia game he swung out from center after a forward pass, took a lateral and galloped 45 yards. There have been few centers in football that could plug up that center gap and still do so much damage at other places.

REID—*Guard, Northwestern*

The strong man of one of the best lines in the country. A low and hard-charging guard who is always at the bottom of the play. An aggressive forward on attack and a superb defensive player. He is given major credit for Northwestern's rise to Western Conference supremacy this year. He proved an inspirational leader in Northwestern's most successful season.

STARCEVICH—*Guard, Washington*

Starcevich has been the strongest factor in one of the strong lines of the Far West. Washington played Minnesota to a standstill and stood out as one of the best teams on the Pacific Coast. Starcevich was All-Coast guard last year and this season he moved up several notches. Jimmy Phelan regards him as one of the best linemen he has ever known. He is big, fast, aggressive and always in the middle of the day's action.

WIDSETH—*Tackle, Minnesota*

Regarded as the best tackle in the Middle West for the last two years. Co-captain of one of the great teams of the last decade. Called the "strength" of Minnesota's line. Also called the "fifth man" in opponents' backfields. Big, fast, powerful, strong and aggressive. In three years of intense competition, during which time Minnesota lost only one game, only one discredit went into his record and that was during what proved to be the all-important game with Northwestern when Widseth was charged with roughness and Minnesota penalized to her 1-yard line, where Northwestern was given a first down, enabling her to score. He has range, speed, power, intuitiveness.

DANIELL—*Tackle, Pittsburgh*

Daniell, Pittsburgh's star tackle, was the outstanding man in a strong line that had such other stars as Matusi and Glassford. Year after year Pittsburgh comes along with able or brilliant tackles and Daniell belongs in this latter school. He was extremely effective against Ohio State, Notre Dame, Fordham and Nebraska, where the compiled records show that he made more tackles in opposing backfields than any tackle of the year.

KELLEY—*End, Yale*

There have been more disputes and arguments set up around Larry Kelley, Yale's captain, than any single football player has known in years. There have been times when his defensive strength has been questioned, but the fact is Kelley was placed on the opposite side from Frank, on the weaker side of the Yale line, and always given two or three assignments to carry out. In addition to this, opposing teams frequently gave two or three men the job of taking care of Kelley to prevent some of his miraculous catches down the field. Regarding his defensive play, few know that Kelley's assignment was to crash through and scatter the interference, leaving someone else to handle the run. Kelley's three-year record speaks for itself. It is one of the outstanding records of football offensive play.

TINSLEY—*End, L. S. U.*

Tinsley was named on Collier's All-America in 1935. This season, in addition to his magnificent defensive play, Tinsley has increased his offensive value. There are more than a few fine judges who rate him as the best all-around end the South ever produced and one of the best of all time. He is fast and big, quick in his reactions, smart at diagnosing any opposing play. Coaches on all teams he has played against rate him far beyond any rival. Tinsley became a high-class pass receiver this last fall, rounding out every fundamental required of an All-America candidate.

BAUGH—*Quarterback, T. C. U.*

On a team that has lost most of its 1935 stars, on a team badly crippled part of the year, Sammy Baugh stood out. He was known a year ago as one of the best passers in football. I saw him hit the receiver 38 times in one game. This season, against nine leading opponents, Baugh threw over 170 passes and completed 92 for a net gain of 1,100 yards. Eleven of these were for touchdowns. His kicking was excellent, averaging 43 yards beyond the line of scrimmage. Baugh ran his team, carried the ball unusually well and was one of T. C. U.'s defensive stars.

FRANK—*Halfback, Yale*

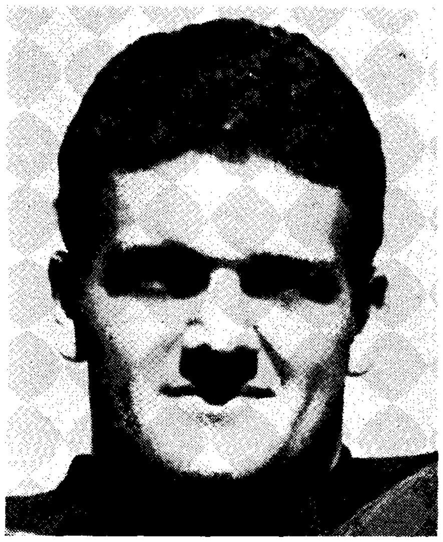
Clint Frank, Yale halfback, came through with one of the most remarkable recommendations any football player has known this year. Every coach against whom he played named Frank as the finest all-round back they had faced and one of the best for many seasons. His own coaching staff places him on a par for all-round ability with any back Yale has ever produced. Frank is a magnificent passer at either long or short range. His defensive play has been brilliant through a hard Yale schedule. His blocking all season has been an outstanding factor in protecting lighter backs. As a ball carrier his speed—he's a ten-second man—and his power combined have made him a deadly threat. His durability has been amazing. On the side he called the signals and ran the Yale team with unusual smartness.

BUIVID—*Halfback, Marquette*

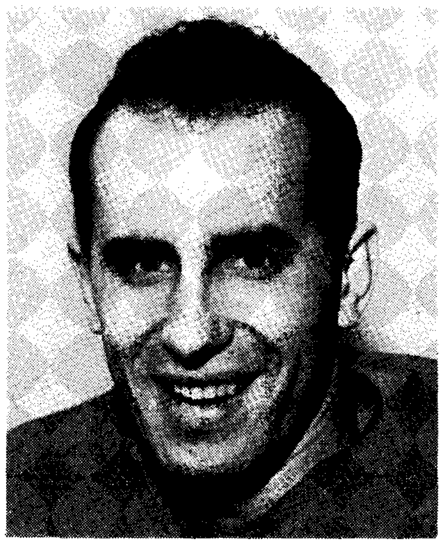
Buivid has been one of the best all-round combinations that football has known in some time. Weighing over 190 pounds he is not only big and strong but extremely fast and shifty. There are many who rate him as one of the greatest passers of college football. His deadly accuracy in this respect has been one of the main factors of Marquette's fine season. In the course of the year Buivid completed over sixty passes for more than ten touchdowns. His work in forward-pass interceptions was one of the season's features. He is what coaches call a strong runner and when a strong runner is equipped with speed and shiftiness he is bound to get along.

FRANCIS—*Fullback, Nebraska*

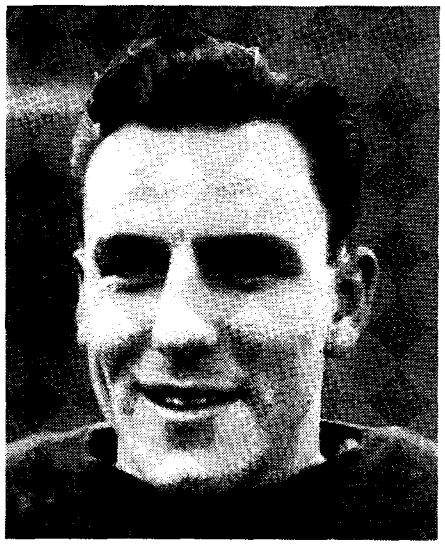
Every opposing team and every opposing coach that has played against Nebraska this season rates Sam Francis as the greatest fullback of the year. Such conservative judges as Jock Sutherland of Pittsburgh and Bernie Bierman of Minnesota leave all conservatism behind in praising the all-around ability of this Nebraska star. Francis is a left-footed kicker and a left-handed passer. He is one of the best kickers of the year and in addition is a smashing line plunger and a fast man in a broken field.



Clinton Frank, halfback, Yale University. Height, 5:10. Weight, 175. Home, Evanston, Illinois



Raymond Buivid, halfback, Marquette. Height, 6:1. Weight, 190. Home, Port Washington, Wis.



Sam Francis, fullback, University of Nebraska. Height, 6:1. Weight, 207. Home, Lincoln, Nebraska

No Orders Obeyed

The story of Horatio Blodgett's nephew, Frank, who bit the hands that handed him his job—and made them like it

By William Hazlett Upson

ONE Saturday morning in January, Mr. Michael Higgins, sales manager of the recently incorporated Blodgett Heating and Air Conditioning Company, answered the telephone in his office at the new plant in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Horatio Blodgett, president of the company, was on the wire.

"Hello there, Mike," he said. "I called up to see if you could give me the latest news about my nephew—Frank Blodgett."

"Certainly," said Mr. Higgins. "But where are you talking from? Are you still in New York?"

"No, I'm at the Newark Airport. In about half an hour I sail away in a nice big plane, and this evening I expect to eat dinner in Miami, Florida. I have a room engaged at the Miami-Barclay, and I'm going to put in two solid weeks enjoying the sunshine, the palm trees and the orange blossoms."

"Pretty soft for you, Mr. Blodgett, I would say."

"Well, I'm all tired out, Mike. I have a mean cold. And I need to get away from this wretched winter weather. Besides, I've finished up the two big jobs that brought me to New York, so I think I deserve a vacation."

"You say you've finished up two big jobs?"

"Yes, I got the new financing all arranged yesterday. The bank is taking our bonds at 102."

"That's fine, Mr. Blodgett."

"IT'S not bad. But I'm even prouder of what I did the week before—helping your sales department by placing that six-thousand-dollar order with the Robinson Construction Company—ten of our Little Giant warm-air heating units for ten de luxe cottages they are going to build at Lake Placid up in the Adirondacks. I tell you, Mike, a good start with an important company like that ought to mean a lot more business in the future—especially if the building boom we're all looking for actually comes along. Have you received the order yet?"

"Yes, it came in through the New York dealers several days ago. They said we could ship the stuff any time, so I plan to send it out the first of the week."

"Good. And now I want to hear about my nephew, Frank. I promised my sister-in-law I'd find out how he's getting along."

"Your sister-in-law?"

"Yes—my brother's wife—Frank's mother. She brought me over to the airport in her car. We got here half an hour ahead of time, so she asked me to call you up and get the latest news about her son."

"Well, Mr. Blodgett, your nephew arrived out here about two weeks ago. And I gave him a job, just as I promised you I would. But it was against my better judgment. I'm afraid he'll never make a salesman in this business."

"What's the matter with him?"

"The main trouble is simply that he is one of these college boys."

"What if he is? We have quite a few college graduates with the Blodgett Heating and Air Conditioning Company."

"I know, Mr. Blodgett. But they're older men—like you. They've been out of college long enough to recover from it. Frank has just graduated, so he's fresh from four years of frittering away his time at athletics and social affairs."

"Don't forget that Frank did a certain amount of studying, too."

"And what good did it do him? He told me himself he had taken such things as Creative Writing, Sociology, and Appreciation of Poetry. He thinks that stuff prepares him for a good job in the plumbing and heating business."

"Oh, come on, Mike, you're just prejudiced because you didn't go to college yourself."

"Well, I don't think Frank would be any good, anyway. He's too much of a smoothie. He dresses too well. Somehow, I can't imagine him ever putting on a suit of overalls and getting down to any real dirty work. And you should have heard the way he talked. He said he wasn't interested in the vulgar material side of the business. He felt he was more fitted for the social and diplomatic end — negotiating important deals with important people. He makes me sick."

"Well, what did you do with him?"

"I sent him to Quebec—as far away as possible—on as unimportant a job as I could find."

"What was the job?"

"Old Antoine Limoges, our Quebec dealer, had asked me for a man to repair the oil burner on one of our Little Giant heating units that he had just installed. It wasn't working right, and he was too dumb to fix it himself. And he was in a hurry, because he was expecting some important customer from out of town that wanted to see one of these units in actual operation. So I told Frank to go up and do what he could."

"Does Frank know anything about repairing oil burners?"

"Of course not. But I had him spend a day with Stevenson, our oil burner expert in the engineering department. Then I sent him on his way—with some advance expense money, and instructions to mail me daily reports on how he was getting along."

"And what have you heard from him?"

"I got one picture post card of the Hotel Louis Quatorze in Quebec, saying he had arrived and was getting a big thrill out of the winter sports. Then—yesterday—I got a letter from Antoine."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that Frank showed up the day he arrived—a week ago last Thursday. Antoine told him the expected customer wasn't coming after all. So Frank said he would be back later, and walked out. And Antoine hasn't seen hide nor hair of him since."

"WELL, if this is really true, Mike, it means that my nephew needs a very severe talking to. And I think I have just enough time, before my plane leaves, to reach him by long distance. Where did you say he was staying?"

"The Hotel Louis Quatorze, Quebec."

"Thanks, Mike. I'll let you know later what he has to say for himself—and what I have to say to him. Goodby."

"Goodby, Mr. Blodgett—and don't spare the language."

Mr. Michael Higgins hung up the receiver, and turned to the morning's mail on his desk. On the top of the pile of letters was a telegram. As he read it, Mr. Higgins scowled darkly. He reached for the telephone and put in a call for Mr. Daniel Jones, of the Jones Hardware and Supply Company, New York City dealers for Blodgett products. When the connection was made, Mr. Higgins started talking in a tone that indicated considerable annoyance.

"That you, Jones?" he snapped.

"Yes."

"This is Michael Higgins—out in Cleveland. Say, what's the idea of this telegram?"

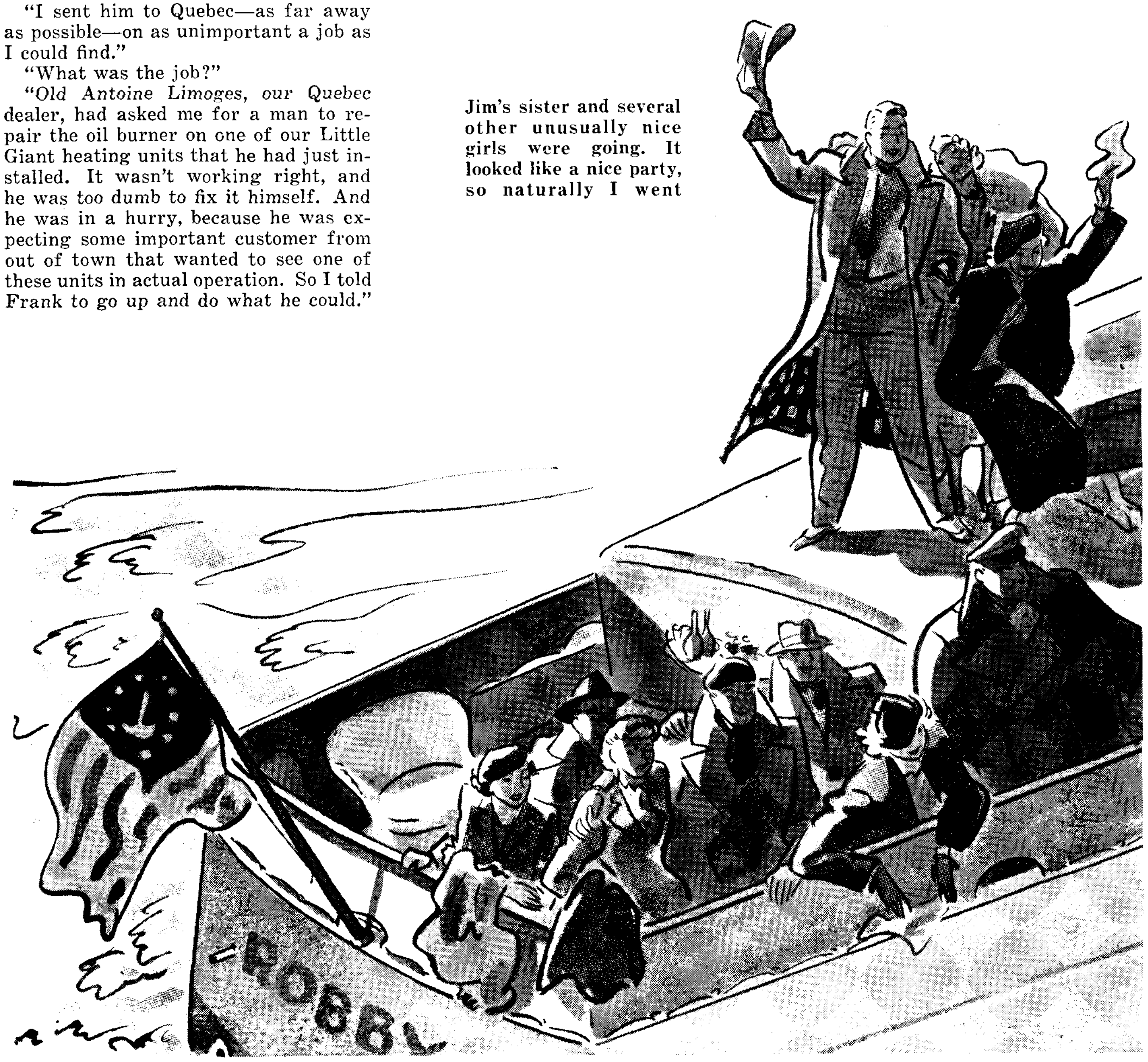
"What telegram?"

"The one I just received that says, 'Robinson order canceled don't ship. Jones.' That's from you, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Just what it says, Mr. Higgins. The



Jim's sister and several other unusually nice girls were going. It looked like a nice party, so naturally I went

Robinson Construction Company has canceled that order for the ten Little Giant warm-air heating units."

"Why?"

"I have no idea, Mr. Higgins. All I know is that the manager of the Robinson Company's New York office called up this morning to say that old Mr. Robinson, who is out of town somewhere, had just wired him to countermand the order. He's going to call me again if he gets any more information."

"Well, that order is a legal contract. Robinson *can't* back out—we can sue him."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to try to do that to an important customer, Mr. Higgins. But I'll go over to the Robinson office right away."

"Good. You'd better call me back later in the day. And you'd better have some results to report. In the meantime, I'll hold up the shipment. That's all. Good-by."

MR. HIGGINS slapped the receiver back on the hook, glared about the room for a few moments, and then tried to concentrate once more on the morning's mail. He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone bell. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello," said a feminine voice. "I wish to speak to Mr. Michael Higgins."

"This is Higgins."

"Well, this is Mrs. G. Waldo Blodgett. I'm at the Newark Airport."

"Oh, you're young Frank Blodgett's mother? Mr. Horatio Blodgett's sister-in-law?"

"Yes. And Horatio didn't have time to call you before his plane left, so he asked me to tell you all about the dreadful thing that has happened."

"Something dreadful has happened?"

"Yes, Mr. Higgins. When Horatio called the hotel in Quebec he found that my son had disappeared!"

"You don't say! Well, I wouldn't worry too much, Mrs. Blodgett. Frank will turn up. That kind always does."

"It's nice of you to try to reassure me, Mr. Higgins. But the whole thing is so terrifying. You see the circumstances of the disappearance are so mysterious—"

"How do you mean?"

"Frank has just vanished without a trace, Mr. Higgins. He checked in at the hotel, put his clothes in his room, and walked out."

"Without his clothes?"

"I mean he put his *extra* clothes in his room, Mr. Higgins, and then walked out. And he hasn't been seen since. That was over a week ago."

"He hasn't come back for his clothes, or sent for them, or paid his bill?"

"No, Mr. Higgins. And I am sure he has met with foul play. Because we know he intended to come back. That is proved by the fact that there arrived at the hotel—soon after he left—a pair of skis and about a hundred dollars' worth of

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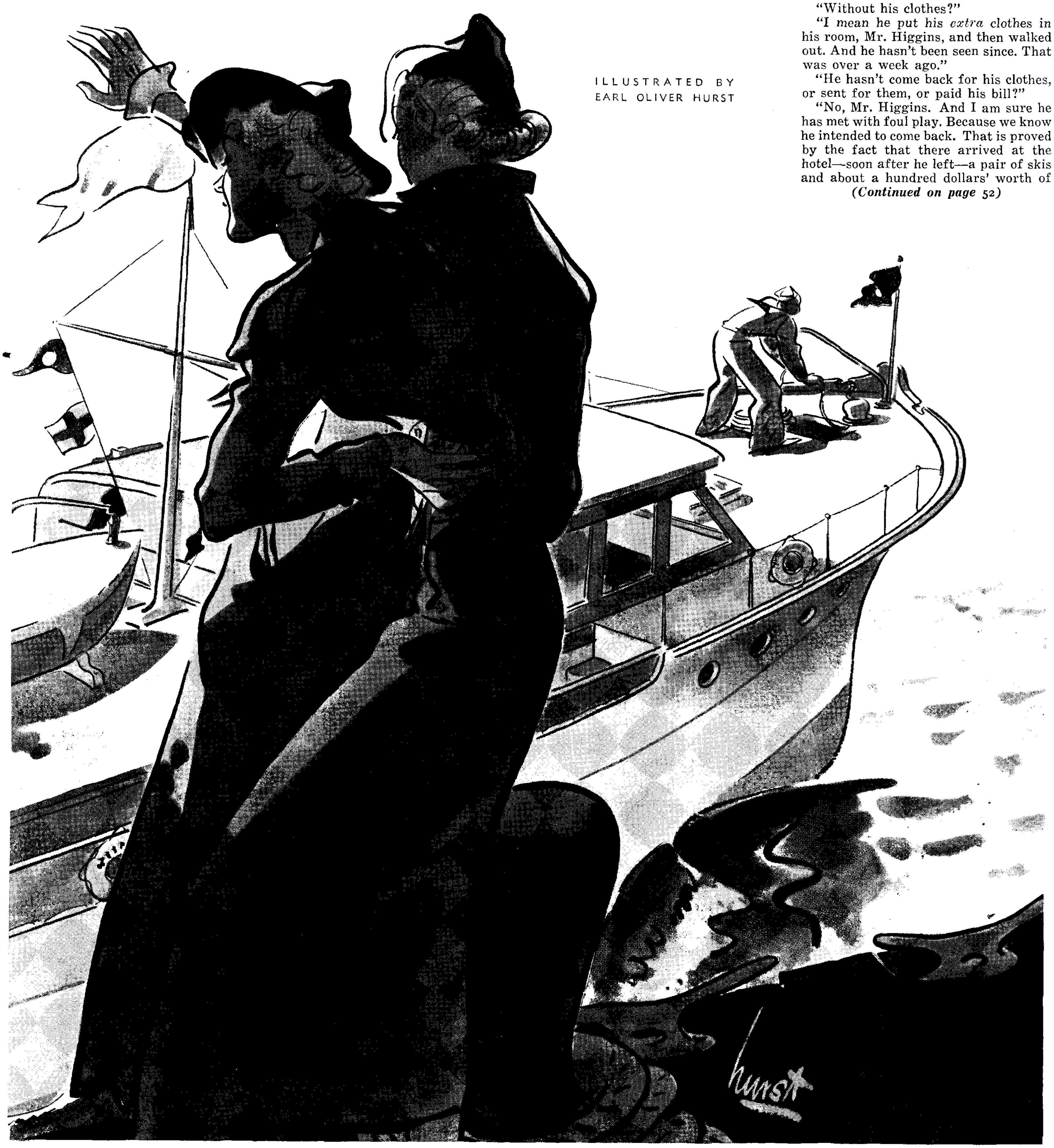
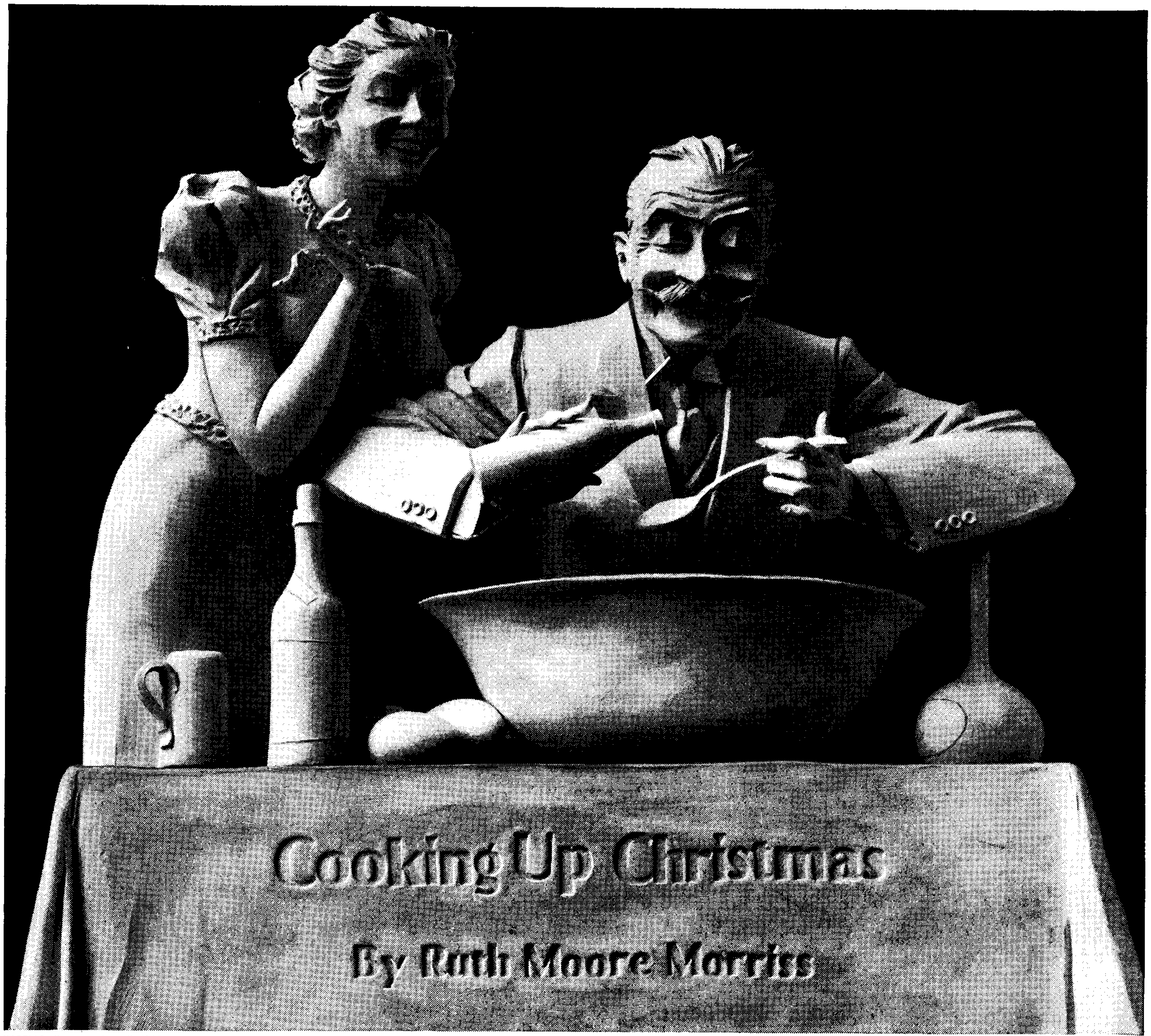
ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST





Cooking Up Christmas

By Ruth Moore Morriss

MODELED IN CLAY BY ALAN FOSTER

It doesn't matter what you serve at Christmas time, so long as it's a festive dish and stirred with a right good will. Here's Christmas cheer to celebrate the holiday season

ONE whiff of turkey roasting in an oven, and I can remember Christmases I'd forgotten years ago. One glimpse of cranberries in a clear glass bowl—and I'm clairvoyant. I can tell you games we played, what presents came off the tree, and who was there!

I'm not a gourmet and I'm not a gourmand—I couldn't live up to the title of the one, and I don't deserve the other. But the mention of Christmas food has the same effect on me that the goose roasting at the bakeshop around the corner, and the punch Bob Cratchit put to simmer on the hob, must have had on Mr. Dickens.

Critics agree that without the delicious warm savor of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner, Dickens wouldn't have been Dickens and his carol wouldn't have been annually as much a part of Christmas as holly wreaths or stockings on the mantel. One festive meal, by all means—or one festive dish!

It doesn't have to be turkey and cranberries, or a goose hung high enough over the spit to turn brown—and tender. It can be your own favorite recipe: Clear soup, or a cup of eggnog to toast the day. A Christmas pudding with, or without, blazing spirits—as long as it's stirred with a right good will the night before.

Then Christmas is Christmas, whether it's in a capacious house on Beacon Hill with candles lighted in every bowed window, and the carolers coming in out of the snow; or in a New York apartment no bigger than two hatboxes in a row, and a cupboard for a kitchenette. It's still Christmas if it's a Mexican mining village—or a lumber camp three hundred miles from anywhere.

One of the best Christmases I ever spent was in a lumber camp in Arizona. Snow and pines. Fires burning outdoors for the Indians who worked in camp.

In the mess hall there were blazing pine knots. Champagne. The governor of New Mexico was there, and a senator from Arizona. The host's family had gathered from all over the West. Nine sons and daughters, and cousins some of them had never seen. The host himself was a tremendous fat man, who looked as if he had joined us from a nineteenth-century print of convivial souls round the holiday board.

The Chinese cook brought in the dinner. And for a last course he brought in—not mince pie, which a camp cook will give you any day in the week, but—Banbury tarts! He said they were "veley fline. Chop-chop!" Decidedly they were.

Pidgin-English Tarts

Paper-thin disks of pastry shaped from a cutter the size of a teacup rim—flipped over a filling made of half a cup of raisins cut in fine pieces, the grated rind of half a lemon, four tablespoons of lemon juice, and two of sugar. Into this, at the last minute, a half cup of crumbed crackers had been mixed. Not cracker crumbs, but whole crackers crumbled to taste like nuts—and they must not stand in the lemon juice for more than a second before they go into the tarts, and into the oven, or they will lose their crispness!

Because the governor was coming, our chop-chop friend had done himself especially proud. He had substituted citron for part of the usual amount of raisins he used, and a few blanched almonds cut, but not too minutely, for some of the crackers. This may be a Chinese version of the tarts that come from the good old nursery-rhyme location of Banbury Cross. But if you press the edges of the top pastry firmly against the lower edges, so all the juice will be safe—if you pop them into a quick oven for about twenty minutes, being careful they don't burn on the bottom—and when they're just about ready to come out, if you brush them lightly with butter and granulated sugar, you will have a version to be proud of for any Christmas occasion!

Almonds have a way of adding to almost any Christmas pastry or pudding. But have you ever tried them over cranberries? Whole cranberries—so you get the best of them—cooked, and then jellied with a powdering of crushed blanched almonds on top of them.

Marian Stephenson serves them this way at her Waif-and-Stray Parties. Those parties are famous. If you are alone in New York you may go, bearing your own favorite dish, your maid or your best dinner forks. Every guest contributes. And once you have been there, you don't need an invitation for a second Christmas or a third. You go.

So the Graham Patmore apartment—Marian Stephenson is Mrs. Graham Patmore when she isn't busy photographing live models for fashions—is always

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT LEAVITT

Strip to Fame

The brilliant career of that shapely artist, Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, who has risen to fortune and social prominence through unadorned merit

By Kyle Crichton

ANYBODY who doesn't think America is the Land of Opportunity will get no free meals at the home of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee. Gypsy Rose is the young lady who leaped from the stage of the Irving Place Burlesque theater to the Ziegfeld Follies in one generation. She accomplished it by taking off her clothes in public, bit by bit, and feels that any other American may do likewise, granted the same symmetry and ambition.

Miss Lee is known in the trade as a "strip-tease" artist, and brooks no wisecracks from the *cognoscenti*. In the days of the dear late Queen she would undoubtedly have ended up in gaol but other times, other morals. As it is she has a very good dressing room at the Winter Garden, receives featured billing and has captured the interest of the more sedate dramatic reviewers.

What started Gypsy Rose on the way to fame was the attention of a certain New York couple who may as well answer to the name of Squimpfenhuppel, members of the old Knickerbocker aristocracy. The blood in the veins of a Squimpfenhuppel is three stains bluer than a Duke Ellington rhythm and to be tapped socially by a Squimpfenhuppel is equivalent to the Order of the Garter. Well, Gypsy Rose was thusly tapped. She was appearing twice daily at the Irving Place, taking off her clothes with distinction at each performance and minding her affairs, when the lady taxi driver who patrolled the beat around Fourteenth Street came in to her dressing room with a note. It was the Squimpfenhuppels asking to make her acquaintance and inviting her to a party.

"They think I'm some kind of a freak," said Gypsy Rose, and ignored the royal summons.

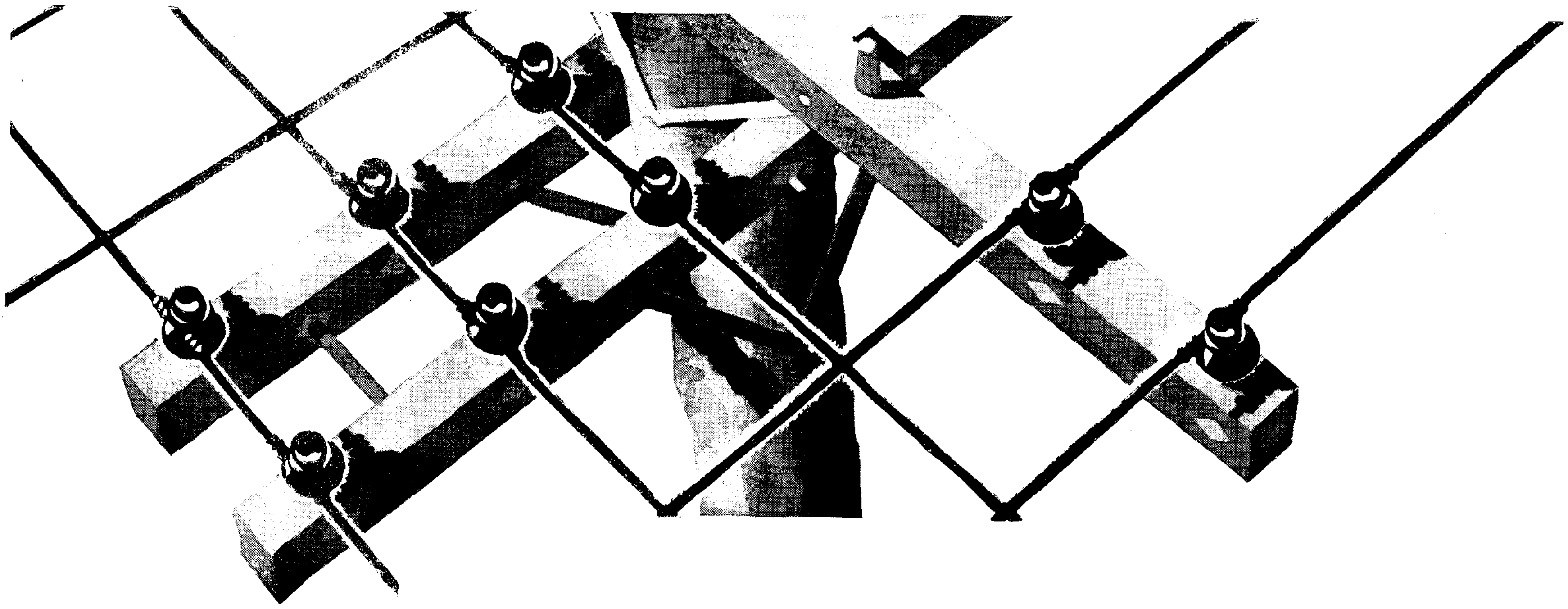
But the Squimpfenhuppels are not of a breed to be tossed around. With the tenacity which made the fortune of the original Squimpfenhuppel, they persisted. There were later notes and finally something on embossed stationery. Would Miss Lee honor the Squimpfenhuppels, etc.

"I decided that if they had seen nobody like me, I had seen nobody like them," says Miss Lee. "So I went."

It was very pleasant. The Squimpfenhuppels talked to her about books and she talked back at them about books and they restrained their amazement at finding a burlesque queen who could read, and it ended in a lovely friendship.

Within a short time the friends of the Squimpfenhuppels were hurrying down to Irving Place to see this astonishing creature and her name was appearing in the gossip columns and eventually in the casts of some awfully nice private benefits and the national reputation of Gypsy Rose Lee was established. Since she was an intelligent person who had figured out that divesting oneself of one's garments was better artistry than depending upon free lunches at the Actor's Club, it was natural that offers

(Continued on page 47)



A Matter of Timing

The story of a brave man who wouldn't hurry, and a girl who understood at last

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

BEHIND his mother's home, a scant mile from the center of Carvel village, there was a high, sandy cut bank. Bullets fired into this sand buried themselves harmlessly; so against the bank Walter May had set up a revolver range. There was a two-by-four frame on which to fasten the targets, and markers at ten yards, and fifteen, and twenty.

At exactly half past four on a bright and beautiful afternoon in June, Walter brought out from the house the old suitcase in which he kept his revolvers and cleaning rods and ammunition. He had no respect for an automatic, since the recoil was difficult to control in rapid-fire work. He set this suitcase on a bench against the side of the barn, and then went into the barn and up to the mow.

There he moved mysteriously. He laid a long strip of light canvas across the mow floor to the window, which was flush with the floor. The canvas was about a foot wide, with a cord attached to the end of the strip. The cord dangled out of the window.

Upon this strip of canvas Walter arranged six or eight old one-gallon oilcans, the heads of which had been split crosswise with a hatchet, rocks put inside, and the triangular tin flaps bent back into place again, so that the cans emitted rattling sounds when they were moved. Walter set these cans upon the strip of canvas about six inches apart, in a neat file.

Then he went down the ladder and out of doors again. Immediately below the mow window, there was a penthouse with a steep slanting roof built against the barn. The cord dangling from the window hung over the eaves of this penthouse. Walter carried the end of this cord through a pulley against the side of the penthouse, forward to the ten-yard marker on his target range, through another pulley there, and up to a third which was fastened against the corner of the barn as high as he could reach.

THEN he attached a brick to the cord. The brick dangled about seven feet above the ground.

He inspected his arrangements and was satisfied. To pull the cord about a foot would be to drag the end of the canvas out of the mow window, and allow one of the cans to fall. The can would strike the penthouse roof and slide or bounce to the ground with a jangling, horrid clatter; and for every extra foot the cord was thus pulled, another can or two would fall.

Content with this arrangement, Walter tacked a standard twenty-yard pistol target on the rack against the sandbank. He took from the suitcase his .32 special on a .38 frame, and loaded it. Then he set himself on the ten-yard mark, the revolver in his hand hanging at his side. He faced the target. He took out his stop watch, held it in his left hand; and with the third and fourth fingers of the same hand he gripped the cord so carefully arranged.

He took a deep breath. He said aloud, in low, measured tones: "Go! One-two-fire! One-two-fire! One-two-fire! One-two-fire! One-two-fire!"

Jennie Luce, coming toward him around the house from the direction of the street, was not twenty feet behind him when he began to speak, but except for the word "Go!" she heard no word he said. For while he spoke, other things—noisy things—were happening. At the word "Go!" he pressed the stop watch and raised the revolver; at the word "one" he pulled the cord about a foot. An oilcan full of rocks fell out of the window, clattered down the penthouse roof, and struck the ground; and at about the same instant, the revolver exploded. Each time Walter said "one" he pulled the cord, the brick weight taking up the slack between pulls. Each time he pulled the cord, at least one can full of rocks fell with a banging and explosive tumult, close behind him. And the revolver shots punctured the clamor at precise intervals.

As Walter squeezed the trigger for the fifth time, he pressed the stop watch and looked at it. "Nine and two-fifths!" he remarked aloud, and nodded with pleasure. Three-fifths of a second to spare. That was good.

Jennie Luce, behind him, said: "You absolute idiot!"

He looked around at her abstractedly. "Oh, hullo, Jennie!" he said, mildly pleased. "Didn't know you were there." He went to examine the target. One ten, two eights at two o'clock; a seven at three o'clock; and a five at one o'clock. Walter shook his head. "I'm pulling to the right," he said regretfully. "And I let the revolver jump pretty badly on that shot in the five ring."

JENNIE came beside him. "Don't point that thing at me!" she warned him. "Walter, what in the world are you trying to do?"

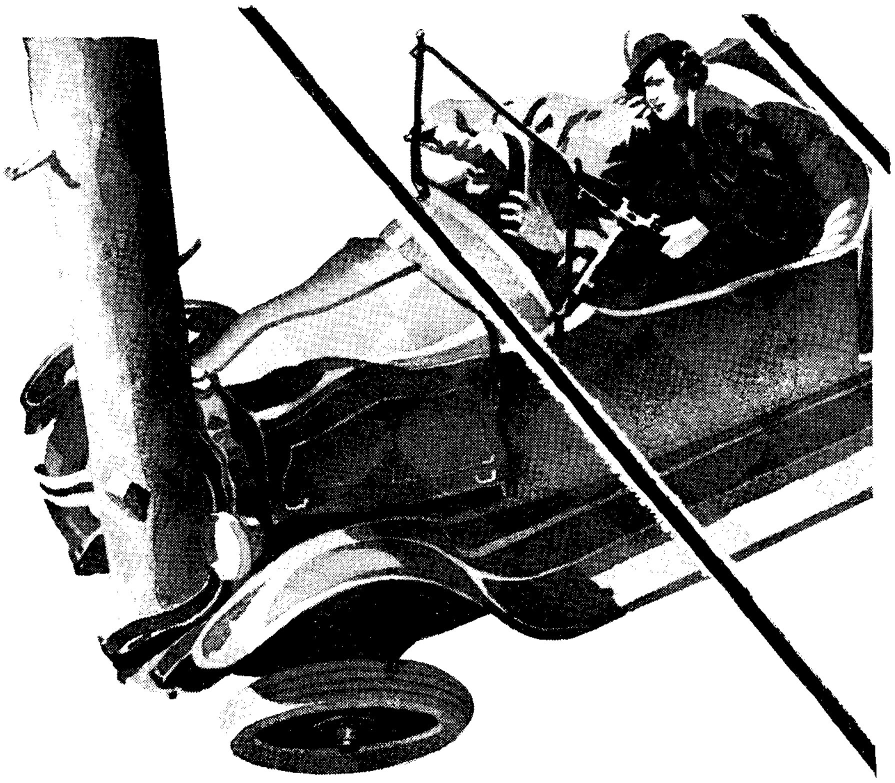
"I shan't point it at you," he said in a patient tone. He had told Jennie the same thing so many times before. Then he added, grinning: "Unless I mean business! I'm trying to learn to shoot rapid-fire in spite of distractions. As if someone were shooting at me while I was shooting at them, you see."

"Someone ought to!" she declared.

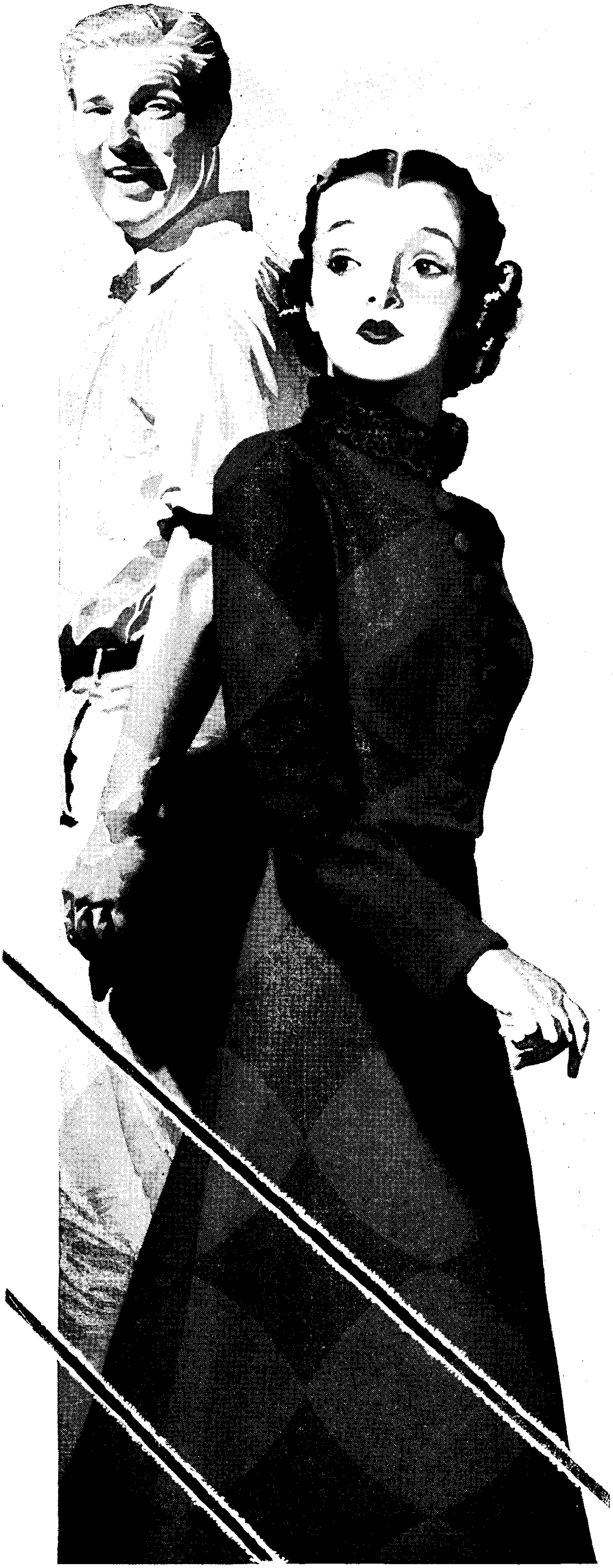
"Eh?" He was puzzled. "Ought to what?"

"Shoot at you," she told him with a sparkling venom, "and not miss, either!"

"Oh!" He grinned and turned back to the target to check his score. Thirty-



Bracing herself for the shock, Jennie swerved into the pole, head on



"If you get there at all it will be too soon!" she assured him. "Goodby"

eight, he reflected. That's not bad, of course, but I had a forty-one Tuesday; and without the cans to distract me, I've done forty-eight three times, and once I had a forty-nine. That's fine at rapid fire, five shots in ten seconds . . . And he said: "Of course, this is a cumbersome arrangement." His eyes lighted with inspiration. "See here, Jennie," he proposed, "why don't you be my distraction? You'd make a dandy! Stand close behind me and keep poking me while I shoot. Not hard enough to put me off balance, of course. I'd like to see what effect that has."

"You make me so darned mad!"

"Eh? Why?"

"OH, POPPING away with a pistol all the time."

"Revolver," he corrected mildly. "And you know I only do it Tuesday and Friday afternoons. Not all the time."

"I know! I know! Tuesdays and Fridays you shoot your little pistol . . ."

"Revolver!"

"Pistol! And Mondays and Wednesdays you play nine holes of golf in summer, go skiing in the winter. And Thursdays and Saturdays you read the trade papers. . . ."

"Just Thursdays," he corrected, chuckling. "Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and every evening, I keep free for recreation." He smiled cajolingly. "That is to say, for you, Jennie!"

"Well, I'm sick and tired of being taken in doses, like a tonic!"

"Tonics ought to be taken three times a day," he suggested, his eyes twinkling. "Now if we were married, that would work out all right. Breakfast, dinner and supper. I always come home for dinner, you know."

"You *always* do everything you do," she agreed with some bitterness. "It's awfully monotonous! Isn't there anything you do just sometimes?"

"Well, I think there's a time for everything," he told her, as importantly as though this great truth were his own discovery. "I like to stick to schedule."

"But if you do something on the spur of the moment it's heaps more fun!" she assured him. A car sounded its horn from the road in front of the house, and she caught his arm. "That's why I came, Walter. We're all taking our suppers up on Carvel Dome. Put away your pistols and come along."

"They're revolvers," he reminded her stubbornly. "And I can't come yet. I always practice shooting till half past five on Tuesdays and . . ."

"I know! For Heaven's sake quit telling me the things you always do. Bring your pistols along if you want to, and shoot at the moon. It's full, tonight. You couldn't miss!"

HE SMILED. "You'd need a spotting 'scope to see your hits, and I haven't one with enough power. You all go along and I'll join you up there."

"You can stop this shooting for one afternoon, surely. What's the sense in it, anyway?"

"Well," he said seriously, "every man ought to know how to use a revolver. Bandits wouldn't be so bold if they knew their victims would be armed and able to shoot. And I handle the pay roll every week, you know."

"But you never carry a pistol when you go for the money!"

"I don't need to, in Carvel. We don't have bandits here. A small town like this, where so many men can shoot, and shoot straight, the bandits stay away."

The car in the street blew its horn again, impatiently. She protested, a little troubled now: "But the sensible thing to do in a holdup is to do exactly as you're told, not try to fight, or anything. Walter May, if I thought you would be such an idiot as to try to . . ."

"Worry you, would it?"

"It would make me mad," she said.

He chuckled. "I believe you're worried right now, just at the thought of it; afraid I'd get hurt. Jennie, if you're going to worry about me all the time, you might as well have the game as the name. Why don't you . . ."

She checked him, smiling. "Hush! Remember your principles! There's a time for everything; and you never propose to me till after dinner!" And she urged: "But seriously, Walter, promise me if some robbers or something ever do come along, you won't go and get yourself shot." The horn blew again. "Come with us now, won't you?"

"You run along! I want to practice till half past five. You've wasted fifteen minutes of my time already."

"I think you're a fish!"

He grinned. "I think you're great! Run along. I'll get there by six."

"If you get there at all it will be too soon!" she assured him spitefully. "Goodby!" The word was vehement. Jennie stalked away.

Walter grinned after her; but he wasted no more time. He gathered the cans, carried them up to the mow, rearranged them there, and presently, to that measured: "One-two-fire!" the cannonade resumed.

THE projected robbery of the Carvel National Bank would no doubt have gone off without any serious hitch if Mrs. Dunphy had been a little more skillful in handling her car. The affair occurred a little before eleven Saturday morning. Saturday presumably was chosen because on that day the pay rolls for Carvel's half-dozen small industrial plants are made up, so that there is more than the usual amount of cash in the cages in the bank, and it is in conveniently small denominations.

Walter May, as always, came up from the power company's offices to the bank at exactly ten forty-five; he went to Joe Mower's window and handed in a check and a memorandum of the number of bills of each denomination, and the amount of silver required. He and Joe were old friends, tried and trusted. Walter asked how Fanny was, and Joe said Fanny was fine and the baby was thriving, and Walter reported that he had scored a forty-two with cans falling around his ears the day before; and Joe said he would come over and try target practice himself some day.

"I've had a pistol under my counter for two years, but I couldn't hit a barn if I was inside it," he said.

"That's worse than not having one," Walter warned him. "If you can't hit what you shoot at, don't shoot! Because the other fellow probably can!" And he said: "I'll go get my mail while you're getting that together."

He left Joe sorting bills with rapid fingers, and went across the square to the post office. Behind him, a car containing three men pulled up at the bank door. The car parked, and two of the three men got out and went inside.

Mrs. Dunphy—this was her only participation in the episode, but she would boast about it for years, and stubbornly insist that what she did was premeditated—had an errand in the drugstore next the bank.

"It was a prescription for Mr. Dunphy," she always explained in telling the story. "He'd had a sort of indigestion for two or three days, and I told him bicarbonate was all he needed, but he hates the taste of it, so he was bound to go to Doctor Jones . . ."

The tale as she told it—her observations of the strange car, her deductions, her impromptu plan of action—was a long time in the telling; but what actually happened was simply that she tried to back her car into the somewhat restricted space behind this strange

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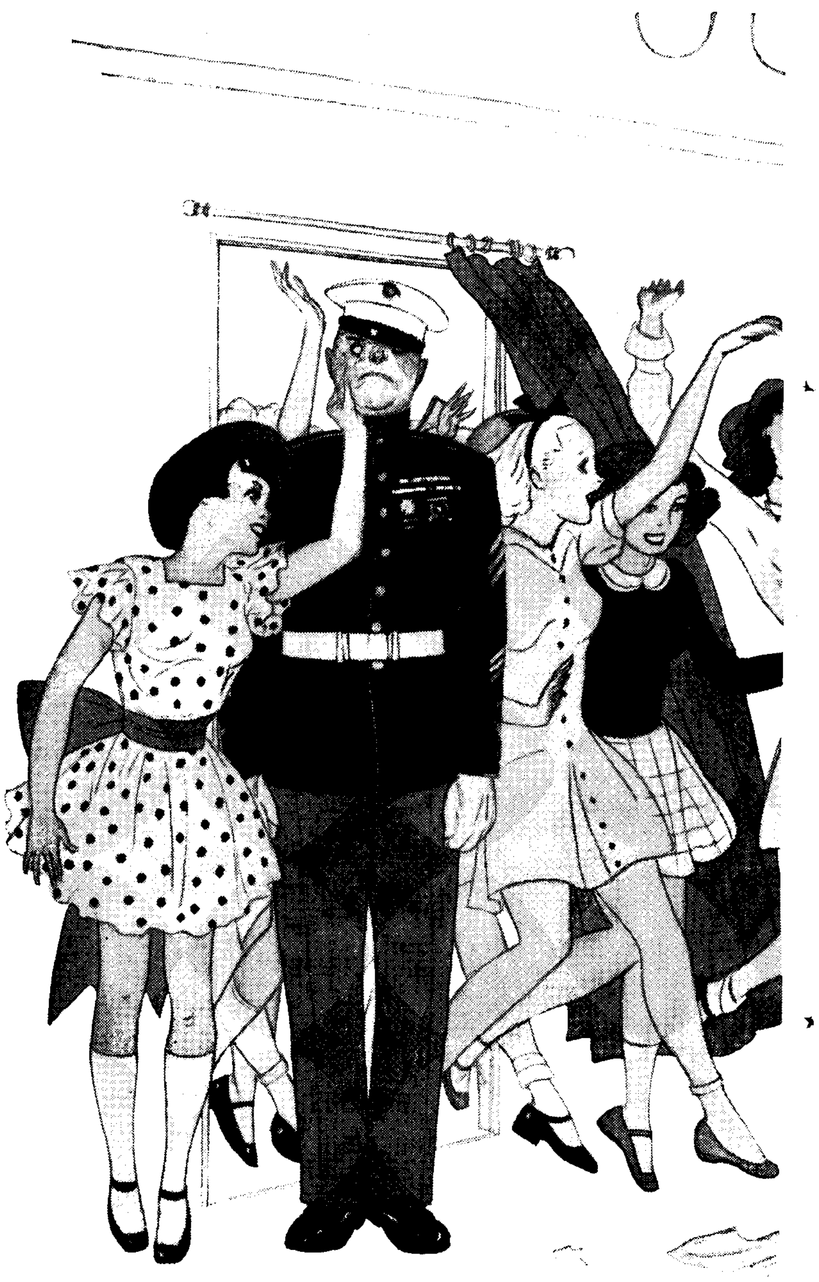


Fighting Lady

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Heave to, cast anchor, and hark to the story of Pooh-Pooh Pykeson's hefty and formidable bride, who foolishly thought she could lick our Navy

ALONG with those great legendary heroines of the United States Navy—Kearsarge Kate, Sadie the Saint of Sands Street, Battleship Gertie and Weepy Wilma, widow of the Dead Marine—Mrs. Pykeson deserves her place.

True, the other ladies mentioned had careers of a somewhat ruddy and ribald gusto; Mrs. Pykeson, even her worst enemies agree, was a good girl. But Kate and Sadie and Gertie and Wilma never married a vice admiral commanding the battle force (although there *is* a story about Wilma and a general of marines) nor did they ever wield such a terrible authority as Mrs. Pykeson. Officers on the darkened bridges of destroyers knifing through the China Sea; in wardrooms of battleships at anchor off San Pedro; in the engine rooms of cruisers ditching across Panama still speak her name, cursing softly the while.

Mrs. Pykeson's nickname in the Service was "Pants"; other women have "worn the pants" for gold-braid officer husbands, but none so determinedly and with such fiendish efficiency as Mrs. Pykeson.

THE story of Dora "Pants" Pykeson properly begins in Ottumwa, Ia., some two years back. Vice Admiral Pykeson, affectionately known as Pooh-Pooh Pykeson, had gone to Ottumwa on a sad mission. His only sister to whom he was most devoted had died. Her lifelong friend, faithful to the last, was Miss Dora Birkey.

Precisely what happened in Ottumwa to change Admiral Pykeson from a hardened bachelor of fifty-seven to a whirlwind suitor for the hand of Miss Dora Birkey perhaps never will be known. Word of their marriage shocked and stunned the naval set of Long Beach. Officer friends maintained to the last sad toast that the Associated Press was in error. Old Pooh-Pooh Pykeson a married man? Pykeson had won his nickname during the war, when, in a historic interview with First Sea Lord Jellicoe at the British Admiralty, he had exclaimed: "Jutland a British victory? Pooh-pooh!"

This neat tweaking of the lion's tail, afterward denied by both Jellicoe and Pykeson, had made the then Commander Pykeson a marked man. It was generally acknowledged that Pooh-Pooh Pykeson had the stuff. Jumped over forty-six commanders to a captaincy, Pykeson was given his rear admiral's flag ahead of an odd dozen ratey captains. Until the news of his marriage it was conceded that Washington was priming him for C-in-C of the United States Fleet. What *had* happened to Pykeson? Brother officers wanted to know.

The ladies of the naval colony around Long Beach thought they knew. As Mrs. Lassiter, chairman of the Tea Service, remarked: "The poor man was sad and lonely. His aide *should* have gone with him!" But when the very new Mrs. Humphrey Pykeson reported with decks cleared for action at a Country Club tea fight in her honor, the Navy knew the truth.

Mrs. Pykeson sailed into this, her first engagement, with all the hesitancy, finesse and adroitness of a battleship surprising a convoy of enemy light cruisers. Whatever the exact details of the admiral's Ottumwa wooing there had been no trickery, no ambush, no soft and dainty wiles. Mrs. Pykeson was a lady fashioned for storm and strife. The admiral's dismayed friends realized that she had captured him by direct assault.

They saw a woman who towered head and shoulders above her stocky, grizzled bridegroom. A flowered washable silk department-store dress and other flounces and furbelows adorned her—the effect was not frilly but rather like the sinister flapping of battle signal flags. She had a great pile of hair which was an off-shade of brown; and this topknot worthy of the Valkyrie was caught in a cute Gibson-girl knot at the back of her fat, white neck.

"An awful lot of woman," Mrs. Lassiter murmured, as Mrs. Pykeson and the admiral set course across the reception floor.

BEAMING proudly, lost in adoration, Admiral Pykeson presented his bride to Mrs. Lassiter.

"But, dearest," Mrs. Pykeson protested, in a sweet girlish voice more sinister than any whisky tenor, "shouldn't Mrs. Lassiter be presented to *me?* I thought you said her husband was only a rear admiral?"

"Um . . . ah . . . quite so, Angel . . . and this is Rear Admiral Lassiter—"

Mrs. Pykeson giggled roguishly.

"I'm sure you will soon be a front admiral," she said.

"Ha, ha . . . very good, Angel," said Admiral Pykeson.

Mrs. Pykeson barged right down the enemy line and damn the torpedoes.

It is recalled, however, that she insisted on departing early. "I must give part of each day *to my girls*," she explained. Then, seeing stricken looks about, she hastened to add: "Oh, they're not *my* girls. Don't blush so, Humphrey. You see, I was active in the Girls' Friendly back home in Ottumwa and I shall carry on the work here. I'm sure *it will be needed.*"

The immediate and rueful verdict on the admiral's bride was: "After all, she is the wife of a vice admiral who may be the next C-in-C."

This verdict rendered, the ladies of the Hearthfire Forces in and around Long Beach were at great pains to learn all they could about Mrs. Pykeson. The tidbits discovered within forty-eight hours of her arrival were not reassuring: 1. Mrs. Pykeson had taught domestic science and sewing in the public schools of Ottumwa since graduation from the state normal. 2. Mrs. Pykeson was seeing an ocean for the first time. 3. Mrs. Pykeson did not believe in golf, cardplaying, drinking, horse racing, flirtations. 4. Mrs. Pykeson was very sentimental about young people, especially little girls from ten to fourteen. 5. *Mrs. Pykeson thought every wife should help her husband in his work.*

The careful historian must note at this point that before Junior Lieut. Bud Chandler and Miss Rhoda Myatt became involved with Mrs. Pykeson there was no concerted and intelligent plan of opposition. Mrs. Lassiter, acknowledged *grande dame* of the Navy set, did announce: "I shall not be friendly with the woman. Dan knows he will be retired without a fleet command, so, thank goodness, I can keep my pride!" Other Navy social leaders merely adopted a policy of watchful waiting.

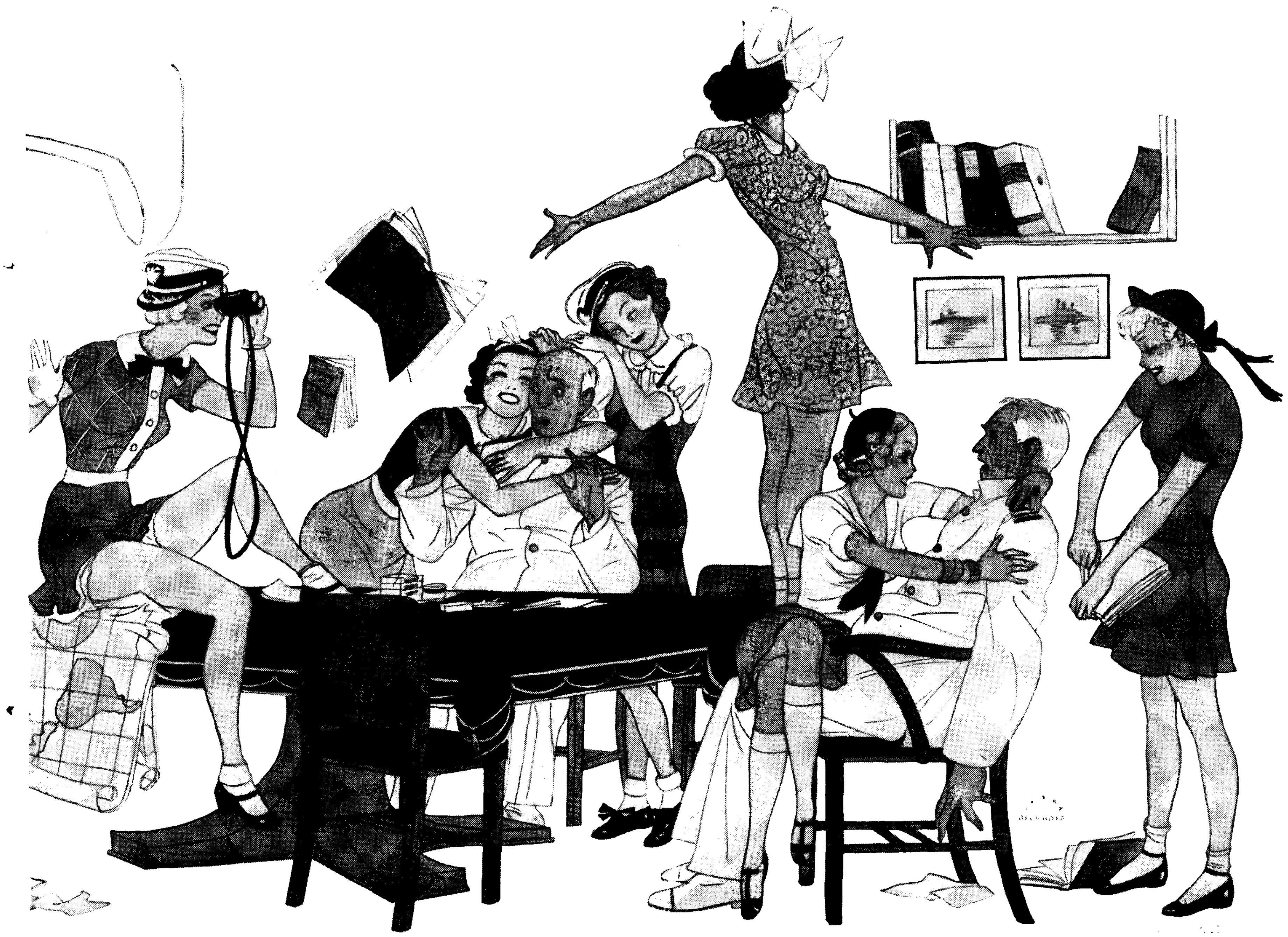
ONLY two officers' wives went out of their way to cultivate Mrs. Pykeson. Little Mrs. Townsend, wife of a lieut. commander, became great friends with Mrs. Pykeson immediately. Mrs. Bowers, wife of Holy Joe Bowers, chaplain of the flagship South Dakota, also had nice things to say of Admiral Pykeson's bride. But catty observers pointed out that Mrs. Townsend had been reared in a convent and was notoriously sentimental; and that Holy Joe Bowers wanted to be Fleet chaplain.

One week after her installation in Admiral Pykeson's beach house, Mrs. Pykeson struck.

Commander Hayward, who had hoped to be assigned as executive officer of a new cruiser, was ordered to the China station. His heartbroken wife sent Mrs. Townsend to Mrs. Pykeson. What had happened?

Mrs. Pykeson, nodding like a Roman empress who had just saved two hundred Christians from the lions, said promptly: "Yes, I advised Humphrey not to keep Mr. Hayward here. It's his poor wife, you know. *Gambling.* I hope that she will take up mission work out in China. Do you think I should write her a nice note advising it?"

A grim coterie of Navy people saw Commander and Mrs. Hayward off for Shanghai. After which, the ladies of the Navy acted in the highest traditions of the Service. An indignation meeting held at the apartment of Mrs. Lassiter voted to take prompt action. Rear Ad-



They were little girls but . . . well . . . mature. The abrupt outburst of affection for their adopted admiral flabbergasted Holy Joe Bowers and paralyzed Admiral Pykeson

miral Lassiter, friend and classmate of Pooh-Pooh Pykeson and resigned to his present rank, must go at once to Admiral Pykeson and make him aware of his wife's meddling.

Rear Admiral Lassiter balked.

"Why, dammit, Nancy," he said, "Pooh-Pooh *loves* that woman! He let her hang pink taffeta curtains in his cabin. He barges home every day for lunch. He switched anchorage with the Tennessee so she can wave to him from the beach! I will *not* talk to him!"

Mrs. Pykeson struck again. Lieut. Commander Donworthy, son-in-law to Mrs. Lassiter, was passed over for promotion by the Selection Board. Mrs. Pykeson sent a very sweet little homily on the matter via Mrs. Townsend, to wit: "Gunnery officers should be studying their subject rather than wasting time at Santa Anita race track!"

THEN, while her enemies were still groggy, Mrs. Pykeson presented her masterpiece.

Young Ensign Gates, blithely playing "hearts" in the mess of the Battle Force flagship, received the following letter:

Junior Service Clubs Inc.
Long Beach Chapter
"The Navy Forever"

Dear Ensign Gates:

This is a letter to inform you that you have been adopted as Our Ensign by the Long Beach Chapter. Mrs. Humphrey Pykeson, wife of the Admiral Pykeson, nominated you.

Our members are holding a beach party tomorrow (Saturday night) on the beach. We hope you will be with us as our honored guest and you are supposed to make us a speech on "Why I Am an Officer and a Gentleman and What That Should Mean," or some similar subject.

Very truly,
Mildred De Sabino,
(Age 13) *Secretary.*

It is of record that Ensign Gates, after first dismissing this invitation as a rib by officer pals and after being informed by the ship's executive officer that Mrs. Pykeson had sent a memorandum proving it was no rib, attended the beach party of the Junior Service Club. Of his sufferings while there, and of his subsequent harassment by Mildred De Sabino and sister members, the historian would choose to be charitably silent.

NOR would it serve any good purpose to relate how Ensign Purdey of the West Virginia was adopted by the San Pedro Chapter; how Ensign Sinkley of the California was picked off by the Hermosa Beach Chapter and how Ensign Orthridge of the Maryland received his summons from the Inglewood Chapter while brooding over a smashed love affair. Suffice it to note that Mrs. Pykeson's Junior Service Clubs waxed and flourished in the small towns around Long Beach.

These hapless fellows were ensigns; each had run afoul of Mrs. Pykeson or had come under her disapproving notice. They were adopted by clubs of small, intensely sentimental and patriotic maidens. Knowing the power of Mrs. Pykeson, they stayed "adopted," too.

But, to the everlasting shame of the United States Navy, nothing was done to rescue these and other ensigns or to ameliorate their condition. The Service attitude seemed to be one of unfeeling jocosity—or, as one three-striper remarked: "Anything can and should happen to an ensign."

No doubt, Junior Lieut. Bud Chandler shared this callous attitude. He laughed as he lolled on the sands of the Bel Air Bay Club at Santa Monica talking to his beautiful fiancée, Miss Rhoda Myatt. Mrs. Pykeson and the ensigns were merely a blithe anecdote. Lieut. Chandler was a happy junior watch officer aboard the good ship Pennsylvania; he had just paid off his Annapolis grad debt; his thoughts were on romance and marriage.

"*I* think it ought to be at high noon, tomorrow," said the gallant young officer, "with two weeks in Honolulu!"

Rhoda laughed.

"Silly! We're going to wait until your promotion comes through."

"That'll be any day now," Bud replied. "Unless Mrs. Pykeson disapproves."

"Pooh on 'Pants' Pykeson. She's only good for scaring little ensigns!"

"SHHHH—there's Mrs. Pykeson . . . how do you do, Mrs. Pykeson?"

Junior Lieut. Chandler paled. Greening at the gills he turned his head. Rhoda just laughed and laughed. It was not Mrs. Pykeson—merely a fat pelican which had landed on the beach to pick up a fish.

"Whatta sense of humor!" snarled Lieut. Chandler. He grabbed the girl of his dreams and paddled her until she said "Mrs. Pykeson." Then, they amused themselves inventing punishments, discomfitures and disgraces for Mrs. Pykeson.

THERE is a theory, widely held by aviators and marines, that Mrs. Pykeson's astral body was lying on the beach beside Lieut. Chandler and Rhoda. There is another and more plausible hypothesis that some Navy junior or civilian miss belonging to a Junior Service Club chapter heard this blaspheming of Mrs. Pykeson and reported. Still another supposition is that Mrs. Pykeson never did approve of Rhoda Myatt. Miss Myatt had copperish hair, wild freckles, humorous eyes and a great deal of bounce. At any rate, Junior Lieut. Chandler received in the very next morning's mail the following summons:

Junior Service Clubs Inc.
Torrance Chapter "The Navy Forever"

My dear Lieut. Chandler:

Mrs. Admiral Pykeson of the U. S. Navy gave us your name to elect as "Our

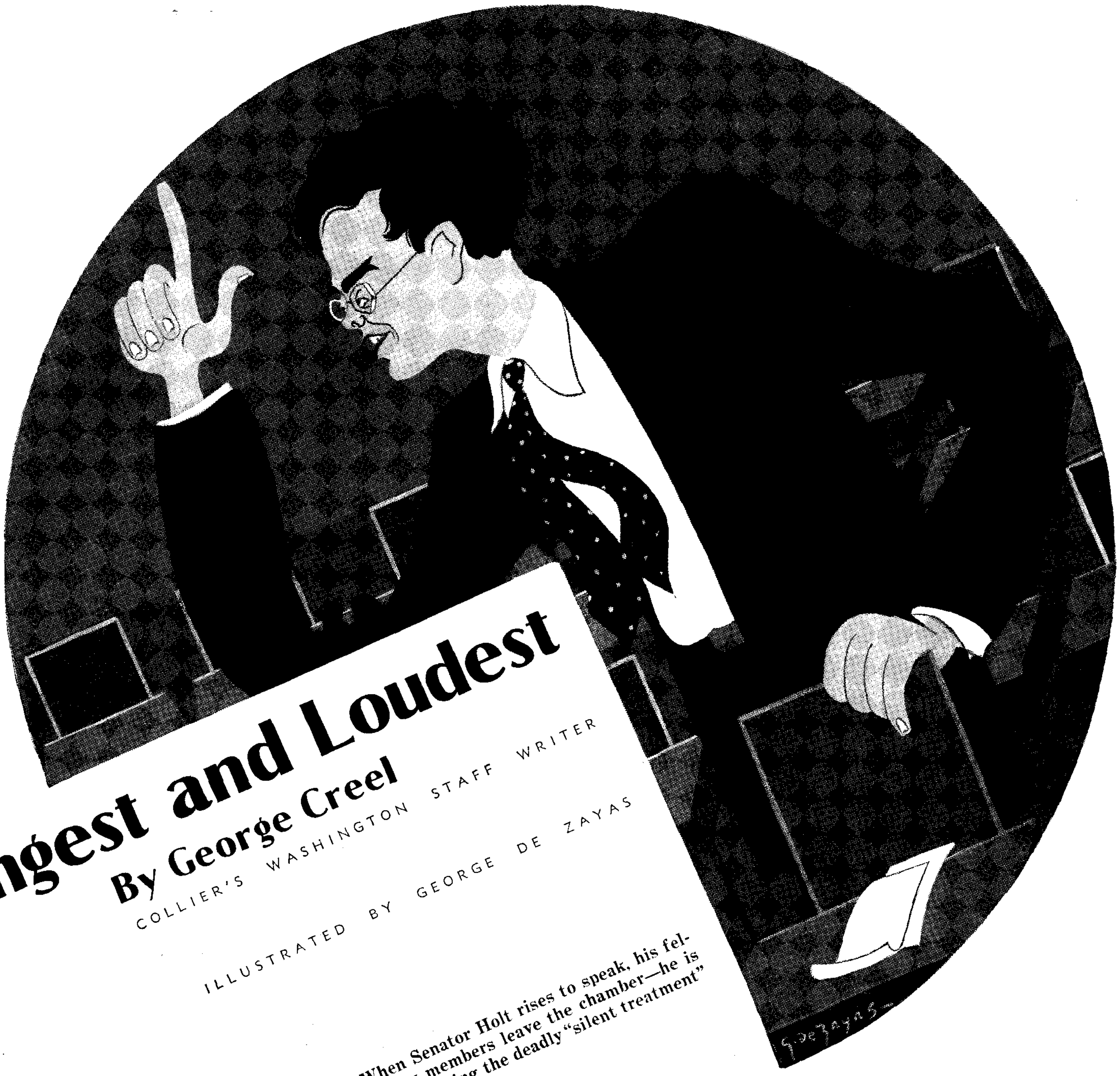
(Continued on page 61)

Youngest and Loudest

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



When Senator Holt rises to speak, his fellow members leave the chamber—he is getting the deadly "silent treatment"

RUSH D. HOLT, junior senator from West Virginia, is assured of one distinction at least. Before he finishes his term he will have spoken to more empty seats than any other member of the Upper House, past or present. During the second half of the last session of Congress, no sooner did the young man take the floor than his Democratic colleagues left their desks for the cloakroom, the deadly "silent treatment" that usually marks the end of a senator's usefulness unless a marked change in attitude wins forgiveness or events prove that he has justice, honor and honesty on his side.

A contrast indeed with June 19, 1935, when the flushed, excited stripling took his oath of office. It was his thirtieth birthday, and for seven months he had cooled his heels in anterooms, waiting impatiently to reach the age required by the Constitution. Because of the fact that he was only twenty-nine at the time of his election, his defeated Republican opponent filed a protest, but the Democratic majority gaily swept the contention aside without large debate.

With the exception of Henry Clay, whose twenty-nine years were never brought up against him, Rush Dew Holt is the youngest man ever to gain a seat in the Senate of the United States. Aaron Burr was thirty-five, and Albert J. Beveridge, although called a Boy Orator, was thirty-seven. Not to anyone of the three were the gates of promise opened wider than to the youthful, picturesque West Virginian, and even battered oldsters thrilled to the drama of his opportunity.

Back in his native state the people held him in pride, affection and delight. Elected to the House of Delegates in 1930, when only twenty-five, he waged a rough and tumble fight against the public utility corporations, developing some abuses and instituting some reforms. Two years later he was re-elected, workers and farmers all hailing him as a Daniel come to judgment, a fearless champion of the underdog and the dauntless foe of the privileged interests. A tireless campaigner, due to tennis, football and basketball, he also inherited an amazing gift of gab from a father who had tried everything from Populism to Socialism.

Announcing for the United States Senate in 1934, Master Rush found himself pitted against four Democratic veterans, one a former senator and another, Clem Shaver, once chairman of the party's national committee. Matthew M. Neely, the senior senator, liked the youngster and backed him, and he was also indorsed enthusiastically by the United Mine Workers, credited with controlling 130,000 votes. Nominated by a goodly margin, he went on to win in the general election from Senator Hatfield, a Republican war horse.

Like a lad invited to his first party, the elated victor reached Washington in January, although there was no chance of being seated before June, and everybody received him cordially and interestedly. Tall and well-built, with a shock of unruly black hair, and dark, eager eyes magnified by thick lenses, his very boyishness had a definite appeal. Jack Garner, Pat Harrison, Joe Robinson and other gray and graying men clapped him on the back, wished him well and chuckled when visitors took the wandering juvenile for one of the pages.

Inviting a Senatorial Bum's Rush

One and all were given the privilege of listening to his aims and ideals. In particular, he confided to the newspapermen that he did not mean to be a "patronage broker." No, indeedy! Did they not agree with him that it was best to devote all time and thought to legislative duties rather than the petty business of hunting jobs? Here again he was applauded, Republican and Democratic veterans sighing wistfully and wishing that they too were young enough for such fond dreams.

Even when Master Rush broke the unwritten rule of the Senate which calls for silence on the part of a new member during his first session, there were only indulgent smiles. He spoke in support of the "death sentence" in the holding company bill, and while it was anything but a brilliant effort, the young senator confusing length with strength, a full chamber gave him quite a hand, and opined that he would do better when he "found himself."

The one disquieting thing was his unconcealed admiration for Huey Long, elder statesmen murmuring that the Kingfish was "pretty strong meat for a youngster." As the session ended without further speech from the newcomer, however, these apprehensions were soothed, but forebodings returned when news came that Senator Holt had pushed himself well to the front at the Long funeral ceremonies in Louisiana, mourning louder than the loudest for his lost leader. Whatever uneasiness agitated Joe Robinson's ample bosom was soon justified, for on February 17, 1936, Master Rush exploded with a violence that endangered the Capitol dome.

Directing a savage attack against the conduct of the WPA in West Virginia, he cried to high heaven that "political parasites, political leeches and political bloodsuckers" were in control, padding pay rolls and wasting funds. A supervisor had referred to relief applicants as "damned bums," and in one bulletin

(Continued on page 65)

Deep Horizons

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A man and woman of the early West prove that there is an abiding strength in the faith which springs from the heart

A LONG wind whirled out of the prairie's dark and empty distance, shouldering heavily against the sod house. When Matt Hobart came in he was quick to close the door, but a momentary gust of that bitter December weather rushed through the room and the flame of the oil lamp on the table wavered and licked a sooty smudge up its chimney.

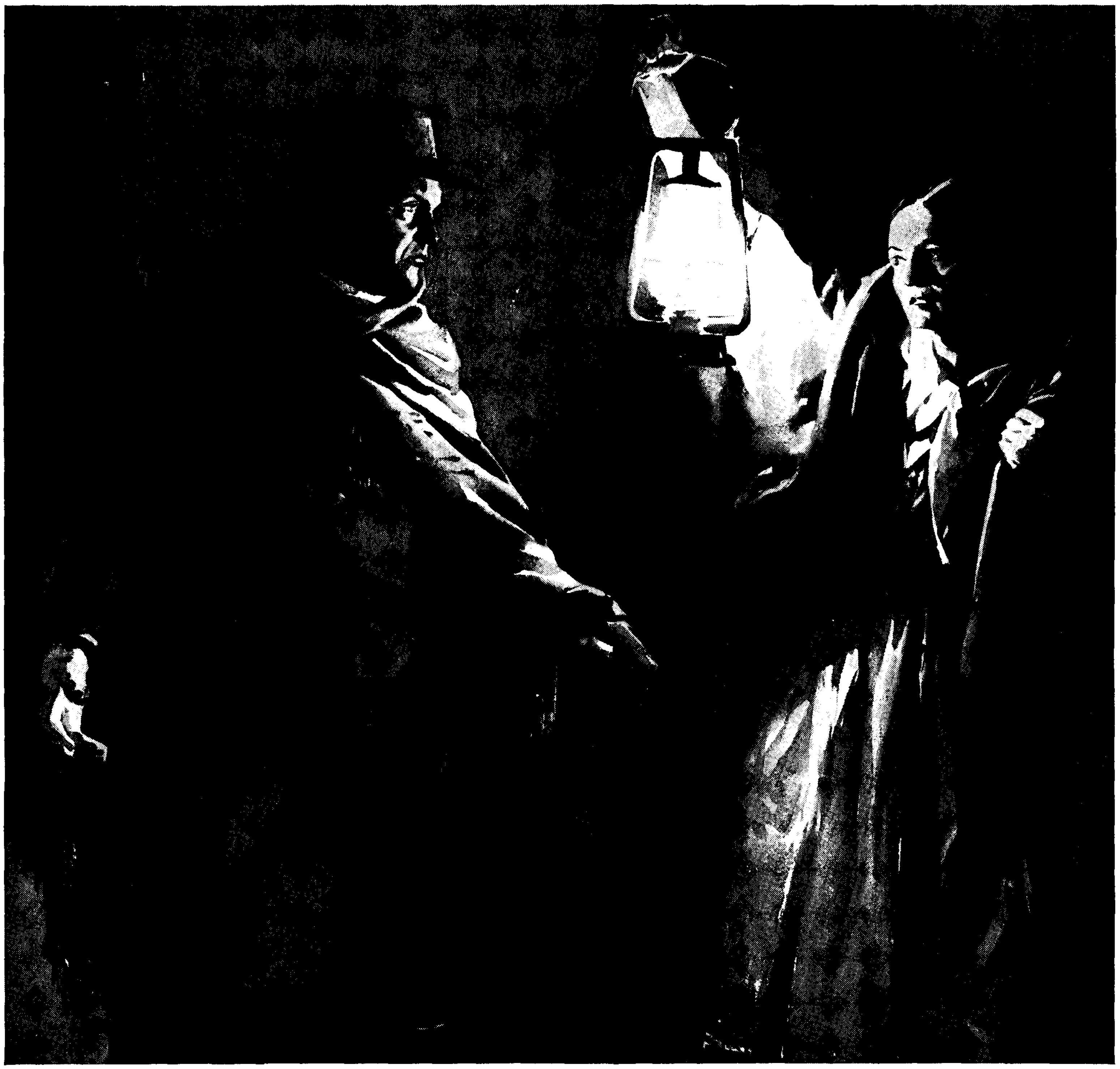
Matt stood a moment by the door, his lips pressed thin and all his face raw and pinched. Going forward to him, Eileen knew that he was dead beat—there was that betraying blackness in his eyes. She said, "Theo, put a chair by the stove," and reached up and unwrapped Matt's muffler, silently enraged because he had no overcoat and could afford none. "You sit down, Matt."

Theo turned a chair to the fire and stood beside it, watching her father but not speaking. At seven she was a slender little girl, with deep auburn hair and a strange faith that steadied her childlike eagerness and made her undeniably Eileen Hobart's daughter. When Matt dropped into the chair Theo bent and kissed the back of his neck and stood behind him, straight and still. Jackie came from a dark corner of the room then and stationed himself by the stove. He put his arms behind him and rocked on his heels. Pretending not to see his father he looked slyly from the corner of his eyes, ready to chuckle. He was six, already taller than Theo.

Looking on, Eileen saw this scene with a comprehending relief. Matt smiled and pointed his finger at Jackie and the boy let out a quick laugh. There was an affection in this room that softened the threat of the wind outside and lessened her own worry. She went to the stove and dished up the meal. "What you need is something hot, Matt. Come to the table."

It hurt her to see how slowly he got up from the chair, this man so usually full of vitality. He went to the basin and washed without soap and poured the water into a stand-by pail, for water was too scarce to waste this dry winter. They all sat up to the table and Matt said grace in a quick, hopeful manner. He was more cheerful, with the warmth of the room banishing the misery in his eyes. He had that power to throw off discouragement, that resilience of spirit which could shake aside this prairie poverty. It caused Eileen to wonder, as she had wondered so often before, at the strangeness of his choice of the ministry. He wasn't a bookish man, he wasn't a meek one. There was a turbulence and a temper in him that even now, after five years of the cloth, colored all his acts; a fighting energy he so frequently had to grit his teeth against. His shoulders were big and his knuckles solid.

He was watching her; he was look-



"Why haven't you told me?" Matt said. She said: "I didn't marry you for a kitchen husband, Matt" ing at her plate, which held almost nothing. She said, "I've lost my appetite from staying indoors so much."

She knew he didn't believe it. His glance went over the table and saw what there was, and the color of his eyes changed again. She understood he wouldn't mention it in front of the children, yet she was afraid—and changed the subject.

"You didn't see anything of the yearling?"

"I lost its tracks at the bottoms. The ground's frozen."

"Somebody stealed it?" said Jackie.

"It was taken," said Matt Hobart.

"It was the wind last night," said Eileen. "We couldn't have heard anyone in the barn." She lowered her eyes. Her voice trembled, not from despair but from suppressed anger. "To us. Why should anyone do that to us?"

He said, "Eileen," and the gentleness of his talk lifted her head. He was smiling. There wasn't much comfort left in him, but such as he had left he was giving to her.

Jackie said mysteriously: "Know what the next day after tomorrow is?"

Theo nodded her head and was quite scornful. "Anybody does. It's Christmas."

"Christmas!" exclaimed Jackie, and laughed hugely.

Matt pushed back his chair; he got up and said quickly, quietly: "It is time for lessons." Eileen had one long look at his features and pulled her eyes away and set about clearing the table, Theo helping her. Matt Hobart brought a book from the window ledge, but he was thinking of another thing, for he crossed the room to the small offset pantry and looked in. He wheeled abruptly back to the table where the children were waiting for him. He opened the book and gave it to Theo. "You will read tonight about a Christmas of long ago when George Washington's soldiers were camped at Valley Forge. Listen carefully to this story, Jackie. Pronounce your words, Theo, so as not to slide them together."

EILEEN poised her hands over the warm dishwater, comforted by that scene. Matt's body was loose in the chair and his head dropped a little forward as he listened to Theo's careful words rise and fall. Jackie stood still, rooted by the weight of his father's arm on his small shoulder. They were all grave and attentive. The lamplight softened the pressures around Matt's face and Eileen saw that he too was being comforted.

Matt said: "Your voice, Theo, should pause but not drop when you reach a comma."

Outside a man said, "Hello, hello," and knocked and immediately shouldered his way into the room and closed the door. A blue military coat completely covered him and his hatbrim shut out all features save the bright narrow strip of his eyes.

Matt got up. He said, "How are you, Tom? Take off your things." The children obediently turned and faced this newcomer.

"I ain't got the time," said the newcomer. He looked curiously around. "I passed Jim Grisim's house. He's dyin' and wants to see you. It's a hell of a night to go out."

Eileen looked at Matt with a sudden unspoken protest. His shoulders dropped —and rose. She saw his face change; she saw the grinding weariness return. But he put down his book. "Certainly. Right now."

The man broke in: "I'd like to take you, but I'm late and my old woman'll be full of worry. There's a hard freeze comin'." He turned toward the door. Matt Hobart's talk caught him with one hand turning the knob.

"I lost my bull calf last night. Have you seen any strays along the road?"

"Why, no."

"A blooded calf, worth seventy-five dollars."

"Brindle and white. I remember it." The man's eyes narrowed. "Lot of tough customers traveling through the country these days. But I got five miles to go." He went out in haste, anxious to be away before Matt laid any claim of service on him. They heard him swearing at his horses; and then the swearing died downwind. Eileen found Matt's eyes watching her with a patient, resigned understanding. "Tom's got a long way to drive," he said. "Every keg must stand on its own bottom."

She said, with a cruelty she could not help: "Then let Jim Grisim stand on his!"

He wasn't shocked. He only shook his head. "That's one trip men hate to start on alone. Maybe I can say something that'll make it a little easier for him." He was putting on his muffler and his wool gloves, but he stared at the door and the whine of the gusty wind made him imperceptibly flinch. He picked up a lantern and lighted it. Eileen said, "Wait." She went into the bedroom and got a blanket and brought it back, covering Matt with it and pinning it at his neck. When he opened the door she came behind.

"Go back in the house, Eileen."

"Go on—go on!"

The wind ran smotheringly against her face; it swirled her skirts and drove pointedly into her skin, like the prick of needles. She caught hold of his arm and struggled on beside him, toward the narrow sod barn; inside it she took the lantern and held it over her head, trembling, while he harnessed the horse. The pale light sparkled against the frostiness of that freezing air. The Guernsey cow grunted plaintively in her stanchion. Matt said:

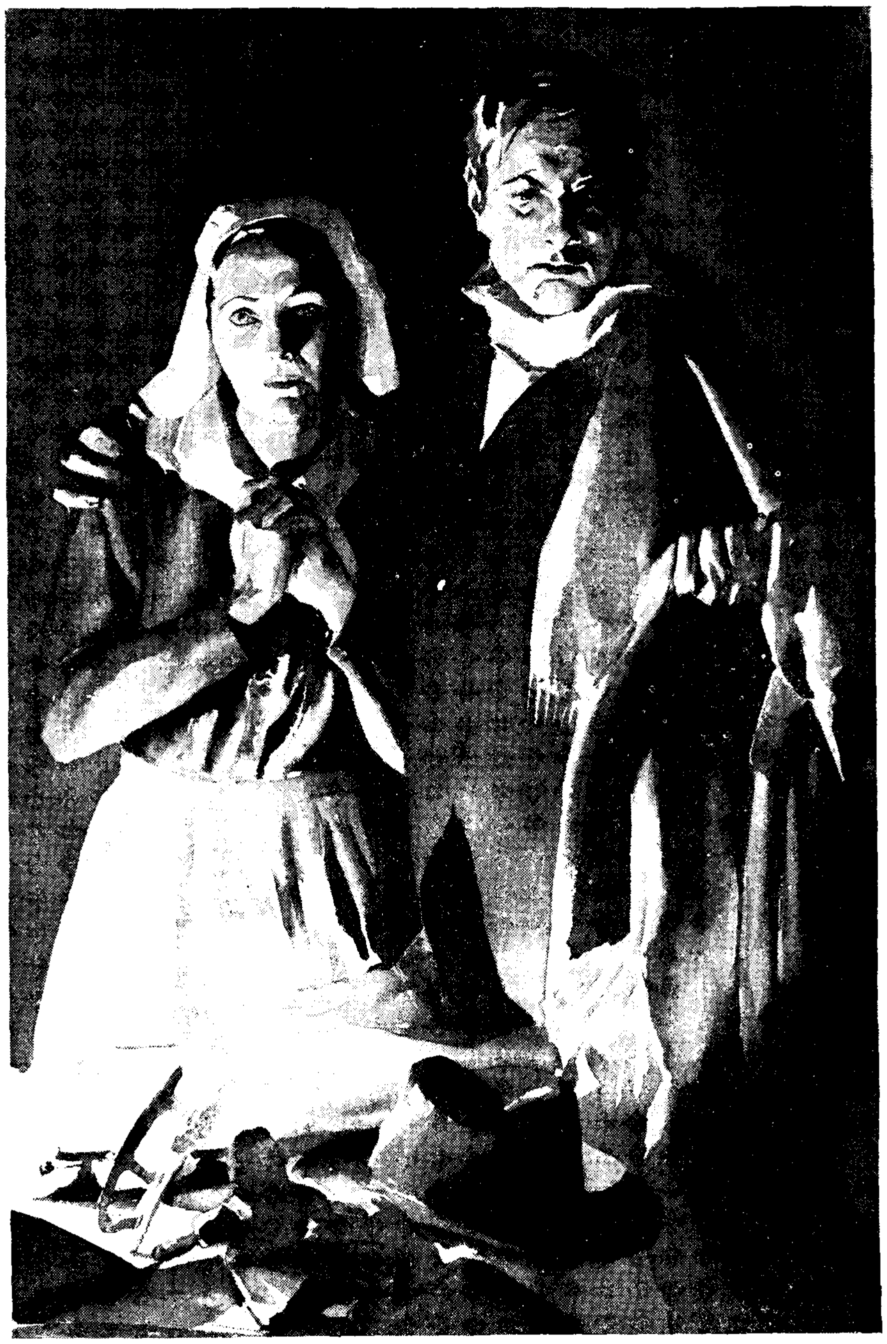
"So we're down to a sack of potatoes and a half side of bacon. Why haven't you told me?"

She said: "I didn't marry you for a kitchen husband, Matt. That's my business—and we'll make out. Have you seen the deacon about your salary?"

"I'll be riding his way tomorrow."

HE CAME forward, leading the horse, and stood before her a moment—a tall, formless shape against the cold shadows. He wanted to say something to her, but his mouth pinched together and he didn't say it. He went out and backed the horse into the shafts of the buggy and hooked up. He called out, "Go back to the house before you're chilled," and drove straight into the windy, buffeting blackness.

Eileen bent her head and ran for the house. The sky was very black, with all the stars laying a glittering, remote brilliance against it. The windows were glazing over and the yellow light coming through them was diffused and soft. Three miles in the south the nearest neighbor's house threw off a minute gleam; elsewhere the prairie lay formless and empty and wild. She closed the door and extinguished the lantern. Her hands were cold and numb and the fire of the stove seemed to have no power in it. Both children sat up to the table, heads bent together above the book.



"But we needed these things worse than food, Eileen," he said

"It's bedtime," said Eileen.

The thought of Christmas disciplined them enormously; its secrets and anticipations colored all that their eyes saw and put laughter in them. They were soon undressed, warming themselves at the fire. Jackie lifted his sly glance and chuckled and trotted toward the bedroom; but Theo walked soberly, lips soft from her dreams. Standing by the stove, Eileen saw them kneel at the bed, one on each side. Jackie never prayed aloud. He laced his fingers together and kept his attention on Theo, who dutifully asked God to care for her people. Her voice fell to a whispering and rose definitely again. "Skates for Jackie and a dolly for me—a wax doll with clothes and a lace cap. Amen."

"Amen," said Jackie, and made a long jump into the warm side of the bed. Theo exclaimed: "You had that side last night. It's mine tonight!" But Jackie pulled the blankets over his head, chuckling beneath them. Theo pounded him with her fists and walked around and crept in the other side. She said, "You little scoundrel." But she got in and sat bolt upright and her face held a glow of hope that was very real. "It will really be here Christmas morning."

Eileen said, "Good night," and turned her back to them.

They were asleep when Matt got home two hours later. His hands were too stiff to undo the pinned blanket. Eileen had to take it off. The wind had raked up small flakes of skin on his cheeks and all his features were wooden with cold and the punishment of the night was in his eyes. Eileen thought, in bitter rage, "Not even a dog deserves to be treated this way," and touched him on the shoulder. He went over to the stove and stood there, rubbing his arms slowly. He said:

"Theo still wants that doll she's talked about?"

"I think she's forgotten it, Matt."

"No. She wouldn't forget. I had depended a lot on that bull calf. It was worth seventy-five dollars."

She said: "It doesn't matter. We're warm."

He sat down, his big shoulders bent over, his black head bowed at the stove. He didn't speak again.

AT SEVEN in the morning a lowering, grisly light stained the windows. The wind still blew, its thin and bitter fingers searching through the chinks of the sod house. Eileen wrapped two sandwiches of bread and wild-plum butter and stuffed them in his pockets; and secured her shawl around his shoulders. The blanket he would not use. He stood at the door a moment, a ragged and harassed light in his eyes, and she knew then his spirit was shamed from knowing that he could not give them the things they needed. He only said: "I'm going toward the south. It will probably be quite late before I get back." He bent and kissed her faintly, with something warm gone out of him, with something proud missing; and closed the door quickly behind.

He drove eastward along a road that was only two straggling wheel lines across the prairie. The wind came up from the south, hard and severely cold. All his features were soon raw, and from time to time he had to scrub warmth into them with his mittened hand; the breath of his horse made an evanescent fog against the air. Far off in the southeast Dike Tyler's windmill reared up against a dull and mealy light, but elsewhere the prairie ran its lonely and undulating way into the deep horizons

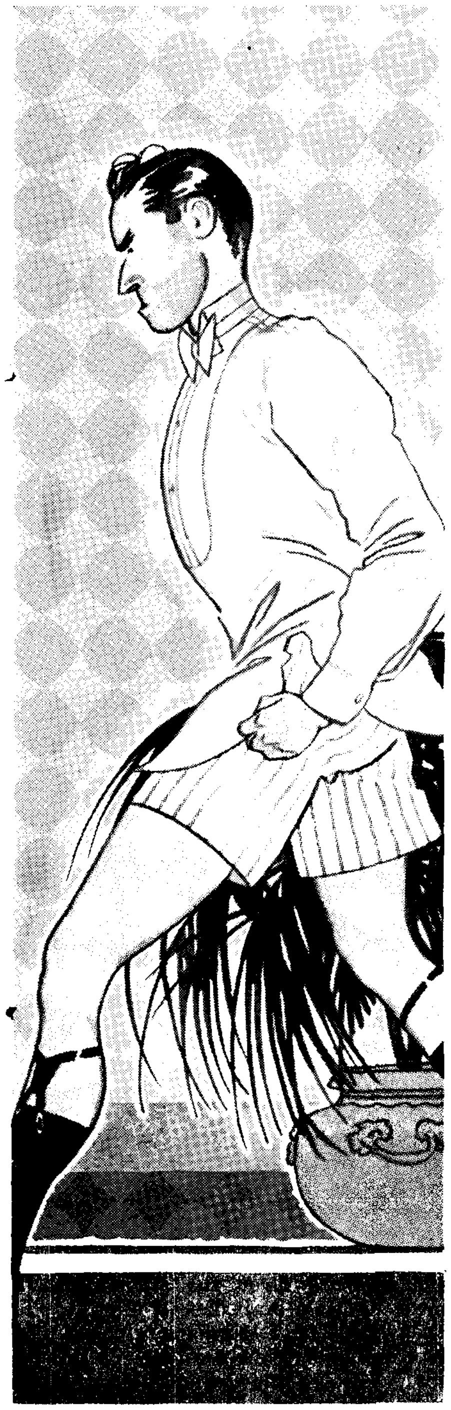
(Continued on page 25)

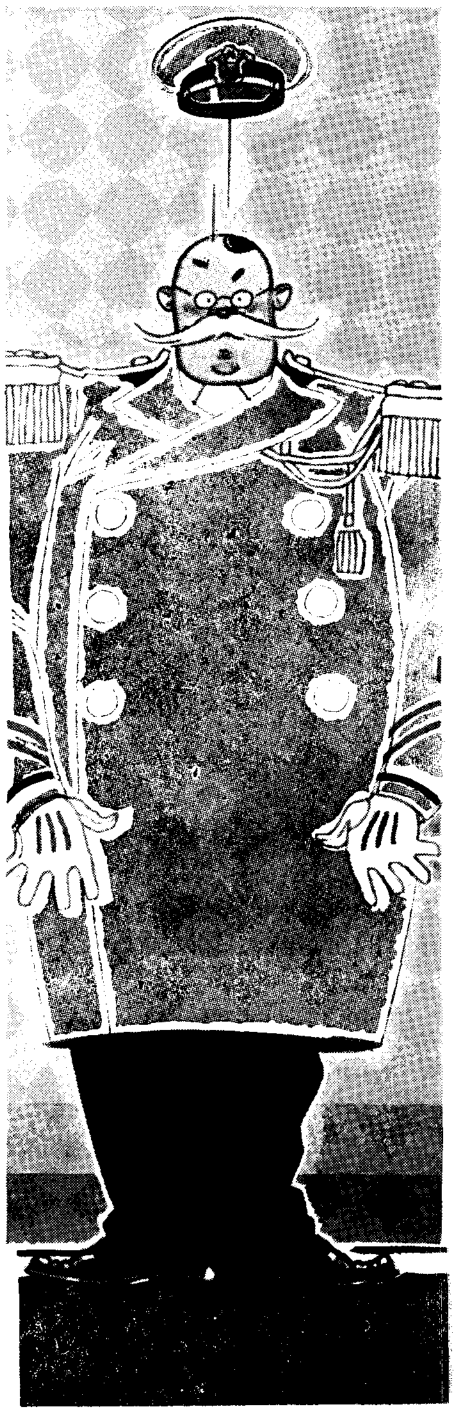
Accenting Love

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Blake Cabot

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID





I gather that the burghers do not consider my costume the height of chic, and the concierge at my hotel stares at me like an alarmed dachshund

BILL COURSEN and I were in the Café d'Harcourt drinking Pernod and weaving together loose ends. Paris was full of summer, taxis honked, and there was dust on the chestnut trees. I had not seen Bill since he forgot, a year before, to come to commencement at Harvard after doing his stretch to get there.

Bill was no different. There had never been anything mouselike about Bill. He had wriggled through the net of modern life unintroverted. He was tall and shambling and, being casual, was not apt to take off his hat in the presence of rooms or ladies.

"Let me tell you," he said, "about events that happen to me at the University of Freiburg. But do not get the idea that they embrace anecdotes of saber cuts, beer drinking and Strauss by moonlight. There is nothing of the baroque in this tale. It is concerned with the life and love of Bill Coursen against a background of *Kultur* and knackwurst."

"I have only an hour," I said. I was not in a hurry, but Bill's sense of time was always atrophied.

"I have less," Bill said. "I have a date, too, so I will introduce Hans Strum immediately. Mine is a medieval mind, Arthur; it does not readily adjust itself. So after months in Freiburg, where I am seeking the higher learning, I am still not acquainted with the romance the books and brochures talk about until Hans Strum walks into Guilderstern's seminar on early Prakrit roots and the old coot introduces us. We shook hands.

"Hans is a guy of about my size, with sulky eyes and a face so scarred by dueling as to resemble a raised map of the Harz Mountains. I discover that he is more or less dreaded by the students for his sense of humor, which often comes close to mayhem, but anyway we are still pals.

"So one night Hans takes me to a dance at the Rot-Weiss Klub, an affair which brings out gallantry in the students like a nettle rash. He has his girl along, who is as big as an opera singer and generally frightened. We are drinking a white wine punch when Hans brings over a little blond girl whose name, he tells me, is Friede Hjalmer."

Bill gazed wistfully into his glass. "I am not given to untruths," he said untruthfully, "but this Friede is all the things. Her eyes are full of vikings; fiords are in her hair. She is blond, beautiful and from Stockholm where it is light until midnight in the summer. That's the first thing she tells me.

"I will not lie to you, Arthur. I am immediately cuckoo about this little blond girl. I love her. I want to take her back to New York to show everybody. She does not speak any English, so right away I begin to teach her. A sort of Swedish-American is what I teach her."

"Swedish-American?" I said.

"Sure." Bill wriggled around on the red leather bench. "Such as 'I tank that's a good yoke,' and 'yust wait a minute.' Inside of a month I have her talking like Ole, the farm hand from Smorg, Minnesota. Nobody but me in the place speaks English, so I have it all to myself. It is charming."

"Kind of a dirty trick," I said. "For her."

"The linguistic repairs," Bill said with dignity, "could have come later. Anyway, I love her. And then Hans comes apart. Until I meet Friede we are pals because I have nothing he wants. But now suddenly he finds that he is mad for Friede, and I have stolen her from him. It is all a plot, it turns out. I am using unfair means to keep Friede from him. I point out that he has a girl of his own just as pretty as Friede and twice as big, but that doesn't help. He has discarded his Brünnehilde to concentrate on my Swedish nightingale who rapidly gets confused in the rush.

"WE ARE all three somewhat nuts when spring vacation rolls around and Hans comes to me with love and innocence in his eyes, with his proposal.

"'We are going away,' he tells me.

"'You're bugs,' I say.

"'What's bugs?'

"'Never mind,' I say. 'But you're them.'

"'No,' he says. 'We are going away for the vacation, to give Friede a chance to think it all over. When we come back she can pick one of us.'

"Well, in a couple of days Hans and I are on the Rome Express, going away so Friede can decide. He gets off at Milan, and I continue down to Rome. For two weeks I stand it, and then after a week more my conscience expires and I slip back to Freiburg with the dishonest intention of stealing a march on Hans. Perhaps, Arthur, I do not have to tell you that this is a highly humorous piece of rascality on my part, because Hans has stayed in Milan only until the next train back to Freiburg and has worked with such speed and persuasion that Friede is going to marry him at the end of the week. He is very gay about it, willing now to forgive my high-handed attempt to steal his girl, and after I discover that Friede is startled but firm, I decide that I will go away and try to forget.

"I buy a ticket to Constantinople that is as long as a baseball bat and the night before I am to take the train Hans comes to me and says he wants to throw a farewell party for me and him at the Casino, just so he will know we will always be friends. Nothing can hurt me now, so I agree, and before midnight he and I are at the Casino drinking champagne. In a spirit of gallantry I have put on the best clothes I own, which is a dress suit Nicky Bloom is still suing me for.

"I HAVE told Hans that the pain is so great I am taking the train the next day; in fact, only a few hours before the wedding is to take place. He is very understanding and tells the waiter to bring more champagne, all of which is on him. At two he leaves, and half an hour later I get out to the street and there is a taxi at the curb. I get inside before I fall asleep, if you want to call it that.

"Now, Arthur, you will remember that I have waked up in odd places before, but where I waked up at sunrise the next morning is the oddest yet. I am lying beside a stream in the middle of a field twice as big as a Kansas prairie, and all the clothes I have on are a boiled shirt, a pair of shorts and silk socks. I have been robbed, Arthur, while in no condition to be aware of it, and my head hums like a subway.

"In the distance, and I mean distance, are two spires, one of which must be Freiburg. I pick my spire and I start walking toward it, while my feet get wet and then are jabbed raw by the stubble, and there is an undue amount of sharp morning air circulating around my knees. I will confess that in three hours there is little gaiety in the Coursen body.

"By the time I reach Freiburg there is a bit of a stir in the streets, shops are opening, people coming to work, all the faint rustlings of a town rearing its ugly head in the morning. I gather that the burghers do not consider my costume the height of chic, and the concierge at my hotel stares at me like an alarmed dachshund. I warn him to let me sleep indefinitely and not to bother me because I am fully armed and fidgety.

"I guess I would have slept indefinitely except the headwaiter from the Casino beats down the door in the afternoon to collect for the champagne we have drunk at Hans' expense the night before. It is then that I do something cowardly, Arthur. I hit a man older than myself, smack on the button. There is still time to get to the wedding, and when I peer into the cathedral Hans and Friede are in the preliminary stages of the mumbo jumbo.

"Now, Arthur, I am capable of taking a joke, but I have missed the train to Constantinople, I will have to pay for a lot of champagne, and perhaps for a dash of assault. That is plenty. But when I take a real look at Hans and find that he is swelling out the svelte lines of the dress suit I have just been robbed of, I lose all feeling for perspective. There is a rumpus in that cathedral such as has not been since Heggis the Lesser sought sanctuary from the baron. On my complaint the *Polizei* yanked Hans out of there like a baker pulling hot bread out of an oven. Which gave the wedding quite a turn."

"And Friede?" I asked.

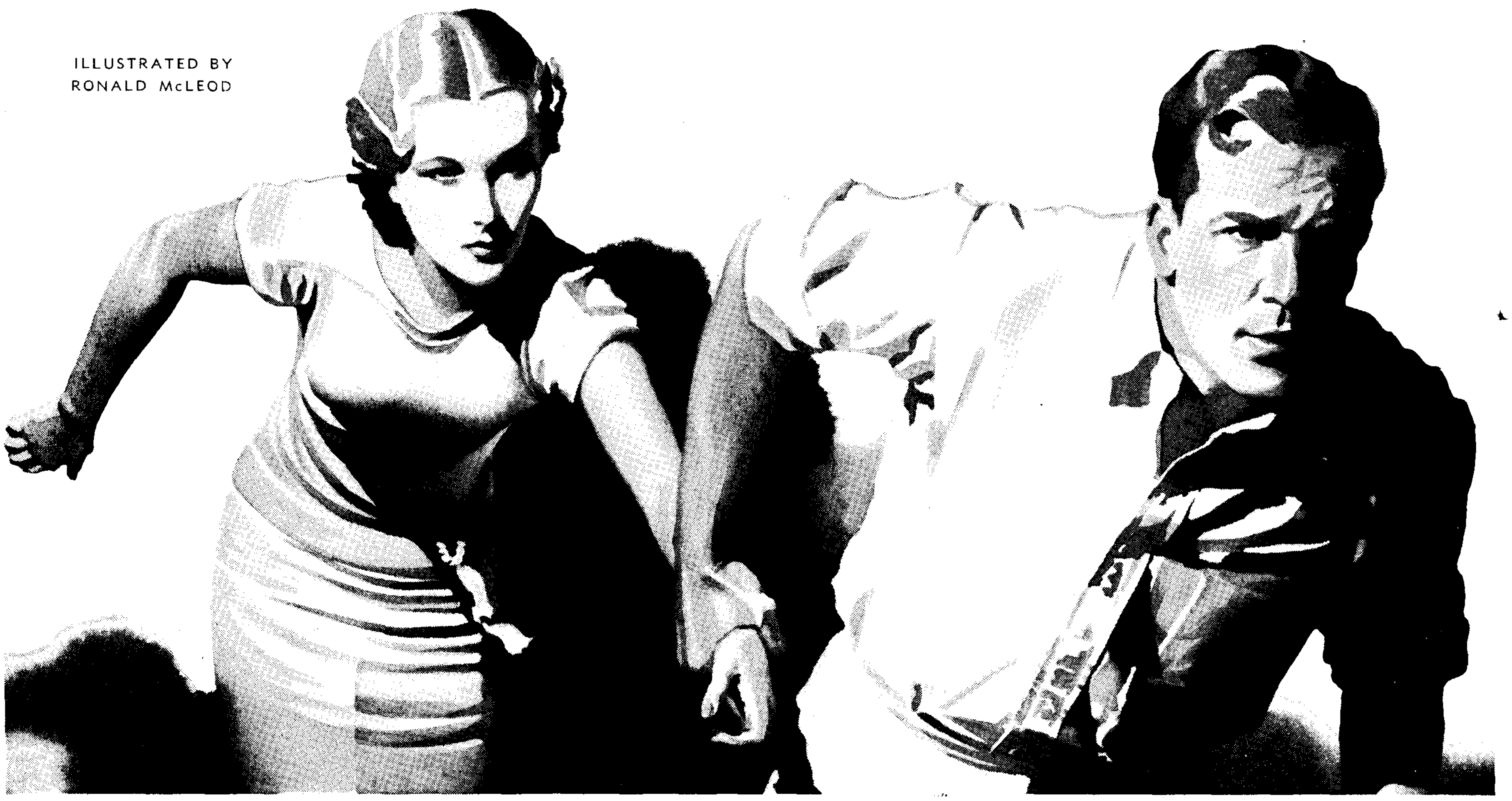
"Furious," Bill said. "Simply—"

He stopped and I turned to see the girl who was coming across the marble floor toward us.

"Darling," Bill said, taking her hand. "I want you to meet Arthur Hackett. Arthur, this is my wife."

"By yimminy," she said while Bill listened rapturously, "I ban yust so glad to meet you."

ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD



Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN BARRETT, a planter, befriends a beautiful young woman whom he finds, weak and incoherent, wandering aimlessly about on the island of Tunganan in the southwest Pacific. Knowing nothing of her, other than that she is Tonai Merriam, wife of Neal Merriam, a coconut grower, he takes her to his home on the island of Malangai.

Within a few hours after her arrival, Henry Shane, Barrett's right-hand man, is murdered under very mysterious circumstances *in her room;* and her story of someone outside her window stabbing Shane and then running away sounds extremely suspicious. Having heard it, Barrett goes to bed. He is aroused by a Mohammedan servant, Nural Hakim, who leads him into the compound, shows him the body of Gagahan, a houseboy, who, like Shane, has been stabbed to death.

Summoned by wireless, Captain Norse of the Philippine Constabulary arrives on the scene. He interrogates everyone in the house. He spares no one, not even Barrett's eminently respectable house guests: the wealthy Justin Lowry, the young planter's financial backer; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged; and Mrs. Holderness, Marise's middle-aged chaperone. But his suspicions center upon Tonai Merriam whose husband has been missing from his plantation at Kivasawan.

Among those whom he regards as suspects are: Lon Llewellyn, an employee, James ("Suva Jim") Cooper, a well-known trader, John Barrett and Charley Vaughn, skipper of Justin Lowry's yacht.

Lieutenant Barnes, of the constabulary, has been investigating at Kivasawan. He communicates with Norse. "Neal Merriam," the message says, "disappeared a few hours before John Barrett sailed from Salter's store." Whereupon, Norse places Barrett and the mate of his ship, Bates, under arrest.

Barrett, in an attempt to clear himself, summons Nural Hakim and offers him a reward of a thousand pesos for information leading to the capture of the murderer. Nural Hakim accepts, asking only for five hours' time.

IX

I DON'T believe it," Llewellyn said flatly.

"It will be more interesting to find out whether a judge believes it—after all our evidence is in."

Lon Llewellyn looked discouraged, but he tried once more. He dropped his voice to a lower, graver tone. "But now," he suggested, "what about me? I have admitted motives for killing both Merriam and Shane, or either separately. I am entirely unaccounted for at the time Shane was killed. As for Merriam, if you insist on linking his very problematical case with what has happened here, I could easily have reached Kivasawan in a Moro vinta, and landed unseen by anyone, let alone those alcoholics at Salter's store."

"Only," Norse said, "you didn't."

"How do you know I didn't?"

"Because I have definitely established to my own satisfaction that you have never been off Malangai during the period in question."

Llewellyn made a hopeless gesture with his hands. "If being off Malangai is the question, I submit that *thousands of people in the islands have been going* and coming all fall. The only connection you have between Shane's death in Mrs. Merriam's room, and the disappearance at Kivasawan, is that Tonai Merriam is Neal Merriam's estranged wife."

Norse looked impatient. "All this talk is getting no place," he said. "I consider that I have a case which justifies taking these people to headquarters for questioning. Incidentally it is a much better case than you have any idea of. You are a good deal handicapped, Llewellyn, by the fact that you know nothing of what you are talking about. There is a legal machinery provided, very well fitted to protect the rights of these people. My duty is plain. If you think I am going to let the whole matter drop just because Barrett is kind to his mother, or something, you are simply wasting your time."

There was a silence. Even the stubborn Lon Llewellyn seemed definitely stalled.

"I wish to heaven," Tonai Merriam said, "that I had taken your proposition to begin with. I do take it—I take it now! I don't know what happened to Gagahan, or to Neal Merriam. But I will sign a confession that I killed Henry Shane. He forced his way into my room and—and I struck in self-defense!"

Norse smiled grimly. "I'm sorry, but I can't accept that now."

"But, why?" Tonai's voice was hysterical. "You suggested it yourself! You told me that if I would confess to that—"

"It's too late for that," Norse said. "You see. I know now that you sent Gagahan to Henry Shane, asking him to come and talk to you in your room."

Lon Llewellyn shot straight up in his chair. "*What?*"

"ONE by one," Norse said sardonically, "the dead coincidences fall. Henry Shane was a man deliberately put on the spot."

"It's a damned lie!" Lon Llewellyn shouted. "You fool, I tell you—"

"Quiet a minute!" Norse ordered him. Every muscle in his body had jerked tense. Listening, I could now hear plainly the sound of running footsteps along the stone-flagged corridors of the house. Norse sprang up. He was halfway to the door when it was burst open by Justin Lowry.

"Captain Norse! Captain Norse! Come quickly! There's been another—there's been a—"

(Continued on page 55)

"I've got to get you out of here," I told her, and started for the door, drawing her after me with one hand. She came with me willingly enough. We got out of the house, and down the ladder

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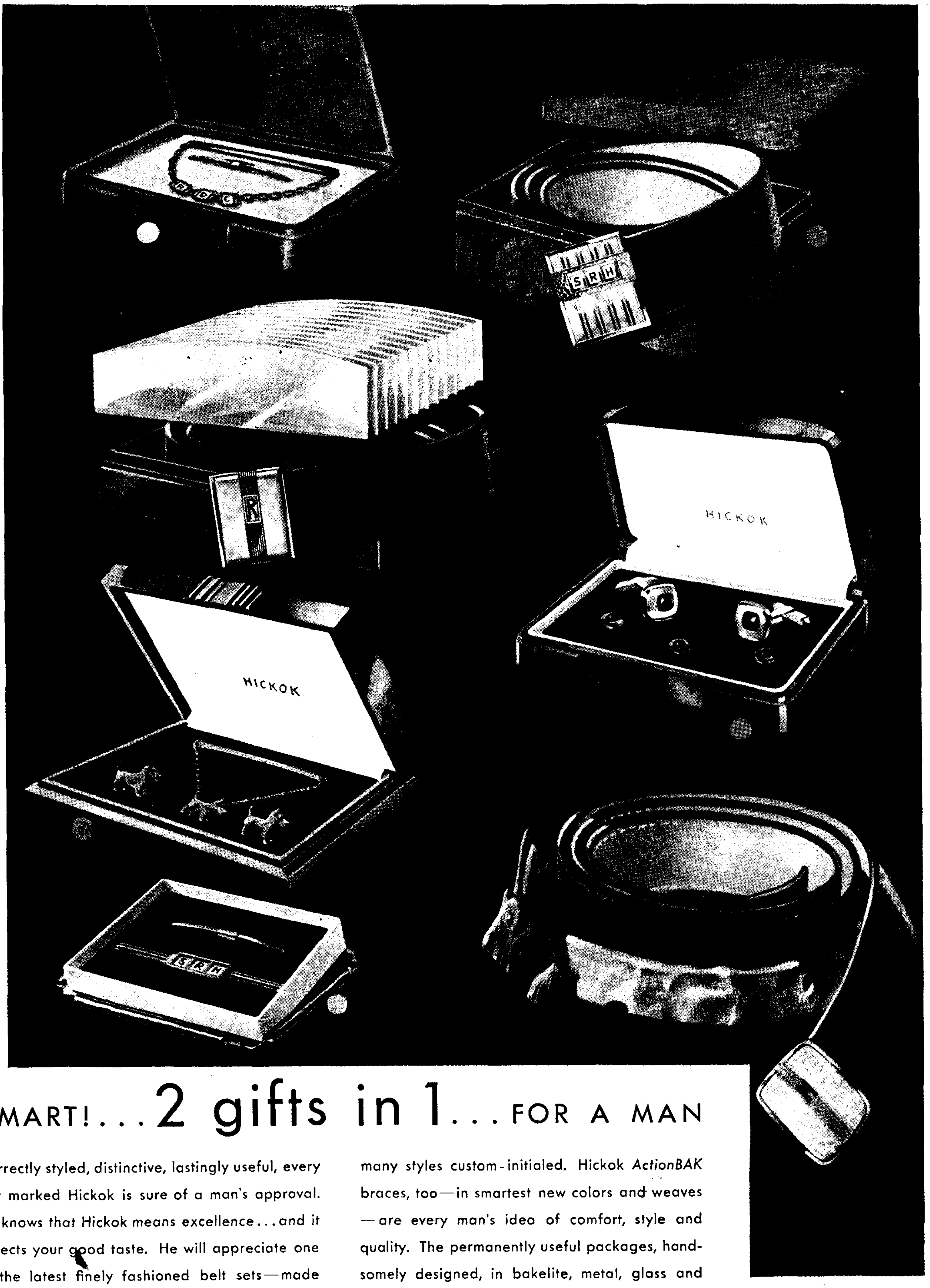

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Deep Horizons

Continued from page 20

without a visible break. Life in this new Nebraska country hid itself in sod huts below the sky line, in sheltered ravines and creek bottoms. They were so painfully poor, the people of his district; so poor and so discouraged by the misfortunes of another tinder-dry grasshopper year. At the bridge across Irene Creek he turned due south, aiming for Dike Tyler's place. Elyria, only settlement in this country, was twenty-five miles in the east.

He passed a pond whose foot-deep water was hard frozen, which made him think of the skates Jackie desired and of the store doll Theo wouldn't get. She was Eileen's girl altogether—patient and full of dreams; and it was brutal to sit on this chilly buggy seat and visualize Theo's small and clear face struggle against disappointment on Christmas morning. She seldom asked for anything. He could accept whatever happened to him, but the old fury rose and would not be quenched at the thought of poverty striking through his front door at Eileen and the children.

The reflection of this was cut deeply across his face when he drove into Dike Tyler's yard. He drove around to the lee side of the house and stopped beside Tyler, who swung an ax deeply into a chopping block and lifted wet, bearded cheeks. Dike Tyler looked at him. He said:

"Man, you shouldn't be out in this with no overcoat. You're comin' down with the grippe." But he saw the shawl pinned around Matt Hobart's shoulders and knew why. He said: "I been meanin' to drive over and tell you about your salary. I'll admit fifteen dollars a month isn't much, particularly when it ain't paid for three months in a row. But the fact is, parson, this district hasn't got the money. Nobody's got any money. You know—the drought and the grasshoppers."

THROUGH Matt's thundering disappointment crept one small feeling of relief. He had not been put to the necessity of asking about that money. He had pride, too much of it for a Methodist minister in a Nebraska circuit in 1878. There were some emotions in him, stubborn and unruly, that only years of punishment would take out. How long would it take to wear down that intractable grain of his free years? He bowed his head a little. He said, through his chapped, motionless lips: "That's all right, Dike. You haven't seen a brindle and white yearling calf?"

"Yours? No."

"Jim Grisim's pretty low. Go see him if you can."

He turned back to the jiggling wheel tracks and followed them, up and down the slow swell of the prairie. The day was darker than it had been, with the smell of cold growing stronger and the frost haze closing slowly down along the horizon. The wind drummed a constant tone against his ears. His feet were very heavy. He dropped off the buggy then and walked beside it a quarter mile and got back in, and later dropped off again. He stopped a few minutes at Len Hoogeman's place and had a cup of tea, surrounded by Hoogeman's seven tow-headed girl children. There was a blanket partitioning off one corner of the sod hut, and behind it he heard a woman groaning. That would be Hoogeman's oldest girl having a baby. When he left the hut Hoogeman came up from the sod barn with half a sack of cabbages which he dumped into the buggy. He smiled. He said: "Merry Christmas, parson. This is a hell of a country. I don't see how any of us live—but we seem to."

MATT HOBART went on down the road, walking beside the buggy until the sensation of weight began to reach the bottom of his feet. Four miles from Hoogeman's the wagon tracks dropped to the bottom of a coulee, where a freshly planted post held a board arrow that said, "S. A. Slade, 1 m." It would be a new family in the district, Matt thought, and turned his buggy west into the coulee.

He was below the sweep of the wind and for a while the roar left his ears. Ahead of him an antelope trotted into view with a bouncing step, saw him, and shot up the side of the coulee in flat surges. Around the next bend Matt came upon a house built back into the lip of the coulee, nothing facing the day but a front wall and a door. A stack sticking horizontally from the wall emitted a spiral of smoke. There was a canvas-topped prairie wagon standing in front of the place and two thin horses standing motionless on their picket ropes. A dog came around the wagon and walked forward, growling. Suddenly, directly behind the wagon, Matt Hobart saw his brindle-and-white bull calf.

Matt let himself down from the buggy. The door of the dugout came faintly open and a man's face looked through in thin profile, suspiciously. Afterward he came out, crossing the coulee with a slow, rolling gait. He was bald and broad, with an undershot chin that pushed his lower lip over the upper. He cocked his head a little and waited.

Matt Hobart said evenly: "My name's Hobart. I'm the minister in this circuit."

"Sure," said the man, and waited.

There wasn't anything in his profession, Matt understood, that would help him. He had to go back to his earlier days for support, when he had known and handled men like this. His voice turned smooth. "You've done me a service. I see you've caught up my calf which strayed off two nights ago."

The man's eyes were almost lost behind the quick constriction of his lids. He said swiftly: "Your mistake. I brought that calf from Ioway."

"That's odd," murmured Matt. "Let me have a closer look at him."

But the man grunted out a peremptory order: "Never mind. You take my word. It's good enough, ain't it? Harry, come out here."

The door opened again and a younger man, straight as a lath, moved across the ground. He stood behind the bald man, with his long arms hanging loosely down, his eyes severely attentive. Matt Hobart said firmly: "Nevertheless, I'll have a look," and stepped one pace forward. The bald one raised an arm; he pushed Hobart back. His teeth were brightly exposed by the quick twist of his lips. "Get on your way, parson. We ain't particularly religious. That's so, ain't it, Harry?"

Matt Hobart looked down at his feet, breath drawing strongly in and out. He steadied himself on his legs and felt warm for the first time that bitter day. A faint memory of Bishop Dover's soft words came to him: "Militancy for the church, my son. But for your personal self, humbleness always." The very tone of the bishop's voice sounded like a bell in his memory; and then, like the echoes of a bell, it died out utterly and left him lonely. He lifted his face. The bald man took one instant half step backward and lifted both heavy arms in front of him, his body squatting. The younger man wheeled on the run, back to the house. He snatched up a broken ax handle; he turned and circled around Matt Hobart with a sliding, exaggerated step. The bald man's eyes were wide and round. A deep grunt jerked out of him as he sprang toward Matt.

THE cow, Eileen saw, was giving less and less milk. It could not be helped of course—for there wasn't enough feed—but it was like the shutting down of a last hope. Milk meant so much to the children. She went out of the sod barn with the bucket, her head turned away from the slice of the wind, and hurried back to the house. She stood a moment in the room, reluctant to face that bitter blast again, her eyes on the children. They were in the bedroom, going through the pantomimed gestures of some secret game of their own. Theo's face was soft and sober and dreaming. She would be thinking, Eileen knew, of tomorrow morning, which was Christmas morning. The child lived on hope. Eileen caught up the water pail and went to the well. The windlass paid out the rope almost to the end, and there was a definite banging on the bottom. The long burning summer and the freezing winter winds had dried most of the moisture from the earth. This was the beginning of real poverty.

She went back into the house and threw herself into a quick, furious activity. She swept the room and changed it and found things to keep her hands busy. "I mustn't," she told herself, "let myself have time to think."

AT NOON they sat down to bread and mush and milk. Jackie said: "But we had this for breakfast."

"Jackie," warned Theo. "You know what tomorrow is?"

Jackie smiled over his mush bowl: "Christmas!"

Theo said, "Then you better be careful," and looked mysteriously at her mother.

After the dishes were washed again, Eileen looked into her narrow cupboard. She asked herself with a sort of angry insistence: "How can I cook potatoes a new way?" Onions and potatoes, with a little bacon grease. But Jackie couldn't eat onions. She held her mind rigidly to these little calculations, afraid to let it go free. All across the prairie other women were staring at their pantries with the same dark anxiety. The grasshopper year had stripped this country clean. A picture of the land filled her mind then, completely and tragically: of men crouched on wagon seats and dumbly enduring the slash of the wind—of women standing mutely before empty pantries, waiting.

Waiting was hardest. She was surprised to find she had sat down before the table. Her body was bent and taut and the fingers of one hand tapped the table's plain top with the dead insistence of dripping water. She pulled her hand away and put her teeth together. She felt herself letting go. She drew a long breath and asked herself obstinately: "How can I fix potatoes a new way?"

A man's voice shot through the wall of the sod hut. He said, "Whoa." Afterward, and before she had quite risen, his fist struck the door with a single peremptory warning. He came in, then, not waiting for invitation, and shut the door. An overcoat covered him from ankles to ears and in the dull light of the room his face was a blur beneath the shadow of his hat. Presently his head came up and she saw his eyes strike around the room, touch the silent children, and come back to her with a measuring interest. He had long, black and narrow cheeks; he had a week's growth of rust-red whiskers.

He came on to the stove, stripping off

(Continued on page 26)

(Continued from page 25)

his gloves and unbuttoning the overcoat. When he threw it open she saw the gun sagging against his right hip. Eileen put her hands back to the table, supporting herself. She didn't protest; she knew this kind of a man.

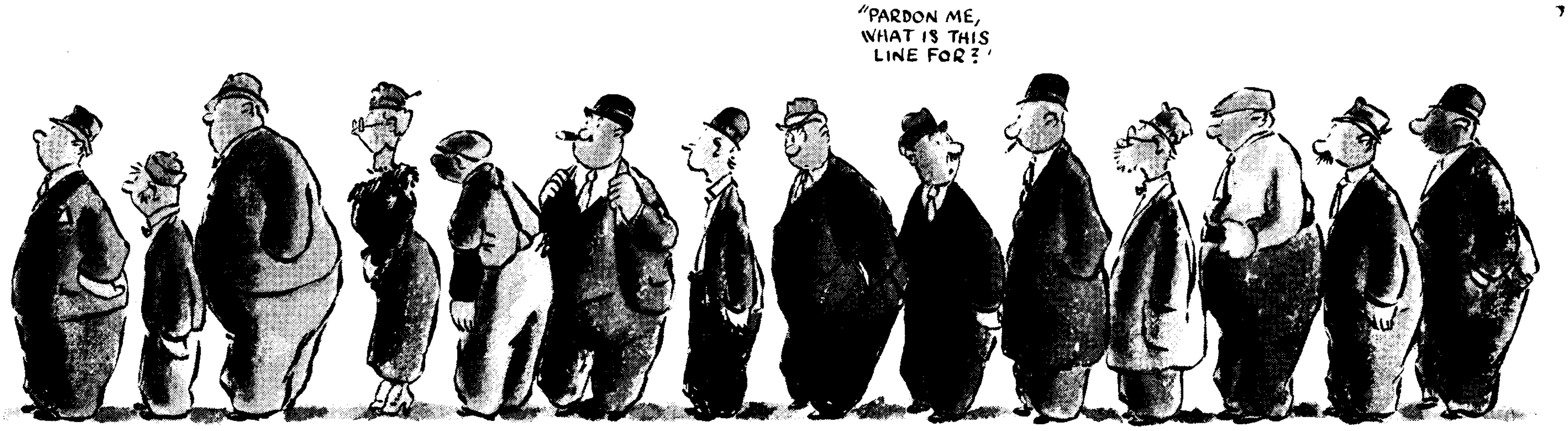
He said in a curt voice, "Get me something to eat," and walked to the window, bending his long body to look through it. Eileen went obediently into the pantry; she brought out a loaf of bread and a jar of jelly and a pitcher of milk. She found a knife and a cup for him—and stood back by the stove, out of his way. The children were posted against the bedroom wall, speechless. Theo's face was round and without fear, but Jackie showed his scowling dislike. The man whirled, as though struck by the silence, and his hand dropped definitely toward his belt, and then fell aside. He shrugged his shoulders. "I guess," he said, "I'm a little jumpy." But he saw the food and wasn't pleased. "That's chicken mash, ma'am. I need something to eat."

She said, quietly: "I have nothing else."

He went around her to the pantry and looked in. He turned: He said irritably: "Whose house is this?"

"Matt Hobart's."

His lips turned at the corners disagreeably. "Who'd expect a parson's family to be livin' like miserable squatters on the side of a hill? If the Lord ain't providin' you food then your man had better get a job rustlin' something for his family." He went to the table and cut himself a piece of bread; he laid jelly on the slice and ate it with wicked hunger.


"PARDON ME, WHAT IS THIS LINE FOR?"
JAY IRVING

The room was very still; his eyes came over to her and were appraising and approving. "You're young and good-lookin'. Why don't you get out of this miserable country?"

She didn't answer. He stared at her. "You don't like it, do you?" He lifted his arm at the window, at the sullen square of earth and sky showing through it. "You don't like that?"

SHE pulled up her head. It was an effort to meet his eyes. He said, almost brutally: "Answer me!"

"Yes," she said. "I like it."

"That?" he said. "Hell, look at it! It's a place for wild animals, not for men! A miserable country that burns the hide off people in the summer and crucifies 'em in winter. There ain't any water; there ain't any trees. The grasshoppers eat up the crops and the wind blows the ground away and the heat cuts everything but weeds down to the roots. A man breaks his neck at it and tears out his heart waitin'—and then he's got to live like an animal in a hole, with his wife and kids starvin' to death, too poor to buy seed or move back East! Look at it!"

His mouth was thin; it was cruel. He buttoned up his coat and got into his mittens. He looked at the children again. He looked at the scowling Jackie, and back to Eileen. There was a sudden haste in him. "Your husband's a fool, ma'am. If people are crazy enough to live here they ain't worth savin'. Tell him to get out of it." He opened the door, and turned, struck by a last savage thought. "If there's a God, why does he let things like this happen, and why does he make men like me run? I don't believe in your religion!" The door slammed and the echo of his horse pounded off into the west.

Eileen went to the window, watching him disappear into a far roll of the prairie. The room was filled with cold air and her knees trembled. She moved back and sat abruptly down in a chair. She felt very weak.

Jackie said, "I don't like him."

Eileen looked at the children. "Don't tell your father about this. It would only worry him."

SHE thought, "How shall I fix those potatoes?" But she couldn't discipline her feelings any more. The man had said she was young and good-looking; he had stared at her with approval. She got up then and went to a small wall mirror; her face came back to her, oval and orderly, with a stained darkness in her eyes that wouldn't come out. She was twenty-eight, and this was her lot. Back in Ohio now her people would be making mincemeat pies and the long, cheerful house would have the smell of spices and fir throughout it and people would be laughing, and on the road the cutters would pass by, bells jingling against a frosty dusk.

The rebellion rose, wild and uncontrolled. She said, under her breath, "I have let go," and had no power to hold in her bitter emotions. This was their lot, without grace, without hope. She was twenty-eight and in time would be as the other women on the prairie, old and quiet and homely. In time Matt would be as the others were, abraded down to a patience that had in it nothing of his old spirit. Her children were growing up without resources, without gentility, with less education than she had been given. In this empty wildness they had nothing. They could not even hope for Christmas Day.

Theo came softly across the floor. Her hand, warm and firm, rested on Eileen's knee. She said, in a strange voice: "Mother, what?"

Eileen got up. She said: "Your father would want you to be reading, Theo," and turned away. It was a long day—would it never end? She said, "I must do something—I must do something," and looked into her pantry and fell furiously to making up a pan of bread dough. Afterwards she went out and split some wood from the pile ricked against the house. She drew another pail of water, and in the thinning light fed and milked the cow. It was almost immediately full dark, with a lonely night pressing against them and an accentuated wind wailing and sliding along the house. She trimmed the lamp. There was no new way to fix the potatoes. She boiled them, fried a few strips of bacon and set out the milk and bread. She said: "Your father will be late. I'll eat when he comes."

They were always hungry children, but they were remembering Christmas morning and weren't hungry now. Jackie's thoughts rose out of him in soft chuckles; and all Theo's features were caught in a far thinking. Eileen turned away and put her eyes to the dark window; and remained thus until they had finished eating. Theo cleared the table and wanted to wash the dishes. But Eileen did that. When bedtime came she lifted the lamp and carried it to the bedroom, and held it aloft while they prayed. Jackie said then: "You can have the warm side, Theo," and crawled beneath the covers. Eileen murmured, "Good night," and wheeled away. She heard them whispering in suppressed eagerness, the fullness of their deep hope too strong to contain. Theo's voice lifted out of the bedroom, round and certain. "Mother, I have decided to use the shoe box for the new doll's bed."

Eileen put the lamp on the table and went back into the bedroom. She stood over them. Their eyes watched her with a sudden grave intentness. It was hard for her to speak. The words stopped in her mouth; she had to push them out:

"You must not expect too much. You must not cry if nothing comes to us. We are so far away, Theo, and there are so many people in the world who need things. If we are missed this year you must think that others who needed gifts worse got them."

THEY weren't believing her. They were listening only. She couldn't break through that hope—that trust in eventual justice. She said, in one breath, "Good night," and bent to kiss them and moved away. She sat down in a chair, her hands on the table, empty and motionless. She thought: "Why should the world be so hard?" and listened to the incessant pound of the wind. Thin drafts reached in through the window and door cracks and turned the room cold. She got up, filled the stove, and sat down again. Waiting was always hardest. She looked at her hands and found the light cruel to them. She was twenty-eight, yet the softness was gone from her skin. It didn't matter. But what had happened to her courage?

It was after eight when she heard Matt drive up to the door, and she knew instantly something was wrong. It was always his custom to go first to the barn, out of kindness to the horse. But he had stopped by the door. She knew she had a duty here, which was to rise and go to the door and be there, smiling, when he came in. Yet she sat still, full of dread, and didn't move until after a long and dragging interval he came through and closed the door behind him with a heavy, dead roll of his shoulders. She sprang up then. She said, startled and fearing, "Matt!"

There were great bruises on his face, and his lips were swollen and crushed, and blood had frozen in small crystals in his nose. A long welt ran out of his hair, down across temple and jawbone. She walked toward him and put a hand to his wind-bitten skin. "Matt?"

"I found the calf," he said. "It was worth sixty-five dollars in Elyria. Jim Kelly of the Star Cross ranch bought it. That's what made me late. Are the children asleep?"

HE WENT to the table and she noticed for the first time he was carrying a broad bundle under his arm. He put it on the table and took off his gloves, and fumbled at the string on the package with unresponsive fingers. He got impatient and broke the string—and rolled back the paper. Tired as he was, he was smiling crookedly out of his scarred mouth. There was a wax doll and a pair of skates lying on top of a piece of material. He put the toys aside and lifted the material. When it unrolled she saw it to be a dress, a fashionable silk dress of a mulberry color, such as she had seen in a magazine. He said, uncertainly, "This is Christmas, Eileen."

She swayed against him, suddenly crying without reserve, terribly and quietly. He pulled the dress from between them and held it in one hand, supporting her with the other. She said: "Why did you do it? We need food so badly." The stiff, icy coldness of his clothes stung her face.

"Henry Elser will be out with his wagon tomorrow, with food enough," he said. He was silent a moment. "But we needed these things worse than food, Eileen."

She wasn't able to look at him. Her answer was like a cry. "But I have nothing to give you!"

He put the dress carefully on the table; he pulled up her head. They clung to each other, two people remembering how merciless the years had been—and could yet be. There wasn't any security, and courage was hard to hold. But they clung to each other and the bitterness went from Matt Hobart's eyes. He bent down and kissed her, as a man kisses a desirable woman. His voice steadied her. "Hard times will come again for us, Eileen. Often enough, I suppose. Nothing is as easy as we thought it would be. But there is something inside these four walls nothing can destroy. The wind is outside and so is the cold and the darkness and the fear. You always have something to give me."

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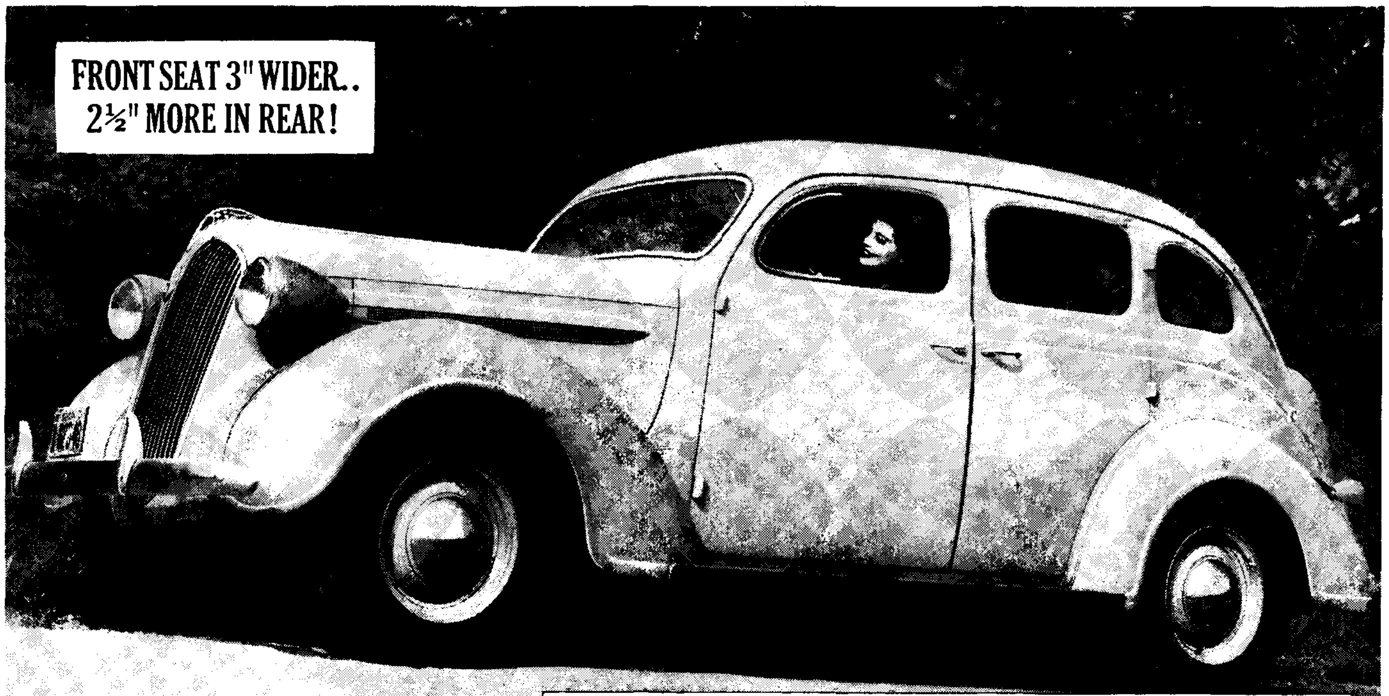

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machine, and hooked bumpers completely and effectually.

The man in the waiting car got out in haste and in a sort of panic to try to free his bumper, and he spoke feelingly to Mrs. Dunphy about her ineptitude, and Mrs. Dunphy gave him a loud piece of her mind.

Meanwhile, Walter May came out of the post office and returned toward the bank and saw the two cars entangled, and joined the group of spectators.

While the attention of the group was concentrated on Mrs. Dunphy, a man came out of the bank, carrying a small suitcase. Another man came just behind him, but this man walked backward, facing the interior of the bank. Both had pistols in their hands.

The man with the satchel saw what was here afoot. No one of the spectators had yet noticed him. He said, sharply, to catch their attention: "This way!"

Everyone turned, and saw his weapon, and everyone—including Walter—without further command held up his hands. The man with the satchel spoke over his shoulder to his ally in the door of the bank:

"Hold 'em in there a minute more, Ed!" And to the driver of the car: "Break it loose, Joe! Make it snappy!"

Joe could not free his car. The hooked bumpers were stubbornly tenacious. Then Jennie Luce and Emily Dean, in Jennie's old touring car with the top down and Jennie driving, came around the corner; and Jennie jammed on brakes just in time to avoid a collision with the entangled cars.

The man with the satchel shouted: "Grab that car, Joe! And the dames! Ed, come on!"

THEY began to get into the car. Jennie saw Walter May and cried beseechingly: "Walter!" Walter started forward, but Ed fired a shot and Walter felt the bullet finger his ear; and he stopped still.

Someone inside the bank shouted hoarsely: "He's dead!"

The man with the satchel thrust Emily, squalling and scratching like a cat, into the rear seat of the car; he himself got in beside Jennie. Joe and Ed scrambled into the rear seat and held Emily across their laps like a shield, and their guns menaced the crowd.

And the man with the satchel yelled at Jennie: "Step on it, kid! Straight ahead, and no fooling!"

Jennie called to Walter, furiously: "You're a fine one!" But she obeyed. Gears clashed and clashed. In high she began to gather speed. She hated Walter May! After all his boasts, to stand supinely and let her be thus abducted! She was not afraid, but she was blind mad! Emily, in the seat behind her, kicked and screamed.

The elapsed time since the man with the satchel emerged from the bank had been, say, forty-five seconds; certainly not more than a minute. But when Jennie put her car under way and left the group in front of the bank behind her, the street ahead was almost deserted. Those still in sight were taking cover.

Hatrick's hardware store was a block from the bank, ahead, a little upgrade. Jennie saw Dan Hatrick run out of the store with a shotgun in his hands.

But Emily was a vociferously unwilling screen for the men in the rear seat; and the man with the satchel crouched against Jennie here. If Dan shot, he must hit either her or Emily!

Yet—just beyond where Dan stood, there was a telephone pole in the gutter by the curb. Jennie saw it and set her teeth. At the exact moment, bracing herself for the shock, she swerved into the pole, head on. The car may have been going as much as thirty miles an hour. The impact threw them all forward forcefully.

A Matter of Timing

Continued from page 15

The results were comprehensive. In the front seat, the man with the satchel was hurled against the unyielding windshield. His head hit it, and a spiderweb of cracks appeared in the glass, and he collapsed. Jennie at the last moment had leaned sidewise, half behind him. The crash slid her down almost under the wheel; his body helped to cushion hers. Emily was thrown bodily forward over the back of the seat and came down on top of Jennie and the man with the satchel. Her nose began to bleed.

OF THE two men in the rear seat, Joe was thrown hard against the robe rail and felt bones crack in his elbow, and squalled in a panic of pain; but Ed, a little quicker, had seen the crash coming and reached for the door latch, and when the car hit and the door opened, he tumbled out head over heels.

The car struck the post with a tinny detonation. Then there was a moment's silence; then Emily's screams began again, and people emerged from doorways and ran either toward the spot or away from it. From under the crumpled hood, curls of smoke appeared.

Will Payson, the old policeman on traffic duty at the corner there, ran—unarmed—toward where Ed sprawled. Ed on hands and knees fired, and old Will seemed to trip and go down. Ed darted across the street—Dan Hatrick on the other side of the wrecked car was too busy to see him go—and scuttled up the stairway between Ike Lowell's periodical store and the Frisbee grocery. Roy Howard's barbershop was up there, on the second floor, overlooking the corner. A moment after Ed disappeared, Roy in his white coat and with a razor open in his hand, and Clyde Clements with a towel around his neck and lather on his face came tumbling down the stairs.

"He's in my shop!" Roy shouted.

Around the car, with smoke pouring from under its hood, there was activity. Joe was howling with the pain of a shattered elbow, no fight in him. Dan Hatrick's shotgun summoned him out of the car, and marched him into the hardware store. There Emery Lloyd, Dan's clerk, promptly trussed him up with an awkward violence that made Joe howl the louder. But at each howl, Emery drew the ropes tighter; and Dan returned to the doorway. Lee Matthews dragged Emily free of the wreck and told her to quit that fool yelling and carried her into Miss Daily's music store; and Miss Daily protested hotly:

"Emily Dean, you stop dripping blood all over my floor!"

Lee said: "Darn it, can't you see she's hurt! Telephone Doctor Jones!"

It was Walter May who lifted Jennie out of the car. Her eyes were closed; she was limp. He carried her into the hardware store where Joe, his bonds irking him, was bawling for mercy. The windows of the barbershop across the street looked fairly into the hardware store; so Walter laid Jennie down on the floor behind the nail bins.

"If I was sure he wouldn't leer, I'd get some mistletoe" B. SHERMUND

Dan Hatrick, in the front door, watching the windows of the barbershop, his shotgun ready, shouted:

"Get the other one out of the car before he burns up!"

So Roy Howard put his razor in his pocket, and he and Mat Powell carried the man with the satchel—to which he no longer clung—into Mat's fish market around the corner and secured him there.

BEHIND them, in the rear of the store, Walter May wet his handkerchief under the tap and bathed Jennie's face till her eyelids flickered open, and quickly shut tight again.

"All right, Jennie?" he asked.

"I guess so. What happened?"

"You ran into the telephone post."

"I know. I did it on purpose."

"You darned fool!"

She looked at him.

"You're a fine one!"

"Why?"

"Stood there like a signpost and let them take me away!"

Walter May spoke in heat. "You make me sick!" he declared. He walked toward where Dan Hatrick crouched beside the door, vigilant eyes on the barbershop windows. Dan said over his shoulder:

"Get down! He'll pot you!" Walter got down. "Jennie all right? Dan asked.

"Sure! Crazy as usual, that's all!" said Walter resentfully. "Where is he? In the barbershop?"

"Yeah!"

Emery, crouching on the other side of the door, said: "He killed Joe Mower, Walter."

Walter May looked across to him. "Killed Joe?" he repeated, through stiff lips. He was thinking: Joe had said Fanny was fine, and the baby was thriving, and Joe had a pistol under his counter, and Joe was coming out some day to learn to shoot it, and Joe was dead and the man in the barbershop had killed him.

"Yes," said Emery. "Joe took a shot at him and this guy cut him down."

Walter crawled back behind the counter. Dan asked, without turning: "Where you going?"

Walter said: "I'm borrowing a gun."

"Help yourself."

"Have you got a thirty-two special on a thirty-eight stock?"

"In the boxes under the counter."

"Never mind, this forty-five will do. Better, probably."

He took the forty-five and a box of ammunition. He went toward the rear of the store, past Jennie Luce. She opened her eyes and asked: "Going down in the cellar, hero?"

"Shut up!" said Walter May.

WALTER MAY stalked up the alley behind the store, toward the post office. There were people in the alley, excited. He seemed to be looking for something. At the head of the alley, he found what he sought. The cornerstone of Masonic Hall was a granite block with an inscription on it. He backed away five or six paces, aimed at the letter *o* in the inscription, said aloud:

"One-two-fire!"

The heavy revolver roared. People shrieked and scattered; and Walter May inspected the results.

"High and to the right," he observed. "I'll hold a little low and to the left."

He emerged from the alley into Post Office Square, crossed the street to the bank. There were many people inside, and a woman was crying. Walter went on, keeping close against the front of the buildings, to the stairs that led up to Roy Howard's barbershop. He was vigilant for any movement in the windows above him, but there was none. He turned in at the foot of the stairs, and went up, quietly, but without hesitation, the revolver in his hand.

Dan Hatrick and others saw him. The street became very still.

The barbershop door was closed; but Walter had expected this. It was presumably locked, perhaps barricaded too. But the upper half of the door was of frosted glass, allowing some light to penetrate to the hall where he stood.

He considered the glass with satisfaction; then he moved away along the hall, looking for something.

He found a fire bucket full of water, satisfactorily heavy. He came back with it, moving on tiptoe, and stopped to plan exactly what he meant to do. The thing must be timed just right. Timing was everything. He would have to throw the bucket with his left hand, keep his balance, and step instantly thereafter into position to fire. Close to the door, he decided; so that through the hole which the bucket would make in the glass he could see as much of the barbershop as possible.

And he thought: Low and to the left. Low and to the left.

(Continued on page 31)

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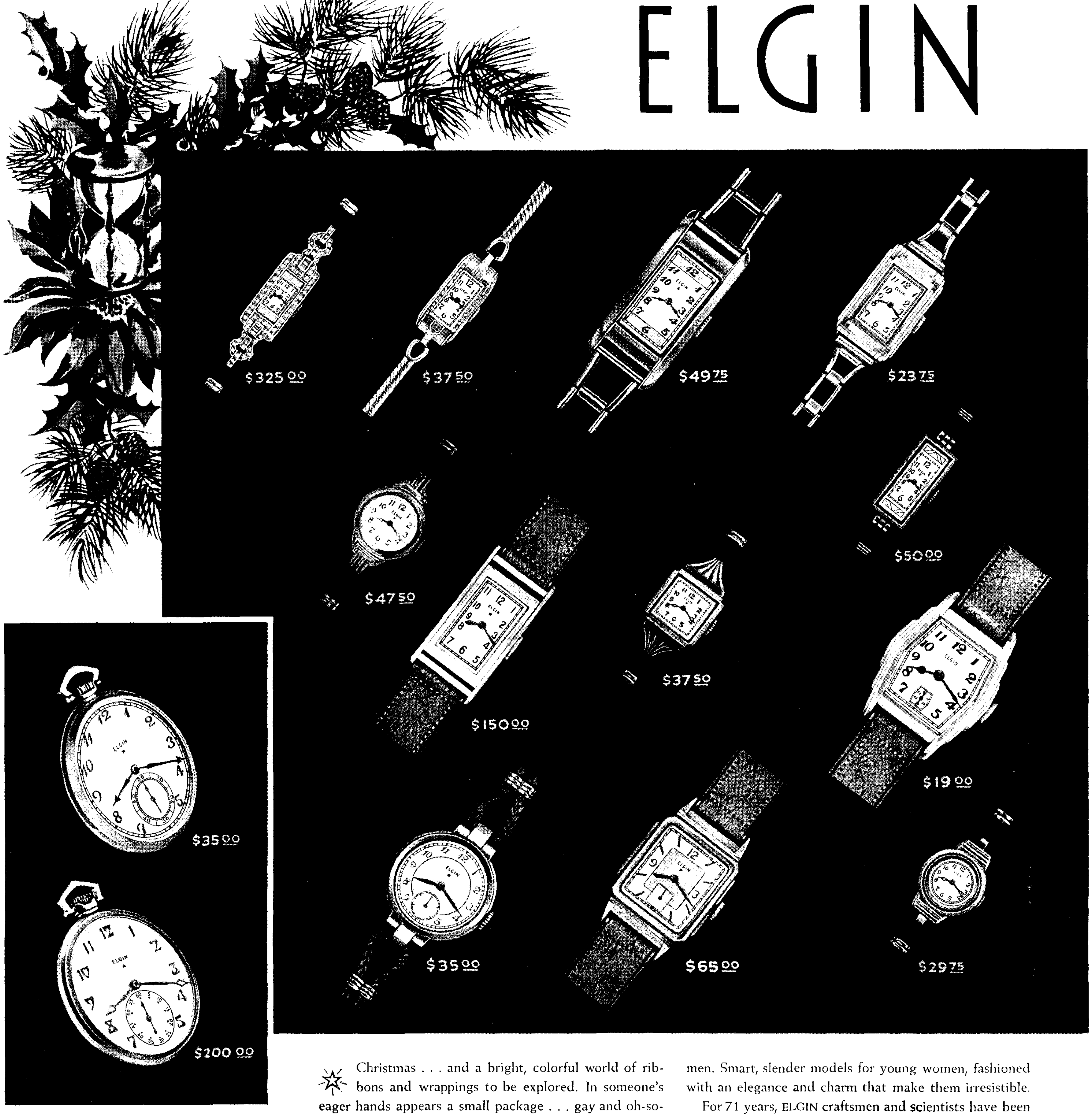

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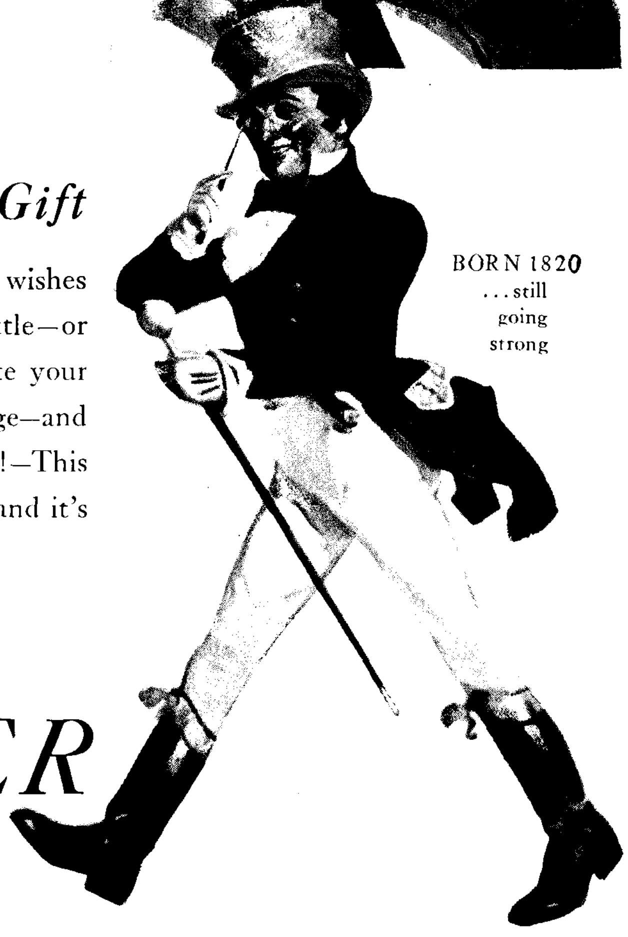

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(Continued from page 28)

And he thought: This one killed Joe.

He set the bucket down without a sound, and in dumb show rehearsed what he meant to do, counting to himself.

He timed the count on his wrist watch. Just six seconds. Ed would presumably be crouching near one of the windows, trying to watch the street without showing himself. The bucket would hit the glass at the count of four; so that Ed would really have only three seconds in which to turn, aim and shoot. Walter had tried that maneuver himself, many times. If he stood with his back to the target, turned, aimed, fired, he knew that any time less than three seconds made for inaccuracy. And Ed was probably on his knees, not standing. That would slow him down.

Walter May was perfectly calm. He made sure his feet were rightly placed, then lifted the bucket. And thereafter, all proceeded according to plan. Ready, forward, back, then with a splintering crash the bucket burst through the glass.

Five. Right foot forward, raise revolver.

There was Ed, behind the barber's chair, firing at him. Ed was peering around the side of the heavy chair, all of him concealed except the right side of his face and head. Ed was the one who had killed Joe.

Six was "aim." Low and to the left.

There was no hurry. Ed fired again. Tin cans full of rocks were clattering all around Walter May; but that was routine. He had accustomed himself to ignore distractions.

Seven was "make sure."

Eight was "fire." Ed threw no more tin cans.

JENNIE'S attitude afterward was even more irritating than before. There was, save for a bruise or two, nothing seriously the matter with her. "You make me perfectly furious!" she told him hotly. "Walter, he might have killed you. It wasn't your business! Why do you have to be such a fool?"

He said resentfully: "It's a pity you didn't get a crack on the head. Might have knocked some sense into you. You aren't even consistent! First you warned me never to fight back at big bad men; and then when I didn't, you were sore because I didn't; and now when I do, you give me fits because I did."

"There might have been some sense to it when they were kidnaping me! But afterward it was just silly. You did it at the wrong time!" She said derisively: "And you're the one who always says there's a time for everything!"

He hesitated, and his anger faded. After all, she had been brave, and she was bruised and shaken, and—suppose she had been badly hurt! His throat filled and he said almost tenderly:

"You're such a darned fool! Busting into the telephone pole that way! You need someone to take care of you."

Her eyes twinkled. "Are you proposing to me?"

"I've a notion to spank you!"

"I dare you to."

"Which?"

"Ask me to marry you."

"Oh, all right! Call it that, if you want to!"

"There!" she cried triumphantly. "You never proposed to me before supper before! For once in your life you've done something at the wrong time. Just for that—I think I will."

ep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

★

ONE of the most important members of a king's bodyguard in days of old was the bed bouncer. His job was to bounce up and down all over the royal couch, at bedtime each night, to make sure that no enemy of the realm had successfully hidden knives in the monarchic mattress.—*By Madeline Mandre, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania.*

★

The longest runs of colors at a public roulette table occurred, it is believed, at the Monte Carlo Casino. Red came up 27 successive times in January, 1910, and black 26 times in August, 1913.—*By A. de St. Hippolyte, Nice, France.*

★

Before the repeal of its capitulations in 1914, Turkey allowed Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia to own and operate their own post offices throughout its country, concessions which had been granted in the 18th century and which had deprived its own postal service, at times, of an annual revenue of more than $2,500,000.

★

Many movie theaters in the primitive settlements of the world not only present old pictures that are badly scratched but run them at half speed so they will take up twice as much time. Consequently the natives have come to believe that, in the land of the white man, it rains constantly and all the people are sick because they move so slowly.

★

The torpedo is still about the most unreliable machine used in naval warfare, owing to the ease with which it can develop a defect in the delicate adjustments in its intricate instruments. And when something does go wrong, the projectile is likely to do anything, even turn around and sink its own ship. So crews, when preparing to fire one, frequently rub it with a horseshoe or a rabbit's foot.

★

King Edward VIII has many unusual powers under the law of the Constitution of England. Without consulting Parliament, he can make every English subject a peer, pardon all prisoners in the kingdom and disband the Army and Navy and sell all their military equipment, including battleships. —*By Edna S. Boothway, Derby, England.*

★

A thriving business in this country is the correspondence matrimonial club which sells, for prices ranging from $1 to $5, the names and addresses of its members who are described and often pictured in its free catalogue. Of the hundred or more of these clubs that are in existence, one advertises in more than 85 newspapers and magazines and has had, in the past 14 years, nearly 30,000 members.

★

A most peculiar hallucination is the one in which a man constantly imagines that he sees himself or his "double." Not only does he see this apparitional individual peering at him from mirrors but often sitting in a chair as he enters a room or walking in front of him as he goes down the street.

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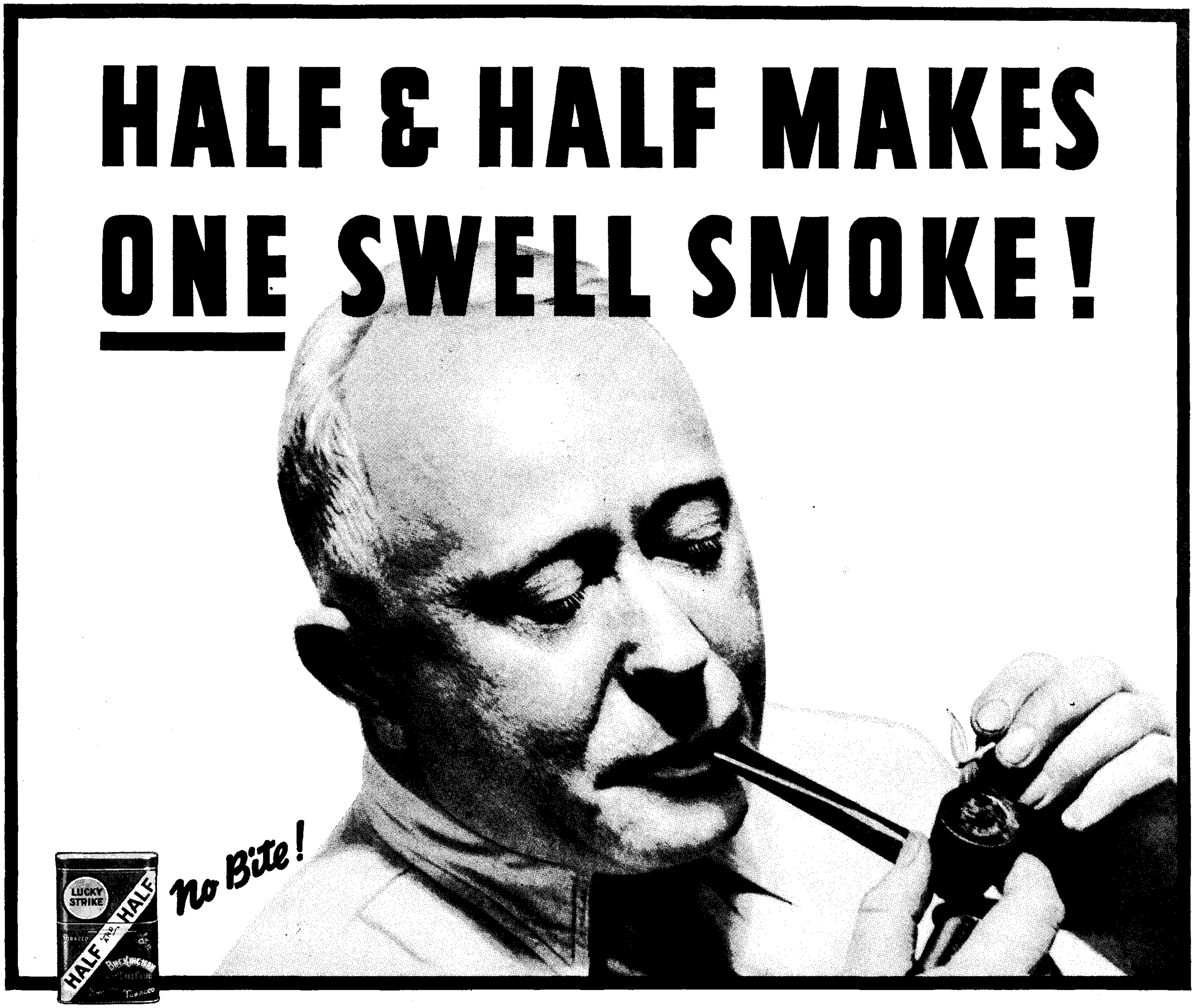
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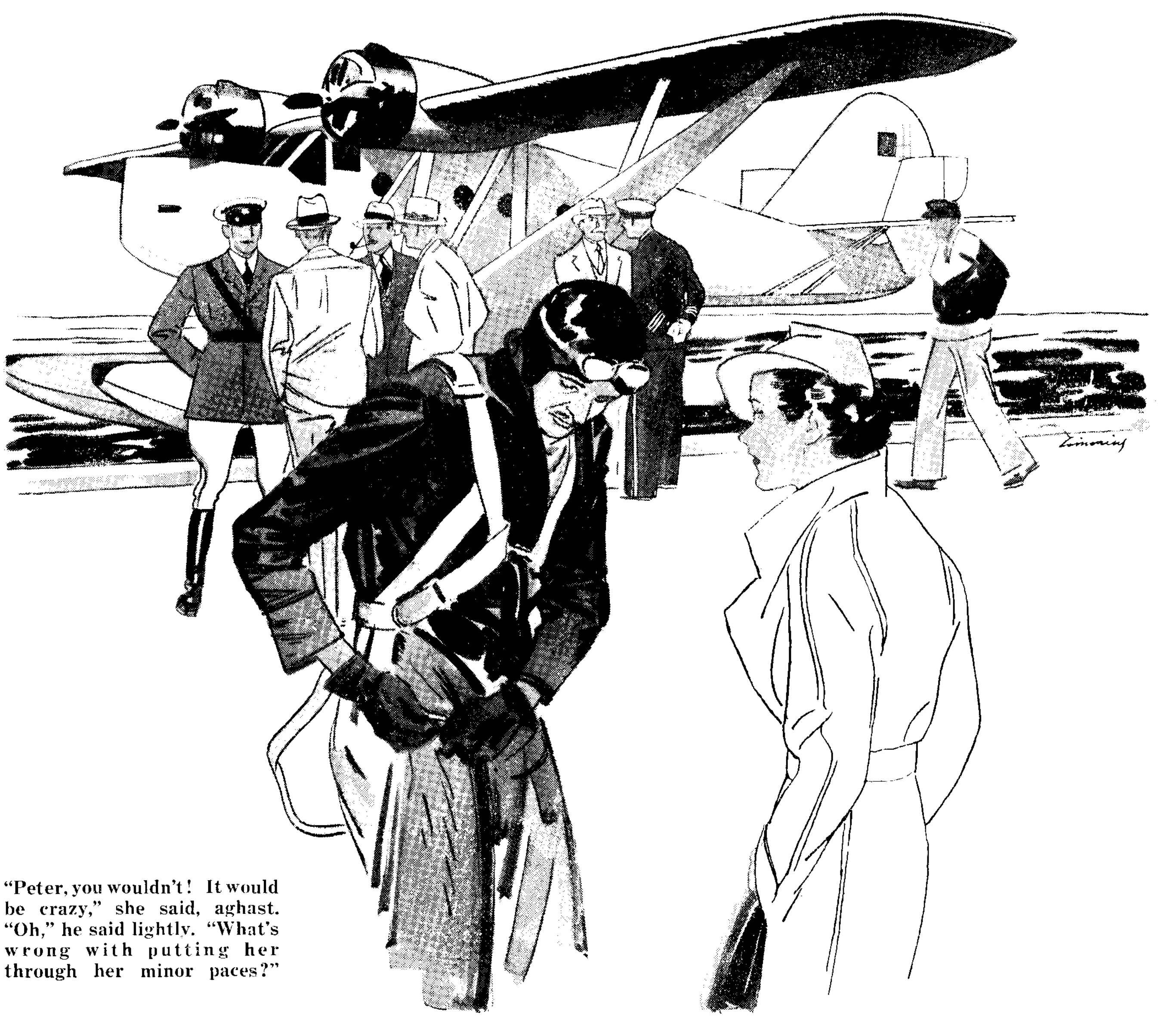
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



"Peter, you wouldn't! It would be crazy," she said, aghast. "Oh," he said lightly. "What's wrong with putting her through her minor paces?"

The Story Thus Far:

PETER HARRIS, wealthy airplane manufacturer, and Gail Williams, noted girl flyer, meet at a party given by the Harrises—Peter and his wife, Hildreth—to announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolly, to one of Gail's cousins. Within a week, although Peter is forty and Gail about half his age, they face the realization that they are hopelessly in love with each other.

They struggle against their emotions. To no avail. But (like many another man in a similar situation) Peter Harris, reluctant to cause his wife any suffering, cannot bring himself to the point of telling Hildreth the truth and asking for his freedom.

So the usually daring, self-reliant Peter Harris does nothing. Meanwhile, another man—young Bill Jones, Boston Tech graduate employed by a radio broadcasting company—has fallen violently in love with Gail. A clever fellow, Bill Jones, who presently shows Gail a remarkable mechanism upon which he has been working: a device which, he believes, is capable of bending radio waves. The idea, Gail realizes at once, would be welcomed by the aviation industry. But Gail (whose father is, like Peter Harris, a manufacturer of airplanes) knows that Bill must have a wise backer—someone who can perfect the thing and put it on the market. Should she send him to her father (at the moment honeymooning with a young second wife in Europe) or Peter Harris? She sends him to—*Peter Harris!*

A few days later—while the Harrises are vacationing in Florida and Gail is paying a visit to her godmother, Mrs. Janet Wayne, in Palm Beach—Peter and Gail meet, go for a ride in a plane. After a time, their gas supply gives out. They land in a desolate spot, where, when a storm suddenly bursts, they are forced to spend the night in a deserted cabin.

Rescued by searchers in the morning, they are taken back to Palm Beach. Gail is as fresh as the proverbial daisy; Peter (no longer young) has a severe cold, is utterly exhausted. And presently they tell Hildreth of their love.

Shocked, terribly hurt, Hildreth bears up courageously. "I will divorce you, Peter," she says calmly. "But—I have kept this a secret so far—Dolly is going to have a baby. The doctors say that a shock may hurt her, may even kill her. Until the baby comes, I will *not* give you a divorce. Afterward, I shan't stand in your way."

VII

THE door closed behind Hildreth and the whole face of the world had changed. Gail said, deeply moved:

"That was—generous of her, Peter."

She went to him, and he put his arm about her, not carelessly but as if abstracted. She leaned her head against his shoulder and sighed, and the tears ran quietly down her cheeks. She asked, "Peter . . . darling, you aren't sorry?"

He did not answer but his free hand stroked her hair back from her forehead. She could hear his heart beating. She said:

"We can wait . . . We mustn't see each other, Peter . . . Oh, I don't mean that literally. But not often . . . not—alone. It wouldn't be fair, she's been, in her way, so decent. And I do understand."

He said, "Poor kid—"

"But I'll be all right," she answered him instantly. "I'll be fine. You aren't to think about me, Peter . . . Then, when the time comes . . ."

She stopped, aware that his clasp had loosened for a moment, and then tightened again; aware, almost as if she had known it for fact, that his heartbeats had slowed; aware, perfectly, that he had not been thinking of her when he had spoken.

He said, "Of course—we'll both be all right."

Gail drew herself away. She said, trying to smile:

"I'm selfish, I suppose. You were thinking of Dolly."

"Yes," he acknowledged.

"Peter, don't look so frightened," she besought him. "She's young and strong and nowadays things are so scientifically conducted. She'll have the very best care . . ."

He said, his appearance belying his words, "I'm not worried. Only she's such an infant herself."

Gail looked at him. She remarked thoughtfully, "It will be odd thinking of Dolly and George with a baby." She stared at him, under level brows, and added, as if astonished . . . "Odder still to think of you as a—grandfather. Crazy!"

"Yes, isn't it?" he admitted. He had not thought of this before, except as the vaguest, most remote possibility. Gail hadn't even considered it. Now the fact confronted them. It was incredible; laughable; tragic.

PETER and Hildreth left that same day, riding back to the fishing camp in the hired car.

Peter drove and Hildreth sat quietly beside him. Once he said, without turning his head:

"Sorry to have let you in for all that, Hildreth. You—you would command any man's admiration." He added slowly, "You have—made up your mind?"

She said, "Of course; if you have made up yours. That's the main thing, isn't it . . . ?" She added, after a pause, "Dolly will be furious with me because I gave her away. But truly it wasn't my fault that you weren't told. She had some curious idea of sparing you as long as she could," Hildreth concluded on a slightly satirical note.

He said, "Tell me everything the doctor said to you."

There was no further discussion of the Palm Beach incident. Nor of Gail, however obscurely. They were two people, discussing an intimate problem which affected them, as parents. Yet once, Peter thought, When we get to the camp, when we are alone . . . ?

But Hildreth said, just before they arrived:

"By the way, I discovered that the Mannerings are at Miami. I telephoned them just before we left Palm Beach. They're going to join us. Jack wants some fishing and Edna's fed up with being entertained. We can look for them tomorrow . . ."

Tomorrow wasn't far off. And Hildreth saw to it that the intervening time was not agitated by discussions of any nature. After dinner Peter sat down to write to Dolly . . . "I'll absolve you utterly," he told his wife, "but I have to write her. I'd phone but I can't say what I want to over the wire . . ." And when the letter was written—it took a long time—he went to bed, tired and still feeling the effects of his cold. He hadn't intended to sleep. He meant to think things through. Who can? He slept soundly and on the next day the Mannerings came, jolly people, whom he liked very much.

The Harrises returned to New York within the week, with the Mannerings, Peter and Jack Mannering flying north, Mrs. Mannering and Hildreth by train. Gail, a day or so later, went back with

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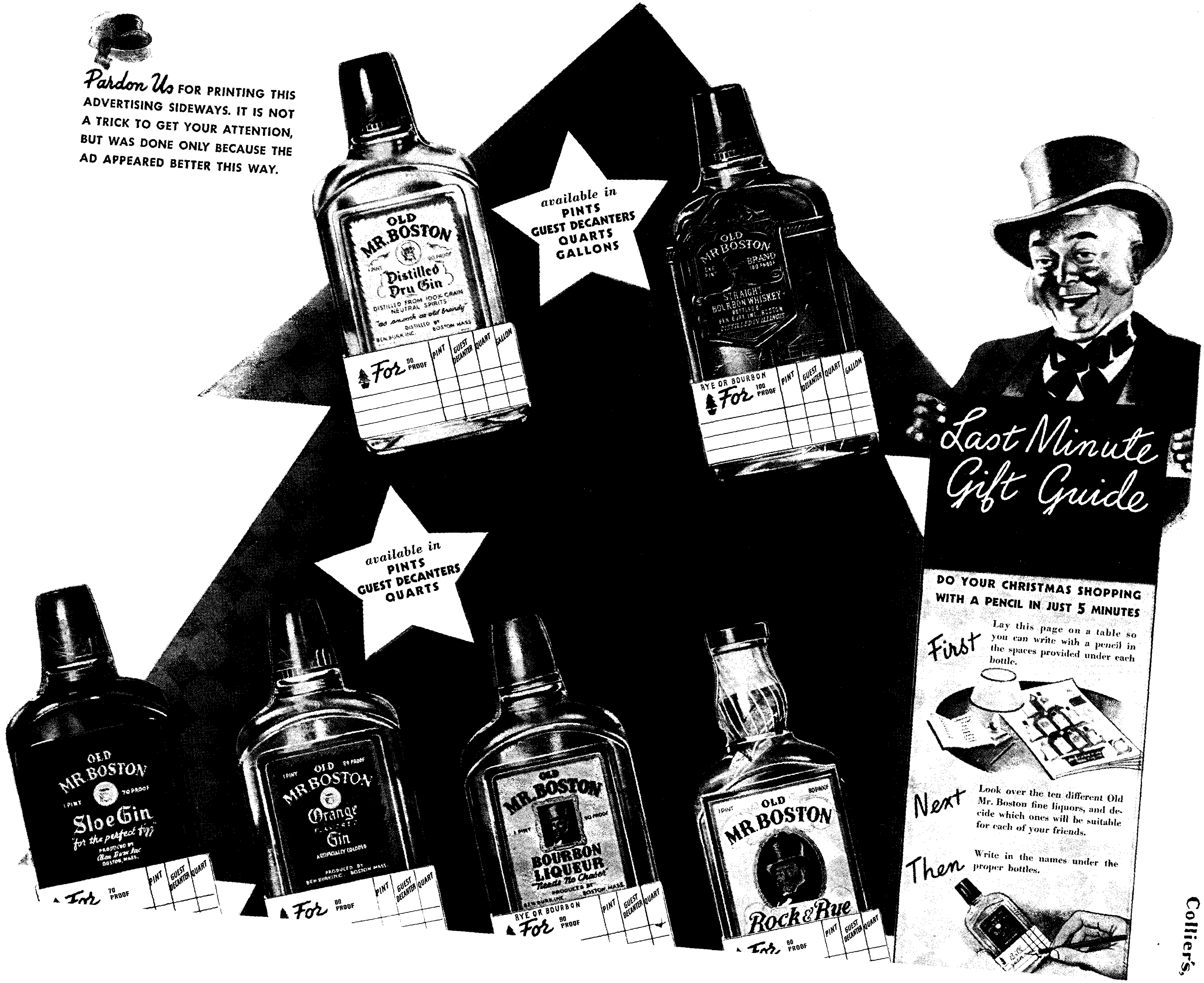
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Last Minute Gift Guide

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WITH A PENCIL IN JUST 5 MINUTES

First Lay this page on a table so you can write with a pencil in the spaces provided under each bottle.

Next Look over the ten different Old Mr. Boston fine liquors, and decide which ones will be suitable for each of your friends.

Then Write in the names under the proper bottles.

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Bill
Jack
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A Reminder
available in PINTS GUEST DECANTERS
1 PINT OLD MR. BOSTON 80 PROOF
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GIVE Good Spirits THIS CHRISTMAS
Old Mr. Boston Fine Liquors
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Guest Decanter
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Quart
FULL QUART

Here are some people you will not want to forget.

The postman
The cop on the beat
Your office buddy
Your best customer
Your apartment janitor
Your car mechanic
Your barber
Your girl friend's father

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A truly fine liquor says your good wishes in good taste. Give Old Mr. Boston with confidence . . . justified by 30,000,000 satisfied purchasers.

Remember, the name and face of Old Mr. Boston appear on every bottle we produce. We have no need for other brand names since our policy does not permit varying grades of liquors but only one grade—the finest.

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her godmother, also by train. And Bill Jones met her.

She cried, beholding him at Pennsylvania station:

"Bill, for Heaven's sake!"

He said, grinning, "I'm like the Toonerville trolley. I meet all trains. Your letters have been pretty sketchy. But you said you'd be in sometime this week. So here I am. I'm practically a fixture at the station. All the porters know me."

Mrs. Wayne beamed upon him. She said:

"Young man, you have considerable enterprise. I like it. Get me another porter. And look for the car."

"With ineffable delight," replied Bill. "Gail, you're having dinner with me tonight."

At *dinner, he* asked:

"See the Harrises down there?"

"Yes. They came to my godmother's for a few days," replied Gail carefully; "they weren't at Palm Beach; they were up at some fishing place and drove over."

"I JUST wondered," explained Bill. "Rang him up a couple of times and heard he was still out of town. Wanted to talk things over with him."

"What sort of things?" she inquired.

"Oh, this and that. I'm getting along . . . Not that I'm ready to make any announcements, but things are shaping up. Also," he said calmly, "I am minus a job."

Gail stared at him in horror. She cried:

"Bill, you utter idiot. How'll you eat?"

"Knives and forks are being generally used," he explained kindly; "that is, if you are an addict of Mrs. Post."

She asked, ignoring this, "You were fired? Oh, Bill, I knew you would be some day. You're so utterly irresponsible!"

He regarded her with offended dignity.

"On the contrary, I resigned. In purple ink; most regretfully. The entire staff came to beg me to reconsider. The president of that great organization said, 'Jones, my man,' he said, 'on bended knee I plead with you to think *what this means to our outfit.* I would rather lose two crooners and my bedtime storyteller. Stay with us, Jones, and we will handsomely reward you. Or don't you like your job? Take mine. I've never liked it.'"

Gail was laughing. It occurred to her that she hadn't laughed much lately. Somehow when she was with Peter laughter didn't come easily or, when it came, was brief. Being in love was no laughing matter. Love, she decided suddenly, was humorless.

She said severely, "Unless you tell me the truth I'll scream. I'll throw something at you. I'll make you a terrific scene."

"Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll come down," he pledged. "Not that you wouldn't be charming making scenes, my sweet. It's this way. Did I ever tell you about my Aunt Emma?"

"No," she replied sharply, "you did not, and, what's more, I don't believe you have an Aunt Emma. You told me you had no people."

"AUNT EMMA," expatiated Bill, making faces at his soup, "is not people. She is—or was—a person. A large and formidable female, distantly related to me and mine; she has lived for upward of ninety years in Jersey. As a matter of fact, she was my father's second cousin. She always liked me," Bill went on modestly, "because as a child I remotely resembled an angel."

"Please," said Gail, shuddering.

"The truth, darling. Golden hair and wide eyes. And such a good little boy. She had another third cousin, once removed, or whatever it is. He pulled the tails of her innumerable cats. She loathed him. I was kind to animals. If I drank the cats' milk when Aunt Emma wasn't looking, she didn't know it. Since achieving manhood," he went on solemnly, "I have made it my duty to go to see Aunt Emma now and then, in her Jersey fortress, bearing gifts of catnip for the present generation of felines. She always gave me toast and tea or a jigger of rare elderberry wine, vintage 1850. More or less. I didn't take you to see her, Gail, because one of the things Aunt Emma liked about me was my bachelor estate. She had no use for marriage. A dark gentleman with handle-bar mustaches once stood her up, practically in the vestry, about seventy years ago, just because he didn't like cats . . . or for some equally sound reason. Had I exhibited matrimonial intentions she would have scorned me. Also doubted my sanity. And if she ever saw you, sweetheart, she would realize my intentions could only be honorable."

"Will you please get on with it?" demanded Gail.

"Yes'm. Briefly, Aunt Emma has gone to her fathers, leaving behind her considerable potatoes. Mostly in trust for the cats and their reckless progeny. One dollar to the tail-pulling relative. Three thousand times that to me. And residue to next of kin, an ancient nephew. He also gets the cats."

"Why Bill," she said, "I'm so glad."

HE ASKED, "Three thousand doesn't look like much to you, does it? But I've saved—a little. I can live. I can work on this gadget of ours. I can also have more time off—during which I'll be seein' you, with or without your permission. I'm staked for a year, two years . . . At the end of that time, if the gadget turns out . . . well, we'll be sitting pretty."

Three thousand dollars did seem pitifully little to Gail. She did not tell him so. She looked at him anxiously. Suppose after all she, and Peter too, were wrong and the television beam could not be worked out as they had believed and hoped? She inquired gravely:

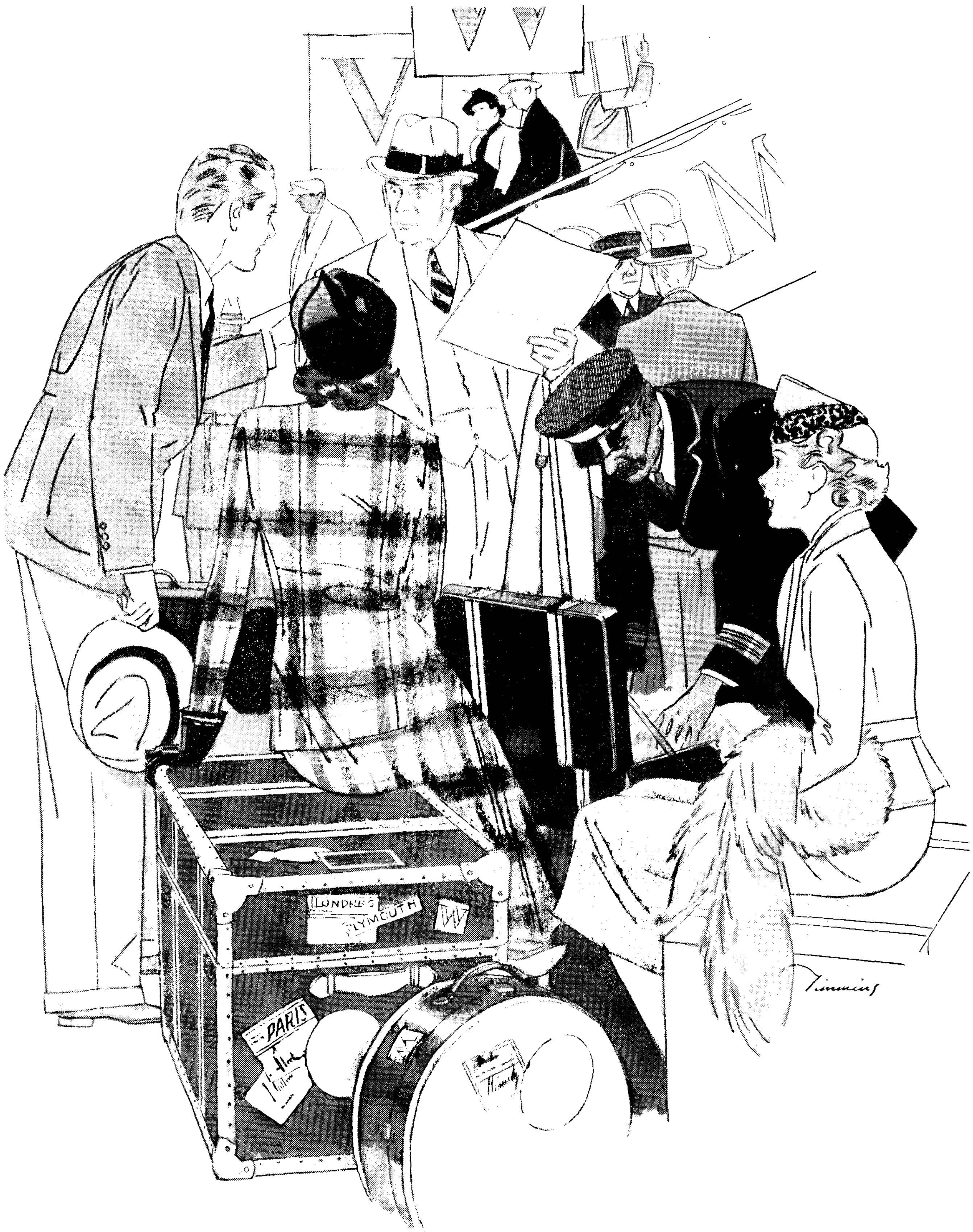
"But was it wise . . . giving up your job, I mean?"

"Honey," he answered, "it was not only wise, it was brilliant. If you don't take a chance you get nowhere. Look at Marconi."

"I can't," said Gail, regarding him, "and what sort of a chance did he take?"

"Woman, don't be so literal." He picked up the wine list, and gave an order which was comparatively impressive.

"At that rate," prophesied Gail, "you



"I am merely in love with your daughter," he said. "Introduce us, Gail." Her father gaped, and Ellen laughed, with genuine amusement

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Make this Christmas a Christmas of real surprises, with gifts that Dad and Mother and the whole family have wanted and can enjoy throughout the year. For a change, why not get something for your Chevrolet—the family car in which you'll spend so many happy, enjoyable hours and days in the months ahead.

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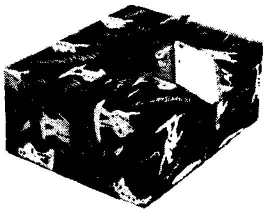

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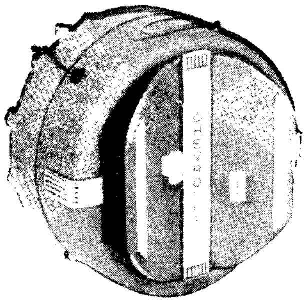

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They heat the car and defrost the windshield. Give maximum output of heat, directed to every nook and corner of the car; keep the windshield free of ice, snow, sleet and steam. Defrosting attachment extra.

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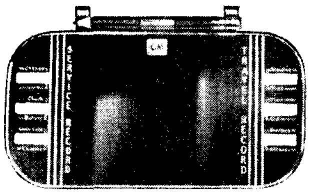

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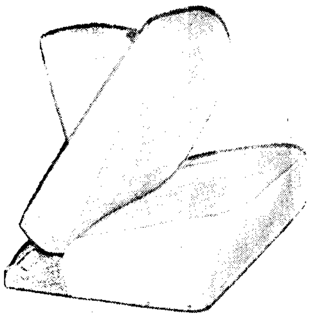

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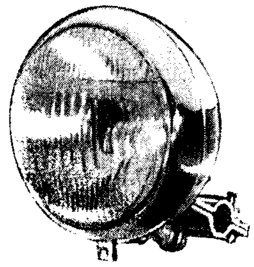

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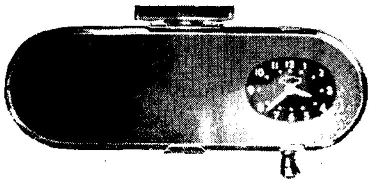

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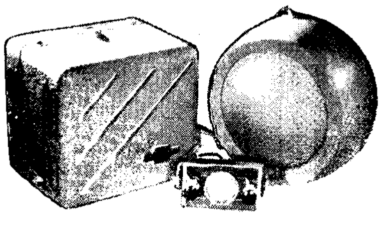

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you'll need all
the general resistance
you can build....

Recent facts may point to a way around some common winter discomforts. It has been found that they begin in early fall, but don't really get into full swing until later in the season when your general *resistance* is likely to be low.

Neglecting to get enough exercise, sunshine, and fresh air—all these winter habits that tend to lower your general resistance, also make it more difficult for you to keep well.

Two ways are open to you. You can either wait until these winter discomforts take hold, or you can start now with *advance* precautions against them.

It's wisest not to wait until you're affected, but to begin *right now* building good general resistance. Give *Adex* a trial!

If you take Adex *every day*, you will get Vitamin A, known to be a definite help in building good general resistance. You'll also obtain "sunshine" Vitamin D. Both these vitamins come from natural sources, such as cod and halibut liver oil.

When you start with Adex, remember that the way to get the most out of it is to take it *every day*. Have a bottle on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

Now at any reliable drug store, in convenient, easy-to-take tablets or capsules. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 36

won't have much left of Aunt Emma's hoarded potatoes."

"But you've been away so long," he excused himself, "and for every six of my letters you returned only two and a half. Skimpy little things. Besides, we must drink to Aunt Emma, the cats . . . juice of the elderberry . . . and the beam. Also to this reunion. That takes considerable drinking. Gail," he asked, "if absence had made your heart grow fonder, you would tell me, wouldn't you?"

He spoke lightly but his eyes were eager and intent. She said unhappily, because she was so fond of him, "Yes, I'd tell you, Bill."

"Then it didn't . . . ? Hasn't . . . ? I mean . . . You know what I mean!"

"No, Bill," she said.

"Oh, well," he said, "there's time yet. All our lives in fact. I'll wear you down, my girl. You'll see. The Jones devotion has stamina, it has staying power, once experienced, never forgotten. It haunts you. And now do tell me all about the *haut monde* in the Everglades of Florida."

It was, ironically, through Bill that Gail was not able to hold to her resolution of not seeing Peter until things were clear between them. For, at Bill's insistence, Peter came, now and then, to the improvised laboratory and when Bill called Gail up and said excitedly, "Harris is coming down to look things over, come on along, will you?" she found no excuse, nor, naturally, desired any.

Yet such meetings were hideously unsatisfactory. Once he walked home with her and they stood talking outside her house in the March wind; Gail's cheeks were reddened by it, and her hair escaped in curling tendrils around her face. She warned him, "You shouldn't be standing out here in this wind."

He shrugged. "I'm fine," he answered, hating to be reminded that he'd once been an invalid.

"What do you hear from Dolly?"

Peter grinned.

"I flew out to see her last week. She's splendid. The way kids nowadays take these things . . . Beats me . . . She gave her mother a terrific bawling out for telling me . . . But now she's glad. After all, it's some comfort having your old man worry about you."

He smiled; then, suddenly serious, "I love you," he said, low.

IN APRIL the XSBH-1 was ready for her test flight. Sometime prior to the day arranged for this to take place Bill Jones had gone at Peter's invitation to spend as much time as he wanted at the plant, getting to know the Harris jobs, talking, if guardedly, to the engineers, spending a good deal of time in the assembly room. He had been persuaded also to make several short flights as a passenger, and felt it incumbent upon himself to accept. He had gone up white and shivering and slightly ill and had been set down again in exactly the same condition. He telephoned Gail from the small inn not far from the factory where he was staying and told her so. He said, "Funny thing if I revolutionized aviation . . . If you knew how I loathed the sight of a plane . . . in action! They're swell, all apart and in the blueprint stage. But, oh, boy, there's something about this suspension between heaven and earth which gives me the willies and I don't mean maybe!"

She said, callously, "Perhaps you'll learn to fly in time. I mean actually, as pilot. And you make me tired—after all these months . . . refusing to come up with me."

"Darling," he said, over the singing wires, "I love you more than life, or quite as much, at least. I will trust my innocent young happiness in your strong hands. But not the life I love almost as much as I do you. I want to grow old and gray and lose my teeth and grumble at my grandchildren. My great-grandchildren, in fact. And while I have no doubt that you are a magnificent she-pilot, still—make mine vanilla. Women," he explained further, "are so emotional. Suppose you took a fit of temperament in the air? No. I'm not mad about handing my youth and beauty over to these hard-boiled babies out here . . . but, after all, they're men. Not as subject to fits of the vapors."

"I like that!" cried Gail.

"You would. I'm coming to town tomorrow. I must," he said mincingly, "do a little shopping. How about dinner?"

She said, "Bill, have you forgotten my father lands tomorrow? I'll be with him, of course."

"There's no time like the present," Bill suggested, "to present me to the family. You might just as well. Better sooner than later, my little Calla Lily."

Laughing, she hung up.

The cable from her father had been unexpected. She had written him dutifully throughout the winter, reporting her new address, her trip to Florida with Mrs. Wayne. He had sent her an occasional postal and Ellen irritated her past endurance by sitting down every now and then and writing her a long "duty" letter . . . as if she said, "I *must* write Jim's daughter and tell her all about our trip!"

She went down to the pier to meet them.

The streets were crowded, the piers were packed. She forced her way through the crowds. She saw her father almost instantly, coming down the gangplank, Ellen, looking superbly handsome and sure of herself, clinging to his arm. There were reporters there, waiting. They closed around him, talked, questioned . . .

Gail stood on tiptoe, waving, and her father saw and pushed the reporters aside . . . "Excuse me," he was saying, "my daughter—"

He came to her, took her hands, swung them. He said, "Well, Gail, here we are."

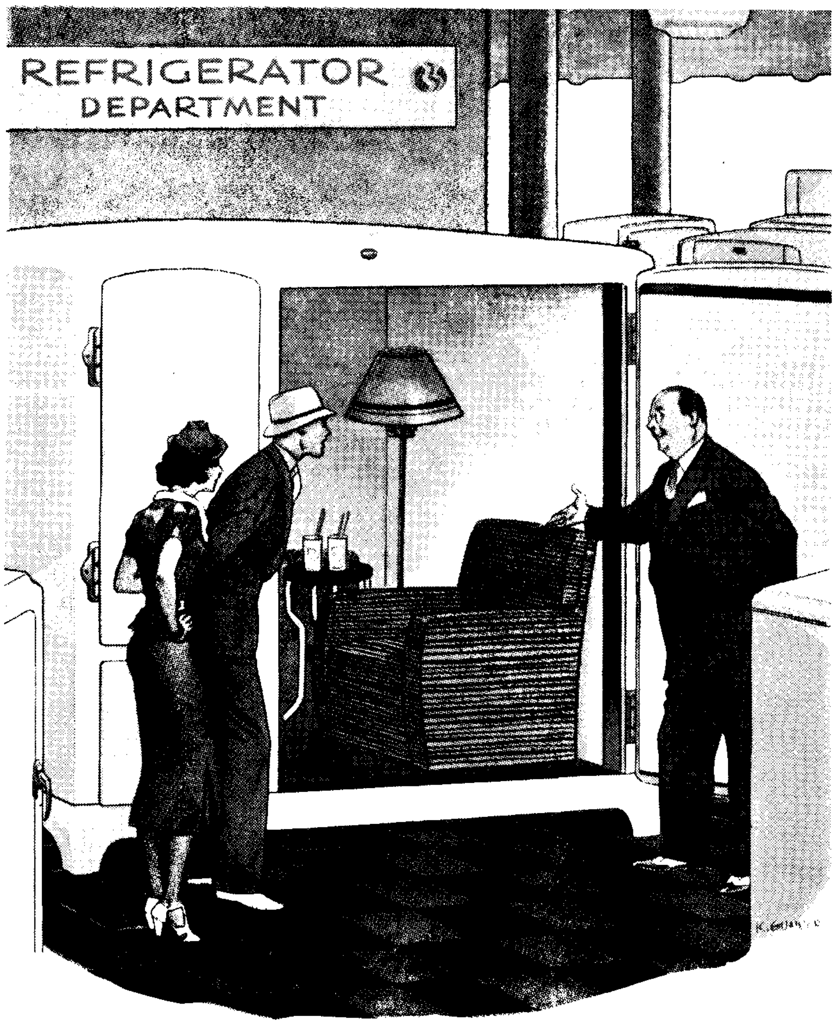
SHE wanted to cry. He looked, she thought, a little older. But his vitality was magnificent. Physically, he towered over almost every other man on the dock. . . He had a magnificent head, his thick hair crisp, curling, completely white. He was tanned from the shipboard suns at the pool. He wore tweeds as no other man on earth wore them.

Ellen cried, "Gail, darling!" Ellen kissed her, held her off, asked, "Aren't you a little thin?"

"Come on," said Williams, "let's get going. We'll be at the Farrar. Did I cable you that? No? Well, we are. Meantime, the customs, since Ellen has brought home half of Europe."

He looked at his young wife with wordless and, Gail thought, rebellious, fatuous adoration. Ellen could buy all of Europe and he wouldn't care. Gail thought, It's just the same; I'll have to make the best of it, nothing will change it. She hadn't known what she hoped, when the cable came . . . whether she had wanted to find her father disillu-

(*Continued on page 42*)



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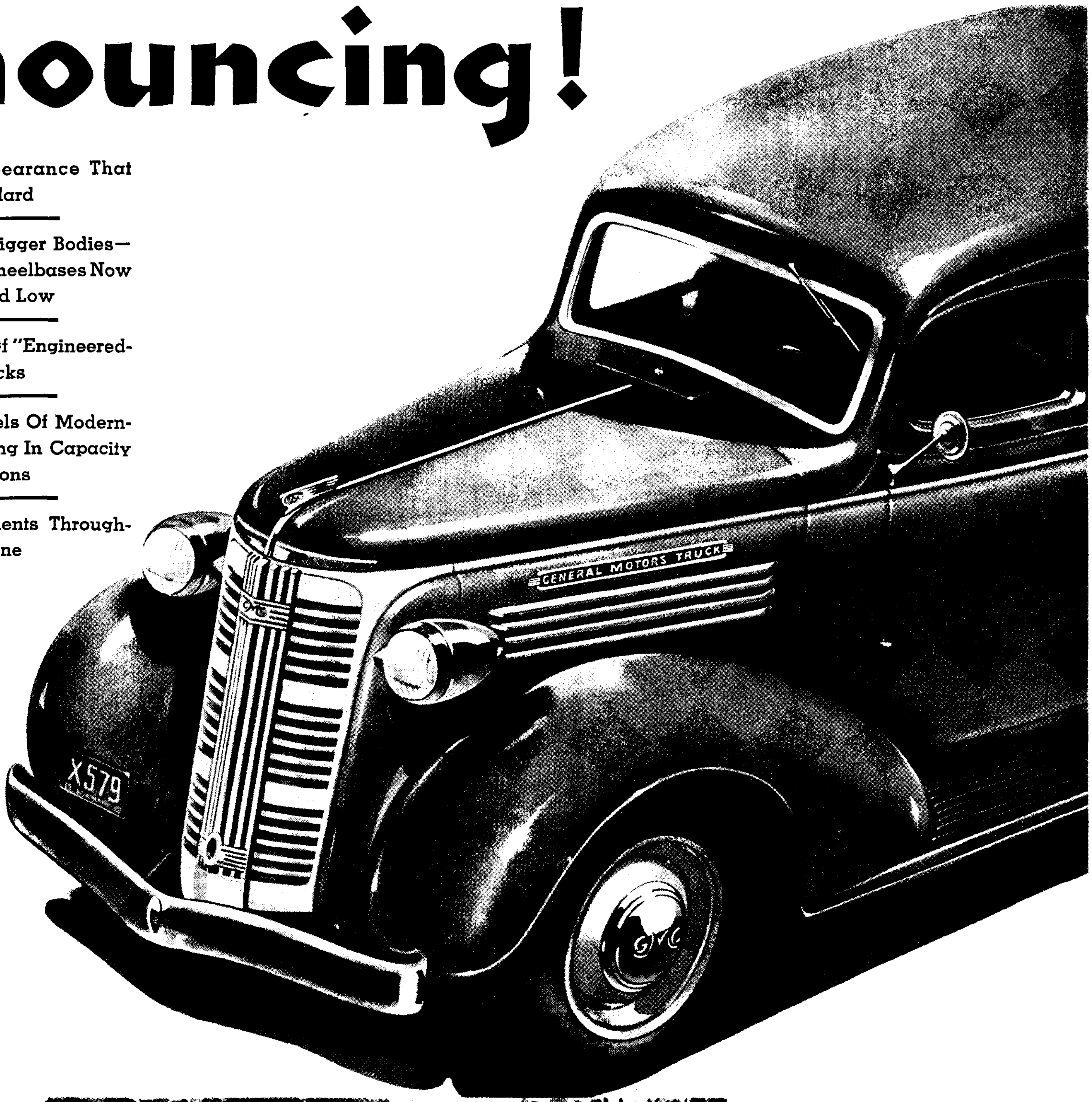

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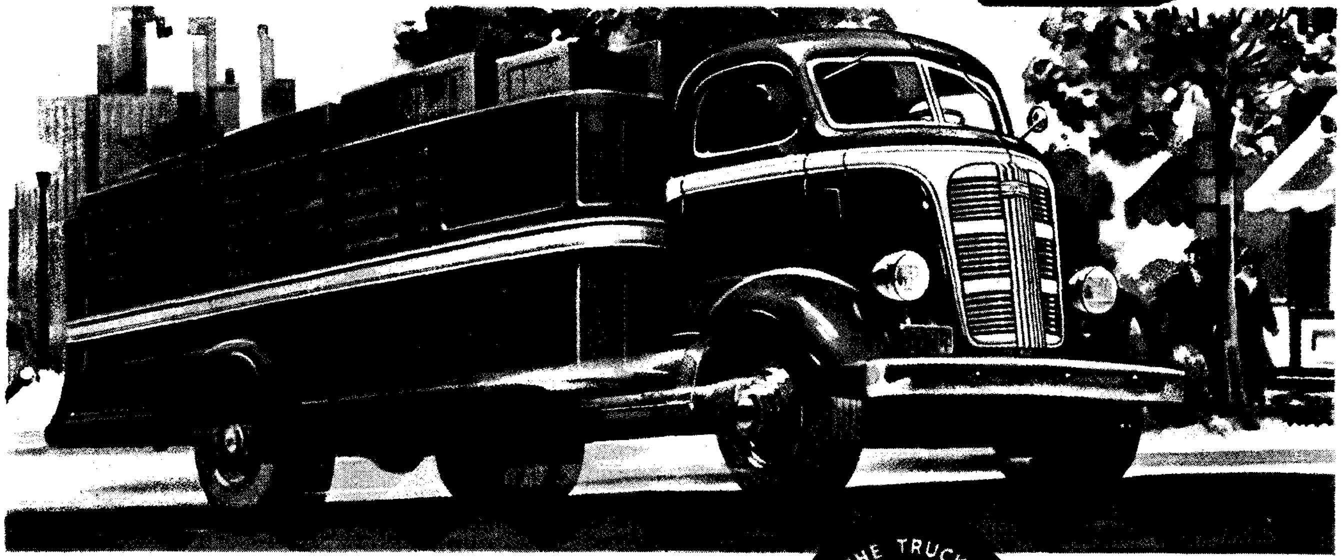

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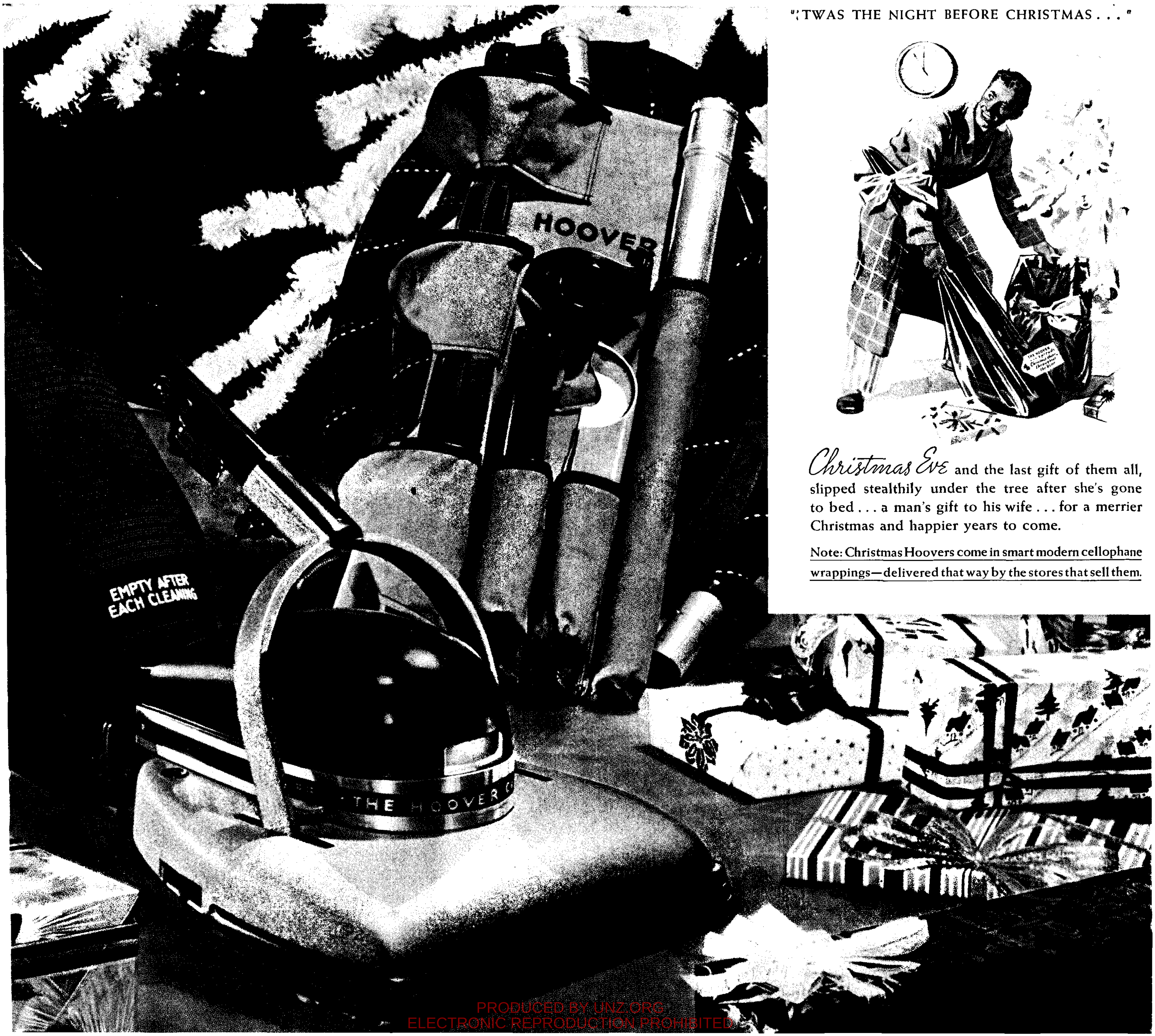
HOOVER
EMPTY AFTER EACH CLEANING
THE HOOVER

"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS . . ."

Christmas Eve and the last gift of them all, slipped stealthily under the tree after she's gone to bed . . . a man's gift to his wife . . . for a merrier Christmas and happier years to come.

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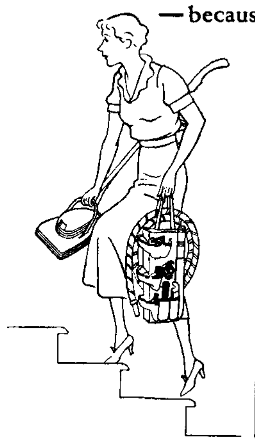
——— and you give her the best"

Just in time for Christmas, Hoover has introduced the first basically new cleaner in ten years—the most efficient cleaner ever built... made with new metal—magnesium—one-third lighter than aluminum ... New streamline beauty—designed by Henry Dreyfuss. Non-marring ripple finish in stratosphere gray (easy to keep clean)...a complete cleaning ensemble—not only a cleaner for rugs but tools for all other furnishings, attached in one second without turning the cleaner over or even stopping the motor... new efficiency—stronger suction with even quieter operation ... Automatic Rug Adjuster—for most efficient cleaning on rugs of any thickness... Time-to-Empty Signal—Red disc tells you when bag's full... Dirt Finder sheds broad beam of light ahead of cleaner. Many other new work-saving features plus exclusive Hoover principle of Positive Agitation which gets out destructive embedded grit and keeps rugs bright and fresh and prolongs rug life.

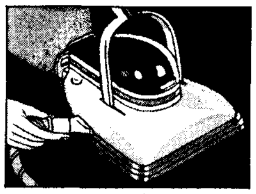
The New Hoover Cleaning Ensemble is now on display at leading stores, and is being shown by representatives of these stores who call at your home. Your local Hoover dealer will be glad to leave a Hoover with you for your trial use, without obligation. It may be purchased on surprisingly low terms—as little as

$1.50
A WEEK
PAYABLE
MONTHLY

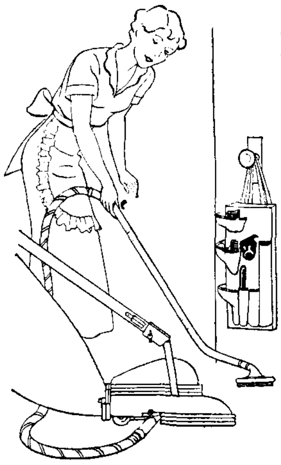


New Back-saving Lightness — because of new wonder-metal

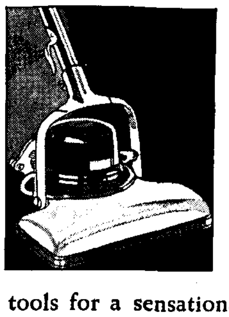
You know how light aluminum is. Well, aluminum is half again as heavy as magnesium, which is used in this new Hoover. Amazingly light and perfectly balanced, this new Hoover may be taken to any part of the house with a minimum of effort.



Startling New Feature — Simply plug a Connector into a slot in the side of the cleaner and you're ready to use cleaning tools. No turning over cleaner. No disconnecting belt. One simple operation. Easy. Fool-proof. Safe.



Tools for Everything —upholstered furniture, draperies, bare floors, lamps, radiators, walls, radios—everything—all put up in a Handy Cleaning Kit which may be hung on door knob or stood in chair when in use and hung in closet between times. No extra charge.



ANOTHER HOOVER FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING—The Hoover "300", a full-size precision-built Hoover with the same famous Positive Agitation used in new "150" Cleaning Ensemble. Complete with cleaning tools for a sensationally low price and on very convenient terms, only **$1.00** A WEEK PAYABLE MONTHLY

IT BEATS.. AS IT SWEEPS.. AS IT CLEANS

THE HOOVER *One Fifty* **CLEANING ENSEMBLE**

If he smokes a pipe..
Here are 2 ways to make HIS Christmas
Merrier!
Give him either..or both!

THIS BIG DESK-TIN OF UNION LEADER

In this handsome, expensive-looking gift box is a big red humidor tin, the kind that keeps tobacco fresh and fragrant. It is filled with Kentucky's finest Burley—ripened to mellowness and patiently *aged-in-wood* to make the smoothest smoke he ever tasted! If he's accustomed to expensive mixtures, he'll be delighted to learn how little it costs to enjoy Union Leader's rich flavor and fragrance. It's a gift that adds tomorrow's savings to today's pleasure!

OR THIS SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SET OF PIPE, CLEANERS, AND 2 TINS

The pipe would be a rare bargain at 50¢. But you also get this special gift set—2 ten-cent tins of Union Leader and 2 doz. fine pipe cleaners—in all, 75¢ of generous value!

Ask your tobacconist for this "two-tin-and-pipe set" or send 49¢ money order to Union Leader, 119 West 40th St., New York City. This offer is good only in the U. S. A.

75c VALUE FOR
49¢
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPE CLEANERS
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO

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UNION LEADER
THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

(*Continued from page 38*)

sioned, a man tired of a bad bargain, whether she wished to re-encounter Ellen and believe her all she had thought her, grasping, mercenary . . .

But if she weren't in love with him, she was giving a very fair imitation.

A young stocky man, determined, persistent, had pushed his way up to them. He ignored Gail, who had risen, gasping, and touched Williams' arm. Williams turned from a slight altercation with a customs official.

"Mr. Williams, I believe," said the young man gravely.

"Yes, of course. I haven't time now," said Williams, "I'm anxious to get along to my hotel. If you'll come to the Farrar, say tomorrow afternoon, I'll be glad—"

"I don't," said the young man, "deal in life insurance. Neither am I a customs man nor a vulture of the press. I am merely in love with your daughter. Introduce us, Gail."

Her father gaped, and Ellen laughed, with genuine amusement. Gail said, irritated, "Do not give it a thought. His name is Bill Jones. He's crazy."

"Your father," murmured Bill, "understands that."

There were more formal presentations and then Williams suggested, as if relieved, "You must come to dinner with us."

He doesn't want to be alone with Ellen and me, Gail thought.

SO BILL came to dinner and the evening stayed pleasant on the surface. After leaving the hotel Bill took Gail home in a taxi. He said, "I like your father; he's a real person . . . Reminds me a little of Peter Harris."

She said, astonished, "Bill, they aren't in the least alike."

"No, of course not. Don't look alike, twenty-odd years between 'em. But they've the same sort of vitality and, well, that aura of success. One notices it. I'll have it some day," he said so complacently she could have shaken him.

She thought, not for the first time, That's it, then. He's right. They are alike . . .

"His wife's a honey," said Bill. "If I hadn't met you first . . . if your father hadn't met her first—"

Gail said coolly, "Too bad you both did . . ."

"What?"

She shrugged. He said, "So that's where the shoe pinches? You don't like her."

Gail said, "I used to like her . . . very much. We were school friends."

"Well," said Bill, lighting a cigarette, "I wouldn't take it so hard if I were you. She seems regular to me. And you must admit your father is a very attractive man. She acts as if she were crazy about him."

Acts, thought Gail, and said nothing.

He said presently, "Sort of wish I'd waited."

"For what?"

"On the gadget, I mean . . . a tie-up with your father . . . ? You know," he looked at her anxiously, "marrying into one family and selling out to a rival . . . that's not so hot."

Gail said, laughing, "Listen, Useless. You haven't married into the family and all indications are that you won't. I explained about the Sorrensen outfit to you. I didn't know when Father would be back—and—"

He said slowly, "I'm not actually committed. Of course, I'm no end grateful to Harris. He hasn't, however, added anything, not even a suggestion. I'm on my own. I have the run of the plant and that's one up for him. But I haven't signed on the dotted line."

She cried, "You can't be thinking of . . ."

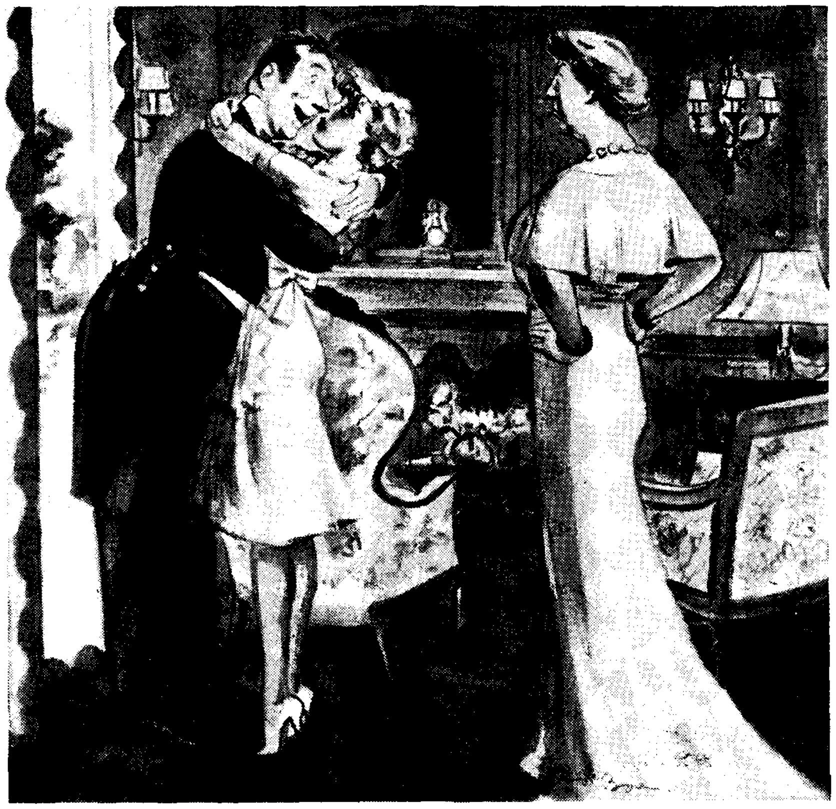
"I'm not thinking of anything," he said hastily.

Gail saw her father and his wife several times before they left for Lake Forest. She received and duly admired the gifts they had brought her. She listened patiently to Ellen's chatter. And, the night before they left she went upstairs to their suite after dinner and saw the signal which passed clearly between her father and Ellen.

A moment later Ellen rose. She said, "I've some packing to do . . . I'll leave you two for a few minutes, if you'll excuse me."

She had a lot of time in which to pack, reflected Gail. She looked at her father striding about the living room, chewing a strong black, unlighted cigar.

He stopped directly in front of her.



"Well, I'm—I'm rather surprised myself, Mrs. Farlingham"

HOWARD BAER

He said, "Look here, Gail, we've got to come out in the clear."

She asked, "Well?"

"This has been nonsense," said Williams. His direct blue eyes bored into her brain. "It's been a year . . . I don't like this . . . surface relationship. It doesn't mean anything. We've always been good friends. Do you feel any different about my marriage?"

"No," she said, "I don't."

Then suddenly, to her horror, she began to cry. She said, controlling herself after a minute, "Stupid of me. Sorry. Please let's not talk about it."

He said, "I know. Let me say it. You believe Ellen married me for my money. You believe she is looking forward to a pleasant . . . possibly brief—widowhood. All right. Suppose it's true? She's given me value received. She's made me happy. I'm not a fool, Gail. I'm sixty. I come of a long-lived family. Perhaps I'll live to be eighty. Ellen will be forty-odd then. So what? She'll have the rest of her life before her; she wouldn't resent those last years. She's a pretty fine person. I'd like you to be friends. She's willing, she holds nothing against you."

Gail said, humbly, "I'll try."

"That's better. Promise me no more than you can perform. Who's this Jones boy?"

SHE answered, astonished, "I told you all about him."

"Is he serious about you?"

"He isn't serious about anything," she replied, "but if you mean is he really in love with me, I am sure that he thinks he is."

"How about your feeling in the matter?"

Gail shook her dark head. "I like him," she said, "very much."

"Oh? Too bad." Williams frowned, heavy white brows drawn. "I like him, too," he said. "Appeals to me; got humor, lightness, guts. You said he was in radio?"

"Up to a short time ago," said Gail. She added casually, "He came into a small legacy recently and is working on—some inventions."

"I might use him," said Williams, "if he ever needs a job. Tell him so. And now, what's this about you and Peter Harris?"

Gail went perfectly white. She said, stammering, "I don't know what you mean."

"It isn't like you to lie. If anything, you err, as a rule, on the side of truth. I've heard things. There's been some talk. I don't like it."

She said quietly, "We're in love." She added, "And we mean to marry. When his wife releases him."

"Has she anything to say about it?" demanded her father.

Gail said, "Naturally. Later, perhaps this fall, she intends to divorce him decently."

Her father said, after a moment, "You were always headstrong. I didn't know you were a fool. A married man . . . and have you considered that Peter Harris is nearly twice your age?"

"Not quite," she said, and added softly, "I don't think we'd better discuss that."

He stared at her, and flushed deeply. He said, after a pause, "Why not come home? Get away from New York, take time to think things over. We'll be tickled to have you any time. It's your house, you know."

She said, brokenly, "Thanks, perhaps I'll come."

A moment or two later she went in to see Ellen. Ellen wasn't packing. She was sitting in a low chair, reading. The lamplight was on her heavy, beautiful hair. She asked, getting up, "Going so soon?"

"I must."

Ellen said, "You've been crying."

"Just a little," Gail admitted.

Ellen said, after a moment, "I suppose you know that I know what Jim wanted to say . . . He hasn't discussed you with me," she added hastily, "but—letters came to us both. Don't make a mistake, Gail. But I'm with you whatever you do. He is too. You won't believe that."

Gail said slowly, "Maybe I will."

"Look," said Ellen, flushing. "I'm not going to defend myself. Perhaps at first it was—being dazzled, the money, all you said it was. It isn't now. A finer man never walked this earth . . . I'm grateful to him, on my knees. I wish you'd believe that, too."

Going home alone, Gail remembered Ellen's eyes when she said that. She does care for him. I might have known . . . That makes things pretty nearly right, she thought.

She was at the Century to see them off, orchids for Ellen, his special cigars for her father. She waved to them as the train pulled out. She called . . . "I'll see you soon . . ."

Walking away, she was conscious of the tightness in her throat. She was, she decided, growing dangerously emotional. She had not been, always. Loving Peter had made her terribly vulnerable. She hated the ease with which she slipped into tears, the moods of self pity, of impatience, of doubt. She wasn't herself at all.

She was glad that, saying goodby to her father and Ellen, she had kissed Ellen's cheek. Williams had looked so pleased, delight ran through him visibly, like a shock. She told herself, walking away, that she did feel different toward Ellen. Open to conviction, perhaps. She had felt no return of her old affection for her; people didn't change so suddenly. But she was giving Ellen her chance.

At the apartment the part-time maid reported that Peter had called her, and wished her to telephone him when she came in. The number was written on a pad, that of his club in New York. Gail tossed her hat on a chair, sailed her furs and jacket across the room and picked up the instrument.

After a delay she reached him.

"Peter . . . It's Gail."

"Unnecessary exposition," he laughed. His voice was vibrant with excitement. "Look, want to watch the test flight tomorrow?"

"I'd love it," she said instantly.

HE SAID regretfully, "I can't drive you down. I'm going back to the Island tonight. But—"

Gail said, "Look, I haven't seen you in ages. I haven't heard from you for a week. You don't know, but I'm thinking of buying a little car. The agents are thick as mosquitoes. I'll manage a demonstration car all right . . . What time?"

He told her, and then asked, "Your father all right?"

"Yes, he's fine . . . they left for home this afternoon."

"Sorry I didn't see him," said Peter. "I'll look him up when I go to Chicago."

She thought, I hope you won't. Aloud she said, "That will be nice. Peter, am I *really* going to see you tomorrow?"

In the morning she drove down, April all about her, that lovely month, newborn spring, innocent, changeable, uncertain. There was an official-looking car in the parking space. Looking closer she knew . . . silly not to have thought of it before, that there would be Navy men down to watch the flight. But no other outsiders. These things were conducted with a measure of secrecy.

Gail sighed, not that she had hoped to be alone with Peter . . . but now it was unlikely she would have him to herself for a minute.

He came out as she parked the car. Gerry Downing and Bill were with him.

(Continued on page 44)

HIS FOR KEEPS

Don't let Time steal your hair and your youthful good looks . . . Take reasonable precautions while they're still yours. A two-minute scalp massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo stimulates the circulation that feeds the roots of the hair. It keeps the pores open and clean, which tends to prevent dandruff. It supplements the natural scalp oils, prevents harsh, brittle and unruly hair.

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DON'T PART WITH A SINGLE HAIR

Start today to keep your hair . . . baldness is frequently the result of bad hair habits of long standing . . . Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before the weekly shampoo. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic as a dressing every morning. A few drops brushed into the hair will keep it well-groomed, prevent dryness. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

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Don't tolerate stabbing pain when "Ben-Gay" offers quick relief

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Drives screws like magic—simply by pushing on handle. Bores holes, too—if you add "Yankee" Chuck and Drills.

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(Continued from page 43)

They walked together to where the ship waited. It was, she thought, a lovely thing. Beauty, speed, power. It had everything.

"Frank Bedford's doing the job," explained Peter. He looked at his watch. "Should have been here over an hour ago. This is preliminary stuff. Merest bug hunting. Later, she'll have a going over at the Navy testing ground."

Gail nodded. Peter looked at his watch again. "What the hell's keeping him?" he observed to Downing.

"Maybe he's drunk," suggested Gerry amiably.

BEDFORD was one of the best test pilots living. A spare, gangling man in his early thirties, he was living on borrowed time and knew it. Peter said irritably, "Bedford doesn't get drunk. At least not when he's hired to do a job."

They waited another hour. The plant's own chief test pilot, Mike Stromoff, came out and talked earnestly to Peter. Peter shook his head. Something had happened to Bedford. They'd wait a little longer.

The message came through. Of all things, an automobile accident. No, Bedford wasn't badly hurt. He was shaken, however. He was in a hospital in New Jersey. He'd be all right in a day or two.

Peter came back from barking into the phone. He talked briefly with the two Navy men and presently they went away. Stromoff kicked at the ground with a square toe. He said, "I'd like to take a shot, Mr. Harris."

Gail said, bitterly disappointed, "Oh—what a rotten break!" She looked from Peter's frowning face to Bill and from Bill to Gerry. She said, "I wish you'd give me the job."

They laughed at that. Downing, called back to the office, left them, and Bill followed after a moment. Peter asked suddenly, "Well, what's the matter with me. . . ?"

He was not to be dissuaded. He would take the ship through the first of her tests. Why not? He was fully qualified to do so. He hunted up Downing, who argued to deaf ears. Peter shrugged, and got himself into the leather contraption that Stromoff wore when testing planes.

"Peter, you wouldn't! It would be crazy," Gail said, aghast.

"Oh," he said lightly, "I'll leave the major bugs for Bedford. But what's wrong with putting her through her minor paces?"

"You're a damned fool," shouted Downing; "you haven't any right . . . if you won't think of yourself, think of Hildreth . . . you're clean off your nut. If you insist on putting on a show, there's Stromoff . . ."

"This is my show," said Peter lightly.

DARN that girl, thought Downing. She expects this of him. He knows it. Aloud he said, "Just a show-off, eh?"

Twenty minutes later Peter was in the air. The ship handled beautifully. She was his ship and he adored her. There on the ground the group stood, looking upward, Gail among them. Watching. Flying, he was conscious of nothing but flight, forgetting the doubts that nagged him, the excursions and alarms.

He put the ship into a dive . . . at eight thousand feet, gracefully, easily, the throttle wide open.

He was conscious now of nothing but the instrument panel and the whine of the struts. Then he pulled her out.

He was doing some very pretty flying, high over land and water. There was no weakness that he could detect. But he did not attempt the power dive . . . That was not his racket and he knew it. It would be Bedford who would take her up and shove her down . . . up to twenty thousand feet or so, and then head her nose toward earth. It would be Bedford who would come out of it blinded and deafened . . . and the sound that Peter now heard would peak upward in intensity until terminal velocity was reached. Yes, it would be Bedford who would whip her into a spin, and yank her out, and would test her stamina.

Peter set the ship down on the water. Everyone was running toward him. When he came ashore he was grinning from ear to ear. Downing glowered at him, Stromoff and the engineers were around him, all talking at once.

"I didn't do much," he said. "You saw. But she's sweet. There's nothing wrong. Bedford can take her up and set her down and nary a bug." He smiled at Gail. Her heart was twice its normal size, pounding in her breast. He stood alone with her a moment. She said, "I wish you hadn't. But I'm glad you did. Peter, it was marvelous."

It might have looked so to her. She was a good pilot but she didn't know everything. Some of the things he had done looked fairly spectacular. He was perfectly aware that the XSBH-1 hadn't been put through half of her paces nor through any of those which really mattered, in the last analysis. But he was completely convinced that Bedford would have no trouble. None at all. In an excess of triumph he caught Gail's hand, careless of who might see and gripped it hard. He said, "I'm driving you back to town. We'll celebrate. Movie . . . Dinner . . ."

She cried, "Peter, I haven't had lunch and neither have you."

"We'll grab it on the way." He was off, back in the office, talking to twenty people at once, leaving orders with Downing. Downing must keep in touch with the hospital in Jersey, smoothing down the rather disgruntled Stromoff . . .

When he climbed into the driver's seat of the demonstration car he was laughing. He felt like a kid with a fine new kite. He thought of Bedford coming down in a few days to put this baby through her final tests . . . He'd have the easiest time he ever had, considering. Nothing to worry about . . .

"Perhaps we shouldn't," Gail said, as the car drove off. "I mean, people will—"

"Who will?" he asked. "What's so curious about my driving you back to town?"

But Gerry Downing was thinking his own somber thoughts and Bill Jones, whom they'd both forgotten, was standing staring after the departed car, thinking his. Gail hadn't noticed him; Peter hadn't; they hadn't seen anyone but each other. Bill had seen . . . and Bill had heard; and he was thinking fast and furiously, back to that time in Gail's little apartment with Peter Harris walking out of it, as if he owned it, and Gail's furious denials and glass shattering on the kitchen floor.

HIS face was black as he went back inside the plant and Gerry, seeing him, asked, "What's up?" and Bill said, "Nothing."

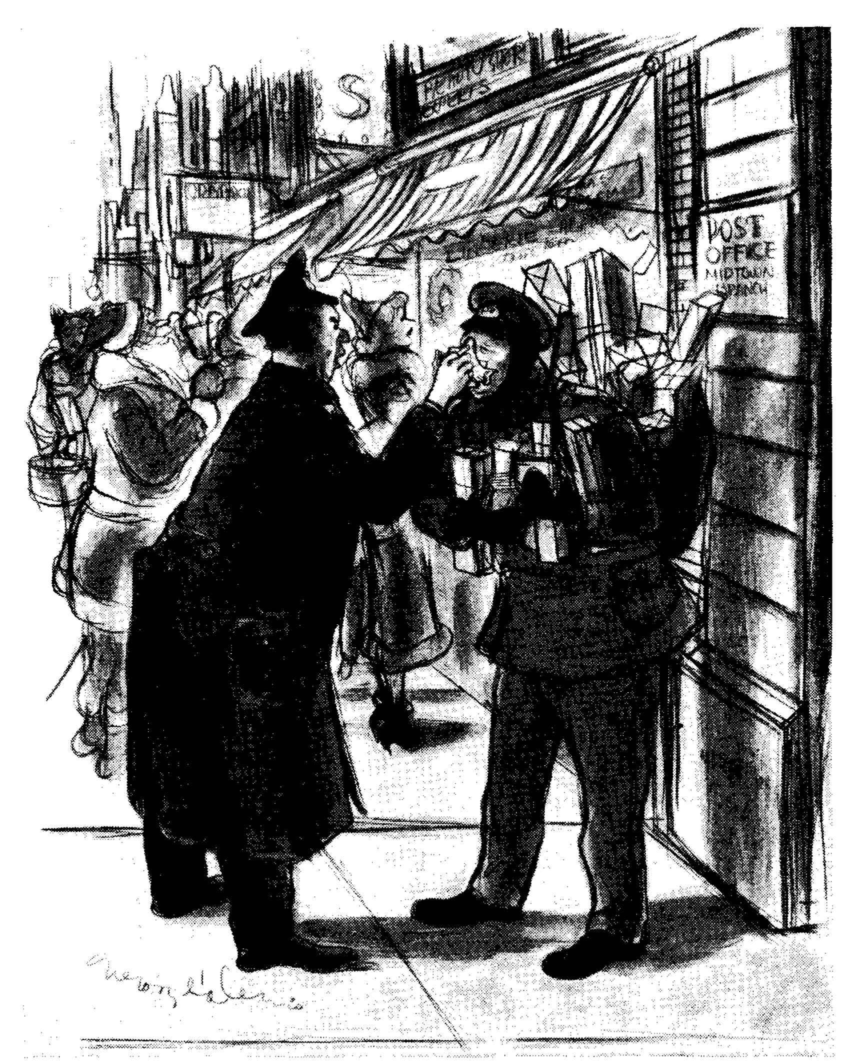
A little later, he slammed down the top of the desk which had been allotted to him and left the plant. He would not, he told himself, set foot inside it again.

So that's why she's been so anxious to have him take the gadget to Harris, was it? That was why!

He thought, I'll destroy it first; I'll see him damned in hell.

And because he was young and very unhappy and very much in love, he packed his things at the little hotel, bummed a ride to town, and very promptly, and for the first time in a good many years, got himself drunk.

(To be continued next week)

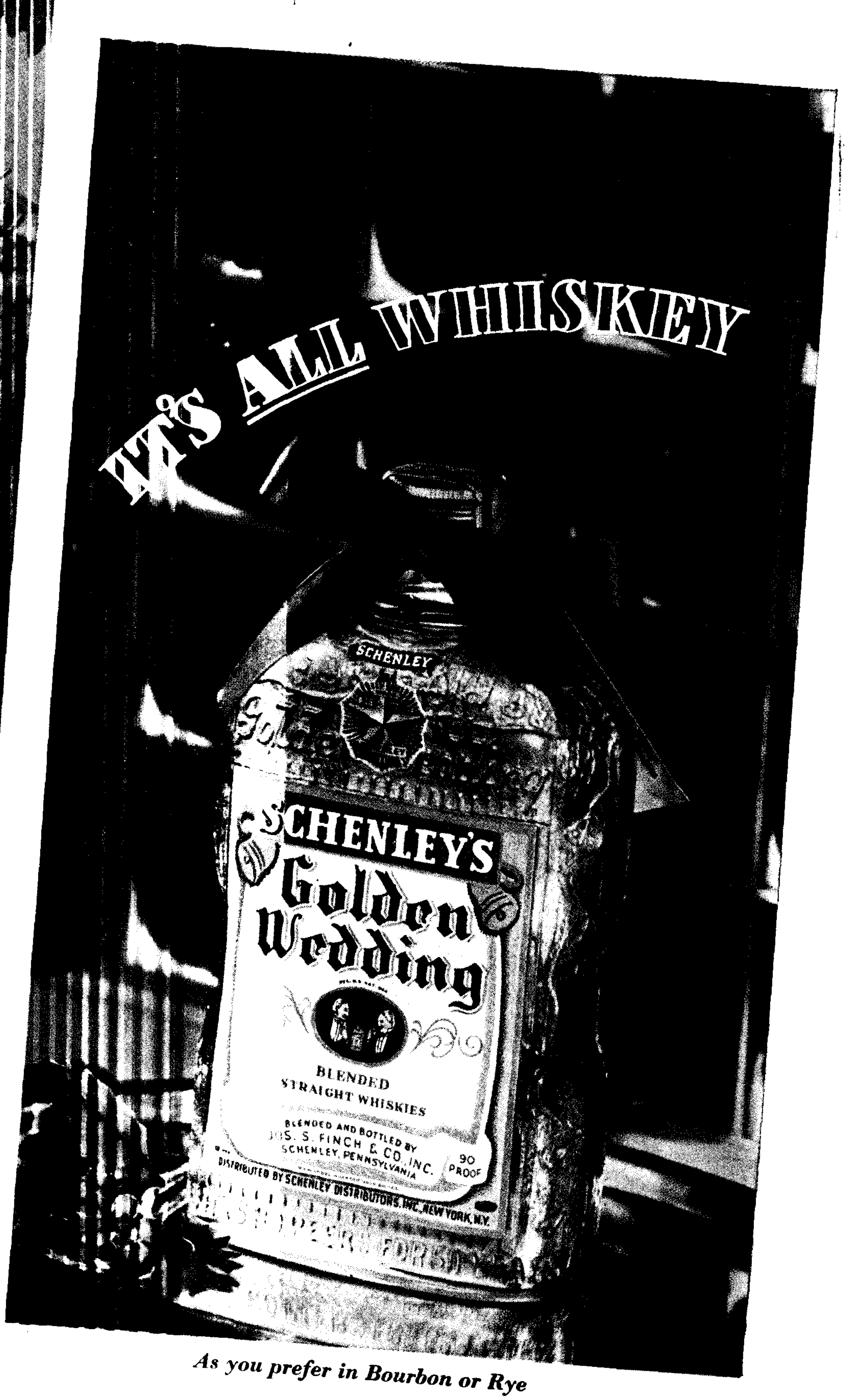


"Okay, blow!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Above: This fine $25,000 sable wrap from Milgrim, New York, is *all* sable, and *perfect* sable.

Right: Golden Wedding is a blend of straight whiskies and *only* whiskies! It's *all* whiskey!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As you prefer in Bourbon or Rye

For golden glow on Holiday evenings...

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This Christmas give your friends a whiskey that affords not only keen pleasure in the evening but also a sense of well-being the next day...a whiskey that's *all* whiskey . . . a *sound* whiskey!

For many joyous golden hours, select this grand old blend—famous for over 50 years . . . the peerless masterpiece of *old hands* of the industry . . . the old hands whose painstaking skill and rich years of intimate experience make Golden Wedding the No. 1 straight whiskey blend of The House of Schenley.

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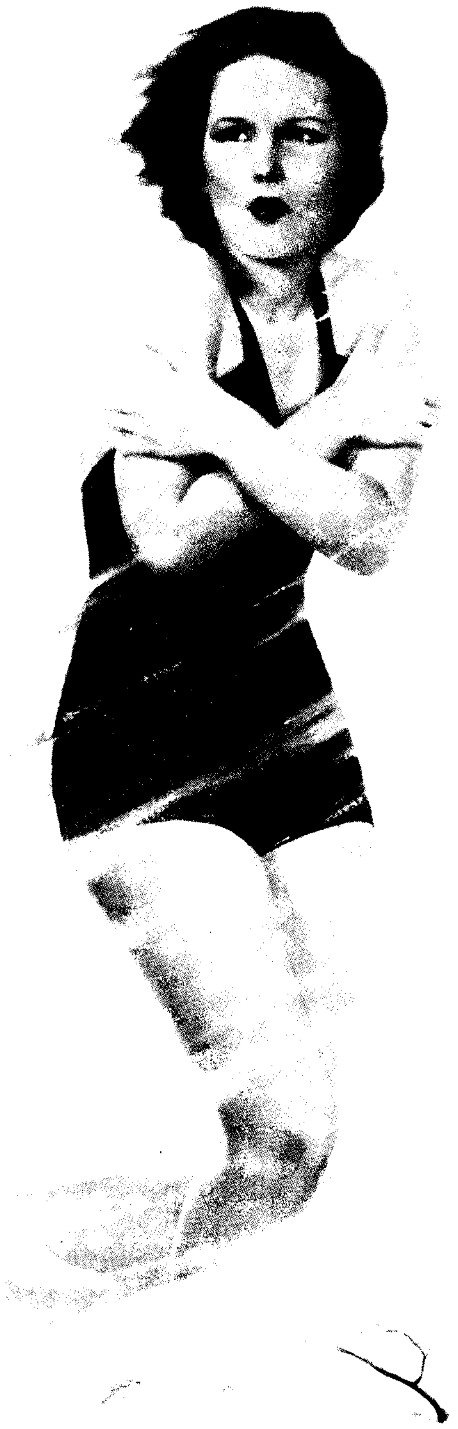
Golden Wedding

BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES . . . 90 PROOF . . . BOURBON OR RYE

What! Not ready for Winter yet?



Here it is almost Christmas, and your car still wearing Summer oil and grease. Tut, tut! No wonder it groans its way to a rheumatic start these cold mornings. There's only one way to square yourself for such neglect. Coax the poor, abused vehicle over to the nearest Quaker State dealer and let him make it a *real* automobile again, by a change to Quaker State Winter Oil and Superfine Greases. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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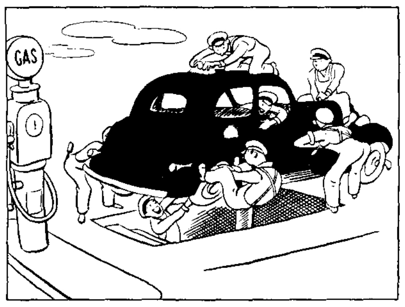
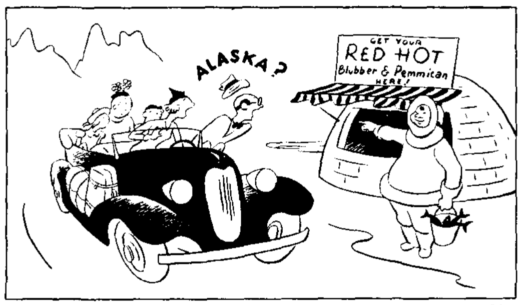


- Have your dealer give your car a *complete* Quaker State lubrication job. That means Motor Oil *and* Superfine Greases.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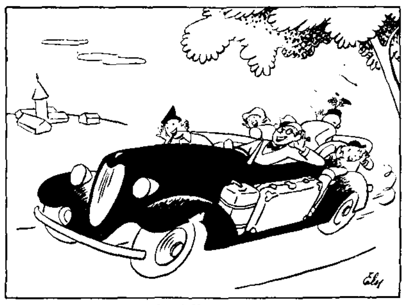
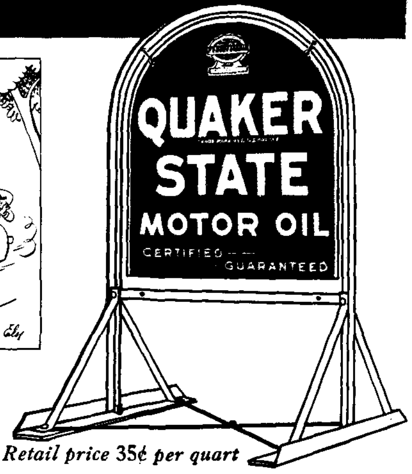
GET YOUR RED HOT Blubber & Pemmican HERE!

- You will "Go farther before you need a quart" . . . have quick starting . . . motor safety.



- And you will "Go farther . . . before the first squeak."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Strip to Fame

Continued from page 13

should soon come to her from uptown.

Ziegfeld Follies had been halted last spring by the illness of Fannie Brice, and the Messrs. Shubert were now relaunching the exhibit.

"How about Gypsy Rose Lee for that part played last year by Eve Arden?" asked the agent of Miss Lee with some insistence.

"She strips," said the Shubert representative. "She doesn't talk."

"She talks," said the agent downrightly, and told the Shubert gentleman about Miss Lee's books. After that it was only a question of haggling and Gypsy Rose and her man got outhaggled.

"Nine hundred a week and extra for the midnight show," Miss Lee said sadly, referring to her appearances at the Irving Place. She hinted that the Follies were paying her about a third of that.

Humorous Strip

In the Follies she appears in the sketches with Fannie Brice and Bobby Clark and midway through the extravaganza she comes out alone and does the strip-tease stuff. In justice to her it may be said that she burlesques the lovely romantic number, rolling down her stockings and removing her various garments in a manner which makes nudity humorous rather than lecherous.

She didn't much like working for less in the Follies but it has always been thus with Gypsy Rose—she has sacrificed for the better things. Her real name is Rose Louise Hovick and her family is Norwegian and she has been on the stage practically since weaning. Her mother ran a vaudeville act called Daisy June and Her Newsboy Songsters. That was after the family had lived in Seattle, where Gypsy Rose was born. Little June was her younger sister and the pet of the family. Having been pampered from birth, little June was the temperamental one of the clan, the cute one. The act was built around her and all went well until little June decided one day in Kansas City to get married.

"She was thirteen at the time," says Gypsy, "and we passed her off as eighteen to keep the Gerry Society off our necks and she probably got thinking she *was* eighteen."

Anyhow, she married the tap dancer of the outfit, an old gentleman of twenty-one, in the greatest secrecy. When Mrs. Hovick heard of it, she put in a call for the militia and dissolved into a condition of hysteria. The newlyweds departed the state to avoid the law and with them went two other male members of the troupe who had stood up for them at the J. P.'s. It was the end of the act.

"They had got their last week's salary and when Mamma blew up and threatened the bloodhounds, they just kept on going," says Gypsy. "It meant we had the hotel bills to pay, too. It broke Mamma."

Mrs. Hovick sent to Brooklyn for a friend named Elias Henry, who had once driven their car, and he arrived in Kansas City in a state of destitution and entirely out at the toes. Mrs. Hovick bought him a new pair of shoes, sat him down at the wheel and they started for Seattle by way of Wyoming.

Once safely in Seattle, Mrs. Hovick went about recruiting a new vaudeville act. This one was called Rose Louise and Her Newsboy Songsters but something went wrong with it from the start. After reaching Yuma, Arizona, and missing meals every stop en route, it dawned upon Rose Louise that the newsboy thing was done. The girls in the troupe were kids of fifteen and sixteen but she went at them.

"Haircuts and peroxide," said Rose Louise, and the company emerged as Rose Louise and Her Hollywood Blondes.

Even then it wasn't simple. They had trouble booking a route and were forced into barnstorming. Gypsy developed a new technique for that. Upon entering a new town, she went to the manager of the best theater and offered to put on her show for one night free.

"If you like it after that," she would say, "we can talk business."

It generally worked and among the great memories of her life is the three weeks spent at the Orpheum Theater at Phoenix, Arizona.

About that time she got the bug to go to Mexico and started with an engagement at Lobby No. 2, Juarez, which was one of the great drinking places in the medieval days of prohibition. Lobby No. 2 was not just the proper place for a group of little blond girls, but they seemed to survive and were next heard of in Parral, right in the middle of the revolution of 1929. At that time the troupe was traveling by cars, one of them driven by Rose Louise herself (seven trips across the continent, she reports proudly) and they made their way back from Parral with some difficulty. They next appeared at the Theatre Mexicano in El Paso and stayed there six weeks.

They still had Mexico on the brain and tried it again by way of Laredo. That time they got south as far as Old Monterrey, and with the bullets still flying about, Mamma Hovick called a halt and ordered a retreat.

"They have a new highway there now," says Gypsy, "but it was a trip in our day. We used to get out and roll boulders off the road."

From Laredo they went on to Miami and were eventually stranded for keeps. It was then that Gypsy bethought herself of the manager in Kansas City who had said if they ever wanted help to get in touch with him. They wired him and he said if they could get to K. C. by Saturday morning, they could have a job. It was Thursday in Miami, and they never stopped day or night until they hit the banks of the Missouri.

It was a burlesque show, which is why they hadn't yelled for help sooner, and the kids did all right. But Gypsy was the real hit and that put an idea in the manager's mind. The strip-tease for Rose Louise. Seventy-five dollars a week and chances of advancement. She took it and at the end of a month was up to $350 and was a star.

"Sir!" to Mr. Carroll

"A year or two before that, I got an introduction to Earl Carroll when the Scandals were in Cleveland," says Gypsy, "and was rehearsing happily with the chorus when Mr. Carroll suggested that he'd like to see me with a few less clothes—after all, the chorus was not being gowned any longer in bustles—and I got huffy and said, 'Sir!' and quit on the spot. And now here I was with a strip act in burlesque and thinking nothing of it."

But if burlesque was doing well by Gypsy, she still had her ambitions and finally dropped the $350 a week to come on to New York and work in the chorus of Hot-Cha, the last production put on by the late Florenz Ziegfeld. She got $60 a week and a chance to walk in stately splendor across the stage. The show didn't last long. When it was over she went down to the Brothers Minsky and started burlesque again. Her reputation had preceded her across the country and the money was good and she settled down and bought a house on Long Island.

"Then the bug hit me again," she says, "and I quit Minsky and went back to the legitimate theater and made such awful dough that I lost the house at Rego Park and had to hock a few jewels and when I went back to the Minskys and said I wanted the old job back, they said, 'Let's see now; you were getting $60 up with those big shots; we'll give you $90,' and I knew when I was licked and took it, even if I had been hitting $500 with extra shows before I left. I soon got back up again."

Her success with Minsky brought an offer from the Irving Place, which is the Metropolitan Opera of burlesque. It has only two shows a day, plays to a $1.65 top and is reliably reported to be a gold mine.

"The proprietors?" says Gypsy. "I don't know their last names but they're Italians and they're called Tony and Solly and they are fine fellows."

It was like home down there for Gypsy. She never played on Sunday, could get off whenever she wanted to see something uptown (the first night of Jumbo last year, for instance) and took a vacation in the country when the mood struck her.

"Go ahead, Gypsy," Tony and Solly would say, urging her to rest. "Business is all right; we can get along for a week."

Embarrassed in the Follies

During the tenure of Gypsy Rose (a name given to her by Minsky; the first time she knew about it was when she saw it in lights) the Irving Place played a full 52-week schedule and she passed the $1,000 mark in weekly salary (midnight show Saturday included).

"Where can you find any better work?" she asks. "Immoral? Why, I'm embarrassed in the Follies. I never took off as much as that down at the Irving Place. And these night clubs . . . ! They don't have anything on and they're so close to the ringside tables the customers can reach out and touch them. Nobody ever yells about that but you'd think burlesque was awful."

Gypsy has a house in the country (fully paid for, this time), where her mother and grandmother live, an apartment in town, a secretary, a personal maid, a cook and a collection of diamonds which look like an assemblage of shooting stars.

She is tall and shapely, extremely serious about her art, dislikes night clubs, dislikes to dance, likes brandy, is about twenty-seven in age, and has become something of a personage in New York, where she entertains and is entertained by the Squimpfenhuppels and their set. Interviewers have been known to soften their approach by a preliminary token of orchids and Miss Lee, on her part, has torn the autographed words of E. E. Cummings out of a book because of something he had written about her after departure.

But she has her enemies and they include members of the burlesque-going group.

"She makes a joke of the thing," they complain. "You can't be funny about anything as serious as that."

In complaint, and possibly because the Follies top is $3.85, they've been staying carefully away from the uptown performance. The better class audience, however, adores her. They think it's Life.

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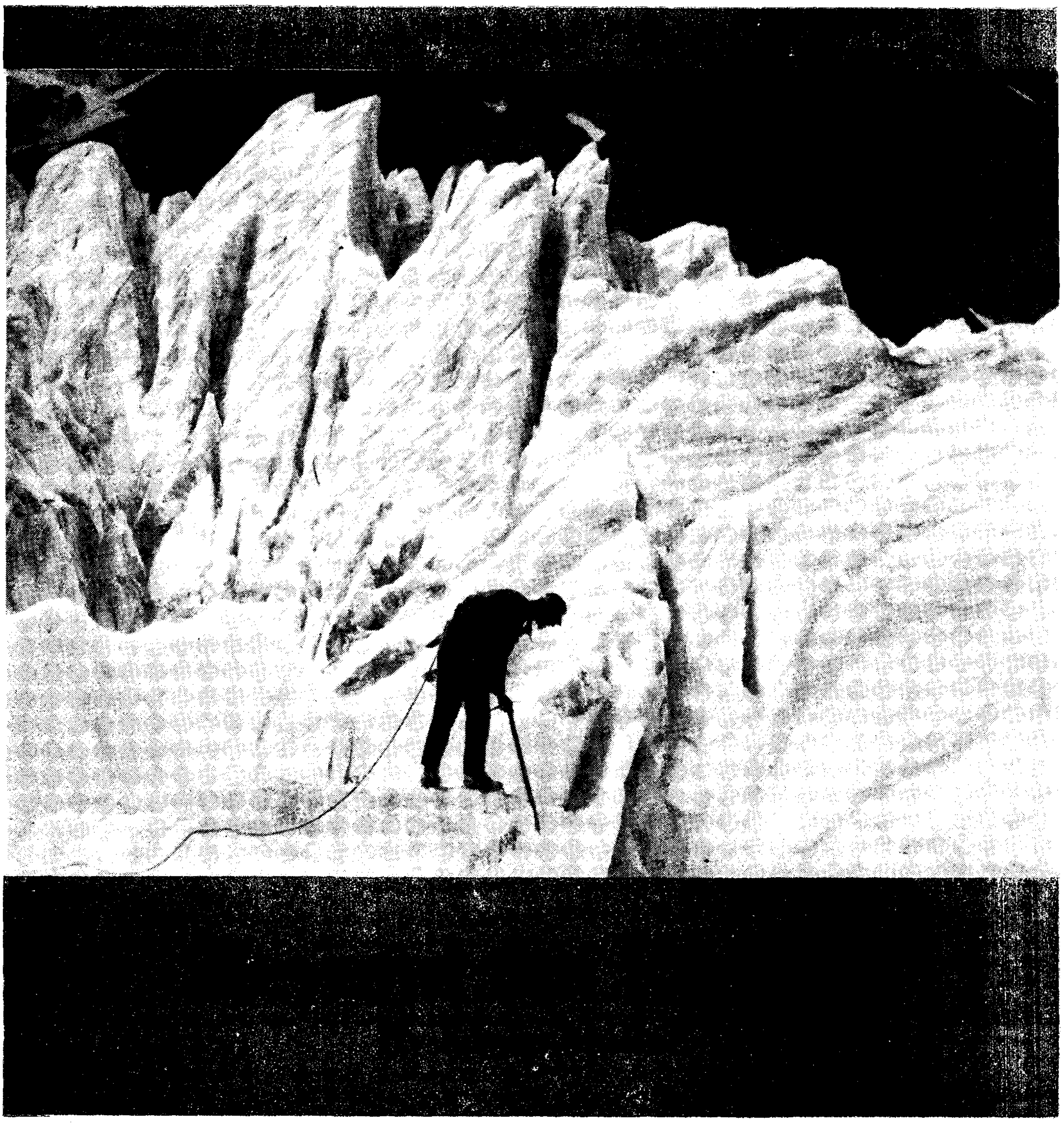


You sit in your deck chair as the steamer carries you along the Alaskan Panhandle and you look at the mountains. What's on the other side? Nobody knows. And why this mystery about territory so close? Come with those who have climbed these peaks and you'll see

ANYBODY can see what's on this side. You lean back in your deck chair with your rug wrapped comfortably around your legs and the whole panorama unfolds before you as you sail up the coast. The snow peaks march down until they dip their feet in salt water. From Fairweather all the way to the soaring white pinnacle of St. Elias they stand along the horizon. Their western slopes are an open book for you to read.

But what's on the other side?

That we don't know. We know what there is at the North Pole and the South Pole. We know something of the farthest reaches of the Amazon and the remote interior of the Arabian Desert. But here, just around the corner, in the Alaskan Panhandle and the Yukon, if you go only a little way inland you come to blank patches on the map. There are areas of ten thousand square miles that no man has ever seen, glaciers whose sources are unknown, whole ranges of mountains that have only been glimpsed from far away.

Why is it that in this country, only a week from New York by train and steamer, two days from Seattle, the explorers and mountaineers have only scratched the surface?

One reason is that the man who goes places in the great Northwest has to be all kinds of an explorer. He must know about boats and pack horses, dogs and skis, airplanes and crampons. He must know how to get along in some of the roughest country in the world with none but himself to depend on, carrying his own bed and food swung on his own tumpline. He must know the technique of mountaineering, be wise in the ways of avalanches and crevasses, know how to handle an ice ax.

And, above all, he must be exceedingly tough.

Sometimes he needs to be lucky as well as tough to get back alive. There was one party whose lives hung on the chance of finding a willow switch somewhere on an immense snow slope in a driving blizzard.

There were eight of them, led by A. H. MacCarthy, late Captain, U. S. N., and a very stubborn man. Allen Carpe was another, on his first big expedition, and Andy Taylor, the sourdough, a gentle and kindly Alaskan and a man as tough as they come.

Mt. Logan was their objective. None had ever climbed it and few had ever seen it, yet it is sometimes called the biggest mountain in the world. Of course, there are many peaks in the Himalayas and the Andes that rise higher above sea level but their bases are on plateaus ten or fifteen thousand feet up. On Logan the actual climbing starts not very far above sea level.

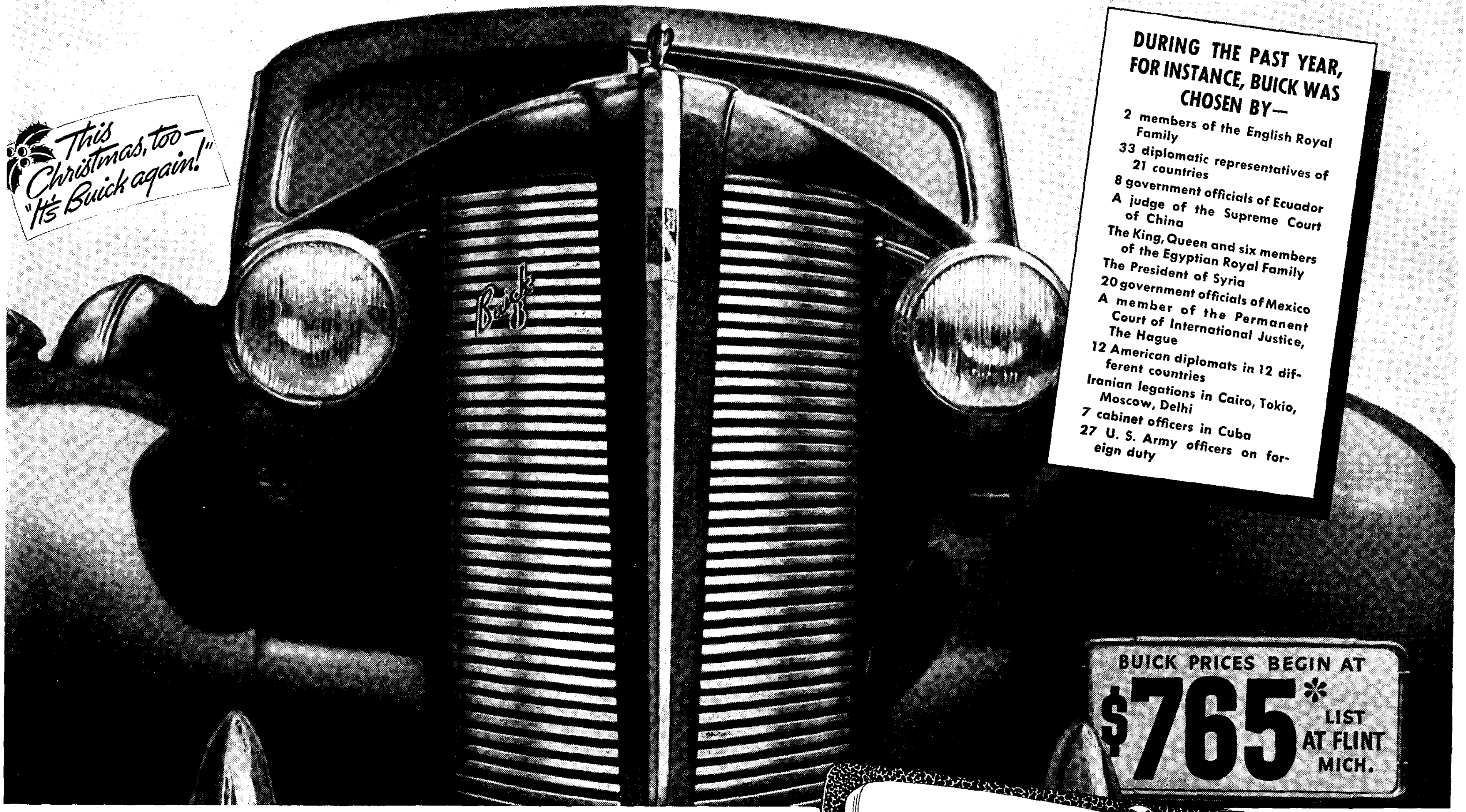
It took a month of heartbreaking work to get from the last outpost of civilization to the inner defenses of the mountain. Their road was the snow-covered surface of a glacier, a glacier on the Alaskan scale, eighty miles from end to end. It was a grinding routine; fighting all day to get the loads forward through the bottomless snow, at night stamping down the powdery surface until it was firm enough to support the tents, then crawling into sleeping bags.

Sometimes it snowed; sometimes the wind blew; generally it did both. And as they went higher the thermometer went lower until at night it was touching twenty and thirty below. Storms were sudden and so violent that often a man could neither see nor stand.

On fragile bridges of snow they crossed crevasses hundreds of feet deep, blue depths that shaded off into black.

(Continued on page 50)

Local Boy makes good!



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- 20 government officials of Mexico
- A member of the Permanent Court of International Justice, The Hague
- 12 American diplomats in 12 different countries
- Iranian legations in Cairo, Tokio, Moscow, Delhi
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Beyond the Ranges

Continued from page 48

MacCarthy hurried them on without rest. There was no time to rest; men couldn't live long at these altitudes under such conditions.

Less than a hundred miles to the west the tourists were sitting on deck, having tea and pastries brought to them.

The last camp was established. It was on the broad summit plateau at 18,500 feet, probably as bleak and cold a spot as men have ever inhabited. Above them rose what they thought was the last pinnacle.

All that night it stormed and well into the next morning. But at last there came a hint of clearing sky and they were on the move. They carried bundles of willow switches to thrust into the snow to mark the way back to camp.

A Land of Cold Death

The pinnacle was hard climbing, taking six hours of steady work.

They came to the top. But then they looked ahead. Across a valley a mile wide was another pinnacle and instinctively they knew it was higher than theirs. Only a very little higher but enough to make it the summit of Mt. Logan.

They looked at each other. If they went on there was no chance of getting back to camp that night. Could a man live through a night in the snow at that altitude?

They went on.

So far the weather had been clear but now mists were brewing and rising in the valleys 15,000 feet below them. Before they were halfway up the final peak they were enveloped in clouds and snow. They had used up all the willow markers by now but no matter—they knew the way. The mists thinned for a moment and just above them they saw the highest point, a soaring knife-edge of ice.

They stood there at last and shook each other's hands in a daze of weariness.

There was no time to rest. As they started down, the storm gathered force and the world was blotted out in driving snow. For a while they could follow their tracks, then the steps disappeared. Somehow they made their way back to the base of the first pinnacle that they had climbed. On its summit began the line of willow markers that led down to the shelter of camp. But not one of them had the strength to climb back to that summit.

They stumbled along, trying to circle the peak and pick up the markers on the other side. It was fourteen hours from the start when they stopped at midnight, unable to guess any longer at their direction. They lay down in shallow holes scooped out of the snow. It was a long night.

With the first gray of the dawn they managed to get to their feet. Visibility was still limited to a narrow circle around them. How much chance was there of picking up the wide-spaced line of willows on these endless slopes? They strained their eyes ahead as they plodded on and on.

The leader gave a weak shout. There was the thin black line of a willow twig.

But they were too exhausted now to concentrate on following the markers. In the dim light the party became separated. Three of them reached camp, the others wandered off of the trail for a few minutes. They came back to it at once but they had made the dreadful mistake of circling and, without knowing it, they started back the way they had come. They began to suspect that something was wrong but their brains were too foggy to function clearly. The decision on which their lives depended had to be a guess. They guessed right. One more whole night they staggered on and stopped, staggered on and stopped, through wind and stinging snow. At dawn they found the tents and, cutting off their frozen clothing, they crept into their sleeping bags.

One of the five, Lambert, the co-leader, had suffered permanent harm from those nights in the snow. His feet were frozen past bringing back to life. The ends of his toes were sloughing off with the bones coming through. Yet, day after day, he tramped down the glacier with the others, uncomplaining.

When they came at last to the lower valleys the grass was green and there was a scent of wild flowers in the air.

American explorers and mountaineers set to work to climb McKinley at the turn of the century. It took them ten years. There were Belmore Browne, Herschel Parker, and Merle Lavoy, who spent years exploring the routes, and weeks fighting their way up the last slopes to within five minutes' walk of the top—only to be turned back by a storm. And there was Archdeacon Stuck, who finally led a party to the highest summit. The exploits of those pioneers make an epic that should live in America.

Probably no one who has gone to Alaska has known more about mountains and how to climb them than Allen Carpe. He was one of those quiet, shy men who speak very little about themselves, but anyone who ever heard him talk about Alaska knew what an insistent craving he had for those wild and somber peaks.

Allen Carpe had met Andy Taylor for the first time on the Logan climb. When men have lived together for weeks at a time in a seven-by-eight tent, when they are tied on the same rope and sit out an all-night blizzard in the same hole in the snow, either they come to be lasting friends or they never want to see each other again. Carpe and Taylor were friends.

Storm on Fairweather

Carpe was back in Alaska the next year. With him was Dr. W. S. Ladd of New York and, with Taylor, they made one of the strongest teams that ever climbed together in the Northwest.

The mountain that they wanted was Fairweather. Others have wanted it, too. The mountain is in plain view, twenty miles inland from the steamer decks, its huge shoulders, padded with snow, thrusting up above its neighbors, its glaciers pushing right down into the sea.

Fairweather is hard to approach and harder still to climb. It is hard even before you set foot on land. The pounding surf and treacherous shoals have kept some exploring parties dodging about for days before they could land their supplies. Once ashore there are thickets to penetrate, some so dense that a way must be cut with the axe. Then comes the glacier and, as on Logan, the climber leaves the good green earth and prepares for weeks of camping on the snow. The dangerous part begins when he leaves the glacier. The only way to the top is along a lengthy ridge of snow and rock, part of it at an angle of sixty degrees, far steeper than the usual way up the Matterhorn.

The first campaign of Carpe, Ladd and Taylor was a failure. When they came back the second time they had with them a fourth climber, Terriss Moore. After five weeks of heavy back-packing they established a camp on the glacier at the foot of the great ridge, the tent resting on a platform of snow between two deep crevasses.

When they started, their packs weighed thirty-five to forty pounds each, a heavy load for the sort of climbing that would require delicate balance. At first the way led over snow, then they came to steep rocks with a glaze of ice powdered by fresh snow. They were on guard every second against a slip. Later in the morning the sun melted the ice glaze, but that introduced a new peril as the rocks beneath were loose and rotten so that each foothold and handhold had to be tested. Not for a moment could they relax their tension; hour after hour there was the chance of a careless step—a slip—a plunge to the glacier thousands of feet below.

In nine hours they had risen four thousand feet. There they found a tiny saddle of snow, protected from avalanches, so they called it a day's work and made camp. As they rested in their sleeping bags, snow began to fall gently. Then more snow and more. The going above would be too dangerous now; the try for the summit would have to be postponed. They left the tent and supplies securely lashed and cautiously made their way back down the long road to the lower camp where another tent was still standing.

At last the weather changed and, after waiting another day to let some of the fresh snow avalanche away, they started back to the upper camp. It was easier going now that they knew the way.

Five hours—two thousand feet. The snow was dry and powdery in the cold. Two more hours, then a quick meal of frozen sardines, hardtack and chocolate. Now they could see the summit quite plainly.

Ten hours from camp they were at the base of the final pyramid. They cut steps, one man moving at a time, all of them on the rope. But, if one of them slipped it was doubtful if the others could hold him.

They were so absorbed that they paid no attention to the weather.

They were nearing the top and the slope grew easier. The area of the crevasses was still to be crossed but they could see ahead the way that had been spied out from below.

McKinley's Frozen Heights

Then, without warning, the enemy attacked in the rear. Suddenly they were covered by a thick blanket of cloud, and the snow was coming down. The way ahead vanished. But it was only a little way now; surely they could find it. One after another took the lead, only to be stopped by a crevasse too wide to be crossed or an ice wall too steep to scale. Not three hundred feet above them was the summit. But they couldn't find it. It grew colder and the wind came. Then more wind.

They had to go down.

Dr. Ladd is a mountaineer of very wide experience and he says that the conditions that they faced were the worst that he has ever known. But they made camp—eighteen hours after they had left it—eighteen hours of ceaseless driving.

Next day they looked out at the weather. The storm still held and the barometer was going down.

They sat down and faced each other for a discussion—a serious discussion. There could be no more tries for the summit until the storm should end and the slopes above have time to recover. But their experience indicated that the storm might last for days. There was food for four days. Probably not enough.

They debated it. Then Ladd and Andy Taylor made the decision. If two of them gave up their chance and went back down to the glacier the two remaining would have eight days instead of four to wait out the storm. Ladd and Taylor were the oldest—as fit as the others now but perhaps with less reserve. They said a cheerful goodby to Carpe and Moore and started down.

Four days later the weather cleared and Carpe and Moore reached the summit.

Since then other climbing parties have sailed to the Northwest and some fine ascents have been accomplished. Walter Wood on Mt. Steele, Houston on Mt. Foraker, Washburn on Crillon—each would make a story. But the number of major ascents in Alaska and the Yukon can be numbered on the fingers; you can still look out from the steamer and see hundreds of unscaled peaks; beyond are thousands more and, still farther, summits that have not even been seen.

For the last chapter we go back to the frozen heights of McKinley.

On the broad plateau just below the summit was a party of four led by Alfred Lindley of Minneapolis. They had been to the top, repeating brilliantly the climb of the pioneers. Now they were standing at the edge of the plateau, looking down the forty-mile sweep of the Muldrow Glacier, the scene of their work for weeks past.

His Last Climb

It's a peaceful sight, the Muldrow, a broad, snow-covered river of ice, almost level. It looks as safe as a village street in the horse-and-buggy age. But the Lindley party knew better. All the weeks that they were on the glacier they were under a strain. Beneath the white surface is concealed a maze of crevasses, as dangerous as any in the world. Nobody knows how deep they are. A flashlight lowered to the end of a two-hundred-foot cord has shown only black depths below.

A man may be trudging along the surface, head down, following in the footsteps of a leader just ahead. There's a violent jerk at his waist. He looks up and the leader isn't there any more—instead there's a round black hole in the snow. That's why the rope must always be worn on glaciers, why it must be kept taut. Even so it's no easy job to haul a man out of a crevasse. Sometimes one companion can do it; sometimes he can't.

As Lindley looked down at the Muldrow, six thousand feet below, he saw near its upper end a black spot on the white surface that hadn't been there when they came up. He knew what it was. It was a tent and indicated that Allen Carpe and a companion, Theodore Koven, had reached the head of the glacier. Months before, Lindley and Carpe, talking over their projected expeditions, had discussed the probabilities of their meeting at that spot. Lindley was glad that it had worked out that way—they would go down and have a roundup with Allen.

It took them a long time to reach the tent. Nobody was around; Carpe and Koven must be inside, sleeping. They looked inside—nobody there. Then they noticed what gave them the first pangs of apprehension. Fresh snow had drifted into the tent; evidently it hadn't been occupied for some time.

Lindley and his party started down the glacier. About a mile and a half away they found Koven's body where he had sunk down on the snow and died from injuries received in a fall. A little farther on was the crevasse, a hole in the snow showing where the surface had broken in.

That is all that has ever been found. Neither the Lindley party nor a search party, including Andy Taylor, that came later in the summer, could find any trace of Carpe's body.

What happened will never be known.

The Smart Set

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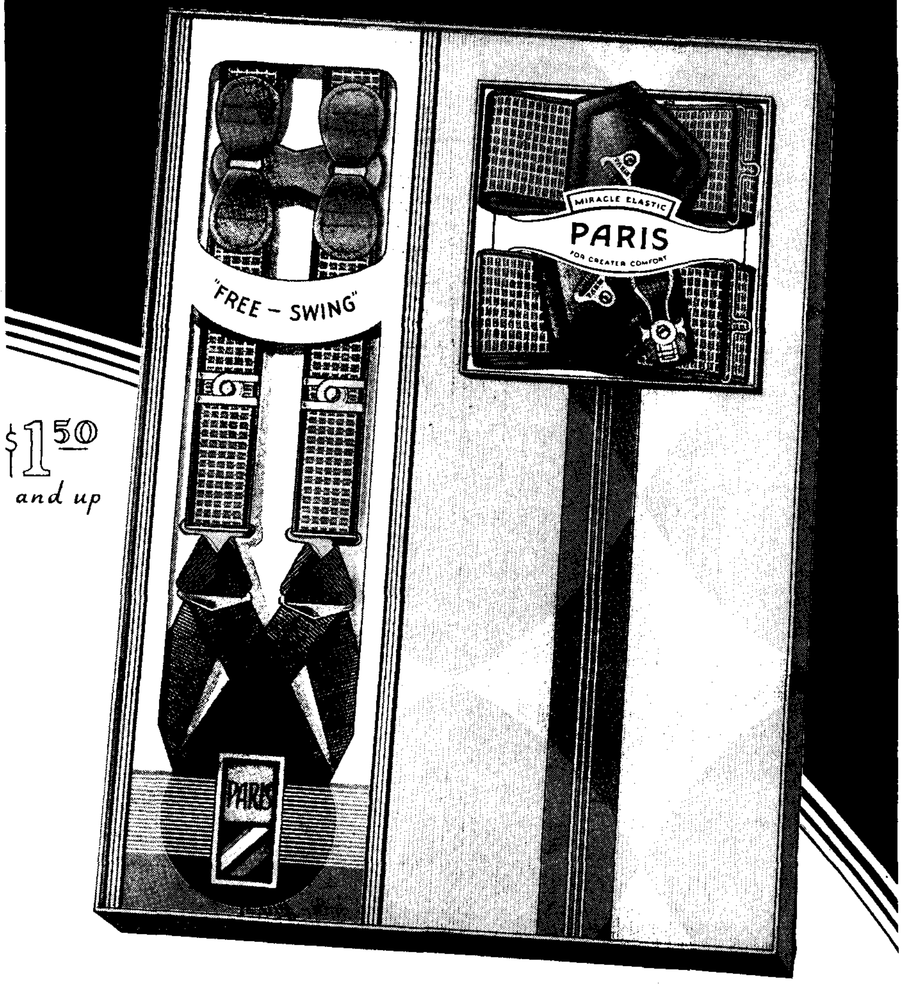

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Remember "Him" *this* Christmas with something he really wants. A matched set of famous Paris Garters and the genuine "Free-Swing" Suspenders — which "can't skid off his shoulders." A smart combination of style and comfort for every man on your list. Paris Matched Sets in handsome Gift Packings at $1.50 and up. Holiday-boxed Paris Garters 50c and up; Paris Suspenders $1 and up.

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The Schick Injector Razor is really so pleasant to use that even Santa is beginning to weaken. His bag is filled with them, for plenty of men have heard their friends talk about this new type of razor and have put it on their Christmas "I want" list. How about the men in your family? They've probably always wanted the comfort of a Schick Razor but put off buying it themselves.

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It comes in a handsome molded box with a metal Injector of 20 blades...and the whole kit is packed in an attractive gold and black package. Or if *your* men already own Schicks, what better gift than a year's supply of Schick Blades...packed in a special Christmas box?

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Mr. Ira Gaulke of North Dakota has built up a profitable business as our subscription representative.

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THE first twenty-five people who answer this advertisement will receive free of charge a copy of our attractive booklet entitled THE PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT OF YOUR SPARE TIME.

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No Orders Obeyed

Continued from page 11

winter sport clothes. Frank had ordered them sent C. O. D. from one of the local stores."

"Did the hotel pay the charges?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Higgins. But we don't have to worry about that. When Horatio arrives in Quebec he will attend to all those details."

"What! Horatio is going all the way to Quebec—just to pay his nephew's bills?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Higgins. He is going so he can take charge of the search for my son. He is on the way now—by plane. He said his address would be the Hotel Louis Quatorze. And he wrote down a message that he wanted me to be sure to give you. I'll read it."

"All right, Mrs. Blodgett—shoot."

"It says, 'Tell Mike Higgins to let me know at once if he hears anything from Frank. If Frank turns up, I want a full report on where he has been, what he has been doing, and why.'"

"Very good, Mrs. Blodgett."

"And if you do get any news from my boy, you'll see that I am notified at once?"

"I will."

"Thank you, Mr. Higgins. Goodby."

"Goodby, Mrs. Blodgett."

MR. HIGGINS hung up the receiver. But before he could get to work again on the morning mail, the bell rang once more. He put the receiver back to his ear.

"Hello," said a voice. "Is this Michael Higgins?"

"Yes."

"This is Frank Blodgett."

"What! Frank Blodgett?"

"Yes. You know—I'm Horatio Blodgett's nephew. You gave me a job and sent me to Quebec."

"Yes, Frank. I remember you very well—too well. What on earth have you been doing all this time? Where have you been?"

"On the ocean."

"What ocean?"

"The Atlantic Ocean. I've been taking a cruise on a yacht."

"A what?"

"A cruise on a yacht, Mr. Higgins."

"That's fine, Frank. I'd better write it down: 'Frank ordered to Quebec; obeys by taking ocean voyage.'"

"But you don't understand, Mr. Higgins. I know you told me to go to Quebec. And I did. But you also told me why I was to go."

"I said you were to repair an oil burner."

"That was only the means to an end, Mr. Higgins. The ultimate reason for my trip was to make it possible for an important customer to find out all about our heating installations. That's what you told me."

"Yes, I guess I did."

"All right, Mr. Higgins. Now, pay attention very closely. When I reached Quebec, Mr. Limoges, our dealer, said that this important customer had just wired from New York that his plans were changed. He was leaving the next day on an extended southern trip, and would not be able to come to Quebec at all. As soon as I heard this, Mr. Higgins, I realized that the only way to follow your orders and acquaint this gentleman with our equipment would be for me to rush down to New York and tell him about it."

"But I thought he wanted to see one of our outfits in actual operation. What good would it do for him to listen to a lot of ignorant talk from a guy like you?"

"Oh, you'd be surprised, Mr. Higgins. In the first place, I'm not ignorant. I spent a whole day with Mr. Stevenson at the factory, and I learned practically all there is to know about our oil burners, and also all our other stuff—air conditioning and everything."

"In one day you learned all this?"

"Well, I learned enough. And I'm a very experienced talker, Mr. Higgins. So, as I say, I decided to rush down to New York to talk to this man."

"You should have wired me for permission."

"There wasn't time, Mr. Higgins. The only good train left in about ten minutes. So I tore over to the station, without even going back to the hotel. I caught the train with seconds to spare. And I reached New York just in time to get hold of the customer before he left town—which was very much worth while, because I was probably better fitted to handle this particular man than anybody else in the entire Blodgett organization."

"You don't know how you interest me, Frank. And I'm sure your uncle will want to know all about it, too. You might tell me just why you think you were so peculiarly fitted for this particular job."

"I had the inside track, Mr. Higgins, because I happened to know this man's son, Jim, at college. That is one of the big advantages of going to college—you make so many good contacts which are helpful later on."

"And you really think, Frank, that knowing the son at college is of any vital importance in doing business with the father later on?"

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Higgins. A certain amount of pull is always useful. Well, when I reached New York the man I was after had left his apartment. He had left his office. I finally caught up with him on a pier just as he was leaving for a cruise on his yacht. His son—my old friend Jim—was with him. And Jim was so delighted to see me that he invited me to come along on the cruise. It turned out that a couple more of my old college friends were going. Also Jim's sister and several other unusually nice girls. It looked like a swell party, so naturally I went. And we sailed so soon I didn't have time to let you know."

"Wait a minute, Frank. I think I'd better note down some of this to pass on to your uncle: 'Frank attends reunion of old college friends on yacht—unusually nice girls—swell party.' All right, go on."

"WELL, you want to be sure your notes cover everything—including all the work I have been doing for the Blodgett Heating and Air Conditioning Company. Because I didn't devote all my time on this cruise to the young people, Mr. Higgins. I spent many long hours discussing heating and air conditioning with the old man. And, by the use of diplomacy, tact and infinite patience, I was finally able to gain his complete confidence—which is no mean achievement. I doubt if there is anybody in the country with a more stubborn and suspicious nature than Old Man Robinson."

"Old Man who?"

"Robinson—the owner of the yacht—the man I've been talking about. Probably you've heard of him; he's the president of the Robinson Construction Company."

"You mean to say you've actually been cruising around for a week with Old Man Robinson of the Robinson Construction Company?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, Mr. Higgins."

"Why didn't you tell me his name to begin with?"

"Oh, I thought it would be better to hold out on you. I wanted to get through the preliminary explanations before you started asking too many questions."

"So you're one of these wise guys! Well, if this really was Mr. Robinson, why was he *thinking* of going to Quebec to look over one of our Little Giant heating units? He had already ordered ten of them. Your uncle put over the deal himself—at least he thought he put it over. But this morning—"

"I can tell you all about that, Mr. Higgins. I found that Mr. Robinson was very distrustful of the Blodgett Company. It's partly his suspicious nature, and partly because we are a new company and he thinks our stuff has not yet proved its worth in actual use."

"I KNOW all that, Frank. But last week your uncle got Mr. Robinson to sign an order."

"Yes, Mr. Higgins. Uncle Horatio convinced him for the moment, but right afterward he got suspicious again. He began wondering if our Little Giant units would really heat these houses, which they plan to use during the winter-sports season, as well as in the summer. Uncle Horatio had told him about an installation we had just made in Quebec. So Mr. Robinson decided to slip up there on the quiet to see how our stuff works in a real cold climate. Then, at the last moment, he changed his plans and went on this cruise. But it all worked out beautifully, because I was right there on the boat with him, and I was able to get everything fixed up fine."

"Oh, so you think you got everything fixed up fine?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Higgins. When I first hit Mr. Robinson he was harboring a deep distrust of our company. He even suspected Uncle Horatio of being dishonest."

"He must be crazy."

"That's just what I told him, Mr. Higgins—only I told him in a nice way, of course. I assured him that Uncle Horatio, although he might be a bit slow-witted at times, was just as honest as George Washington. I also told him that I was honest. And I proved it. When I got through with him, Mr. Higgins, I had him completely sold, not only on myself, but on the entire Blodgett Heating and Air Conditioning Company and all its products."

"That's very interesting, Frank. But it just happens that this very morning the Robinson Construction Company canceled the order for those ten Little Giants. Maybe you didn't know that?"

"Of course I knew that, Mr. Higgins. As a matter of fact, I myself advised Mr. Robinson to cancel the order."

"What!"

"I did it for what might be called diplomatic reasons, Mr. Higgins. I wanted to gain Mr. Robinson's confidence. So I told him that when people go to the Adirondacks for a summer vacation, or for the winter sports, they want to get away from the city and all its ways. I said that it would be much more romantic, and the people would like it a lot better, if he heated his cottages entirely with open fireplaces."

"You must be crazy, Frank. Fireplaces are all right for romance. But for comfort he should have central heating too."

"Probably that's right, Mr. Higgins. But naturally I couldn't admit it to Mr. Robinson."

"Why not?"

(Continued on page 54)

G&W
ESTD 1832
G&W Mill Farm
90 PROOF
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED FOR Gooderham & Worts DETROIT MICHIGAN
Here's the same old Xmas greeting—and the same G&W—from the same old friend Ted
Your Grandfather made G+W an old Christmas custom in this family, so don't forget a toast to him. Dad
ESTD 1832
G&W FIVE STAR BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled by Gooderham & Worts Detroit, Michigan
I thought you and G&W ought to get together for Christmas—you're both "The Tops"—Bob
G+W stands for "Good Whiskey" and "Good Wishes" from me to you Mary
G&W Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS 7 YEARS OLD
1 PINT
100° PROOF
Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled in Canada
BOTTLED IN BOND IN CANADA BY Gooderham & Worts Limited TORONTO CANADA ESTD 1832
Do not open this G+W until Christmas evening. I'll be seeing you then! Walter

At Christmas, of all times, old friends are best. And that, naturally, suggests those tried and true favorites—G & W liquors. G & W has stood for Good Whiskey ever since 1832 . . . has been carrying the Good Wishes of thoughtful gift-givers for 104 Christmases.

G&W STANDS FOR Good Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, Ltd., DETROIT, MICH. . . . Established 1832

G & W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 90 PROOF • • • G & W FIVE STAR BLENDED WHISKEY—"The straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain."

"It hit 215° below yet ZERONE kept water from freezing"

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DU PONT scientists dropped the temperature to 215° below zero, but even this extreme cold failed to freeze a solution of "Zerone" and water.

Of course you'll never meet weather as cold as that. But you can be sure that it won't take much "Zerone" to protect your radiator in the coldest weather you *will* meet. The "Zerone" Protection Chart shows how little "Zerone" your car needs for any given temperature. The rate of evaporation loss is very low.

Most people think they can't get maximum performance from their cars in the winter, but *"Zerone" in your radiator actually maintains and even increases engine horsepower!* That's because "Zerone" and water pass off heat even better than water alone. Write us for an interesting *free* booklet, "A New Way to Get More Power from Your Car."

"Zerone" also prevents rust and corrosion in a clean cooling system, *all year round*—no more trouble from a fouled-up cooling system.

Last winter 3,000,000 motorists relied on "Zerone" for anti-freeze protection. They discovered the way to save anti-freeze money. "Zerone" is so effective that *you need less of it*—and it costs only $1.00 a gallon, 25c a quart.

"Zerone" is sold everywhere. Let your dealer give your car complete radiator protection with "Zerone." Then you can have peace of mind in the coldest weather. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., "Zerone" Sales, Dept. C4, Wilmington, Del.

Only $1.00 a gallon
AND IT'S MADE BY DU PONT
DU PONT
DU PONT
ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE

(*Continued from page* 52)

"Because I wanted to create in his mind the idea that the Blodgett Company thinks more of the customer's interest than it does of its own profits. I wanted to gain his confidence."

"Holy Moses, Frank! What good does it do to gain a customer's confidence if you lose all his business?"

"Well, Mr. Higgins, I had sort of an idea that if I could get Mr. Robinson to take my advice on one thing, it might make him more willing to take it on another. Of course there wasn't much more I could advise him about on the voyage. But now that we have landed at Miami—"

"Now that you have landed where?"

"At Miami, Mr. Higgins. It's a place in Florida. We came in here early this morning."

"So that's where you are! Right where your uncle was expecting to arrive this evening."

"You say Uncle Horatio is arriving here this evening?"

"No, Frank. He had expected to. He had a room all engaged at the Miami-Barclay. But his plans have been changed. At the present moment he is hurtling through space, in the company of a group of winter-sports enthusiasts, on board an airplane bound for Quebec."

"Honestly, Mr. Higgins? But I always thought Uncle Horatio detested cold weather."

"He does. When I talked to him on the telephone earlier this morning his one idea was to get to Florida as quick as possible. But your mother made him go to Quebec."

"Mother made him go to Quebec?"

"Yes, Frank. When we got word that you had disappeared up there without a trace, your mother became panic-stricken. She was sure you had been murdered or kidnaped or something, and she insisted that your uncle go to Quebec to investigate. She is now worrying her head off in New York."

"Say, that certainly is too bad, Mr. Higgins. I'm awfully sorry to have caused all this trouble. I'll send Mother a wire at once."

"All right, Frank, and I will be glad to notify your uncle."

"You don't have to bother, Mr. Higgins. I'll wire him, too—and save you the trouble."

"It won't be any trouble, Frank. On the contrary—it will give me the greatest pleasure to inform your uncle Horatio of everything you have been doing."

"THAT'S very good of you, Mr. Higgins. But I'm worried about one thing—I'm not sure of his reaction when he hears about what else I have done with Mr. Robinson."

"Good Lord—is there worse to come?"

"Well, it might be worse in its effect on Uncle Horatio—unless we break it to him in just the right way. You see, when we hit Miami this morning, we were met by the architect in charge of a big apartment house which Mr. Robinson is building here as an investment. The architect wanted to discuss the heating system which Mr. Robinson had planned to use. So right away I opened up and told them both where they were all wet."

"And what do you know about steam-heating systems for big apartment houses?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Higgins. But I *discovered that my ignorance was really* a great help. In discussing fireplaces, which I understand fairly well, I had been limited and held down by facts and information. But when I took up a subject about which I had no knowledge whatever, I found that I was twice as fluent and three times as convincing."

"You must have been most inspiring."

"I was, Mr. Higgins. Mr. Robinson was still under the spell of my astonishing honesty in urging the cancellation of that order. This gave a lot of weight to my oratory. And, in addition, it turned out that the architect was on my side; besides a heating system for the chilly winter mornings he wanted air conditioning and cooling for the hot weather. So, with the architect to supply the facts and figures, and me to contribute the language and dramatic effects, we finally won the old man over. We rushed him over to the office of the Miami Blodgett dealer, and he signed up for a twenty-thousand-dollar Blodgett Tropic-Arctic combination heating, cooling, and conditioning installation."

"What! He signed a twenty-thousand-dollar order?"

"He sure did. And it's already on its way to the factory by air mail."

"But it's incredible, Frank—a kid like you putting through an order as big as that."

"IT ISN'T only the big order, Mr. Higgins. The important thing is that we have gained the confidence of Mr. Robinson—one of the leading building contractors of the country. So we are all set for a lot more business in the future. But now you can understand why I am worried about what it will do to Uncle Horatio when he hears the whole story."

"No, I don't understand at all."

"It's very simple. If we tell my uncle too suddenly how I have done so much better with Old Man Robinson than he could—how I have changed his paltry six-thousand-dollar sale into a splendid twenty-thousand-dollar proposition—it will be too much of a blow to his pride. It will be apt to break his spirit. And that would be very bad for the Blodgett Heating and Air Conditioning Company—having the president developing an inferiority complex."

"Honestly, Frank, you do think of the damnedest things."

"It's a serious problem, Mr. Higgins. But I think it can be handled by a diplomatic approach, something like this: I will wire Uncle Horatio that it was a big mistake for him to go to Quebec on my account, because I have been taking a delightful cruise on a yacht down to Miami. I will suggest, however, that as long as he is up there he might as well go around and repair that oil burner. I will also tell him to pay the back rent on my room at the hotel, and the C. O. D. charges on some skis and sport clothes I ordered. I will urge him to enjoy the winter sports to the full—while I am occupying the room that he engaged at the Miami-Barclay. And then I will explain how I arranged the cancellation of his pet order. Now what, Mr. Higgins, do you think will be the effect on my uncle when he reads this?"

"When he gets that far, Frank, he will probably want to murder you."

"Exactly, Mr. Higgins. And then, when I tell him about the big new order, he will still be so fighting mad that there won't be a chance in the world of his feeling meek and humble because I have shown him up as a second-rater. He will be spared the sickening suspicion that he is growing senile and he will preserve his healthy self-confidence."

"I'm afraid it's too deep for me, Frank. But you can handle it any way you want. You've got me so mixed up I don't know whether I'm coming or going."

"All right, Mr. Higgins. I'll be back at the factory next week, all ready for some other important job. And now I think I'd better start writing those telegrams. The one to Mother will be simple enough, but I'll have to put a lot of thought on the one to my uncle. He's really quite a problem—the way he gets into these awkward situations. Poor old Uncle Horatio."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Higgins. "Poor old Uncle Horatio."

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 22

"Pull yourself together," said Norse icily.

"That Moro is killed—murdered—right here in the—"

"Who? Nural Hakim?"

"Yes, that's it! We just found him. We just now—"

"Well, where is he?"

"On the floor—on the floor where—"

"You fool, would I expect him on the ceiling?"

"I'm just trying to tell you. He's dead on the floor beside Mrs. Holderness' bed!"

THE room *occupied* by Mrs. Holderness seemed empty, at first; four or five of the occupants of the house were huddled at the open door, staring into the room with fearful eyes.

I was at Captain Norse's heels as he pushed brusquely through these people and went in. Justin Lowry and Lon Llewellyn came in and stood watching, a little apart.

The body of Nural Hakim, stabbed hard in the left side of the back, lay face down upon a broad space of carpet between the bed and the window. His kris was still in its scabbard. One hand was clenched and outstretched; the other arm was doubled under him, and examination showed that his hand was still gripping the twist of his sash, as if he had fumbled for his kris in the last seconds of his life. The storm shutters of the window were open, and a trace of blood upon the sill evidenced that this had been the means of entrance.

"Let me offer a theory," said Justin Lowry. His mind seemed to be racing nervously. "I do not believe that this man was stabbed in this room. There would be no occasion for a struggle in this room. I submit that the Moro was stabbed outside the house; then, after he was mortally wounded, he tried to gain the sanctuary of the house, and came in this window, as the nearest opening. Further search should be made at once, outside the house, in the vicinity of this window."

"That's ridiculous," said Lon Llewellyn.

"Why?" Lowry demanded angrily.

"Because a wounded Moro would not try to seek sanctuary anyplace. He probably was still struggling to draw his kris and get at his enemy ten minutes after he was dead. This man never came here under his own power. Besides that, his kris is still in its sheath, which proves that he was killed instantly—if you know the first thing about Moros."

"This is the very devil," Captain Norse said angrily. "This raises plain hell with all my theories on this case. Why on earth should the murderer put the body in here! For that matter, why on earth should he have been killed at all, when he had already told everything he knew?"

"You *think*," Justin Lowry said, "he could not have been killed in some native quarrel?"

"A native would never, under any circumstances, bring a body and put it in the house. I can't understand why anybody else would, either; but at least I am positive that it was not done by a native. This Moro must have known something we never found out."

"I think," I said, "that I know why he was killed."

Norse looked at me, and waited. I was feeling mighty black. I knew that I was blamable for this man's death.

"It is my belief," I said slowly, "that the natives often know of things going on which we never suspect. It occurred to me that Nural Hakim, with his prestige among the other Moros, might be able to find out things which we would be unable to learn. This afternoon I offered him a reward of a thousand pesos if he would bring me proof which would identify the killer of Henry Shane."

Norse whistled softly. "How did he take the offer? Did he seem hopeful?"

"He did, very definitely. He asked for five hours in which to earn the reward."

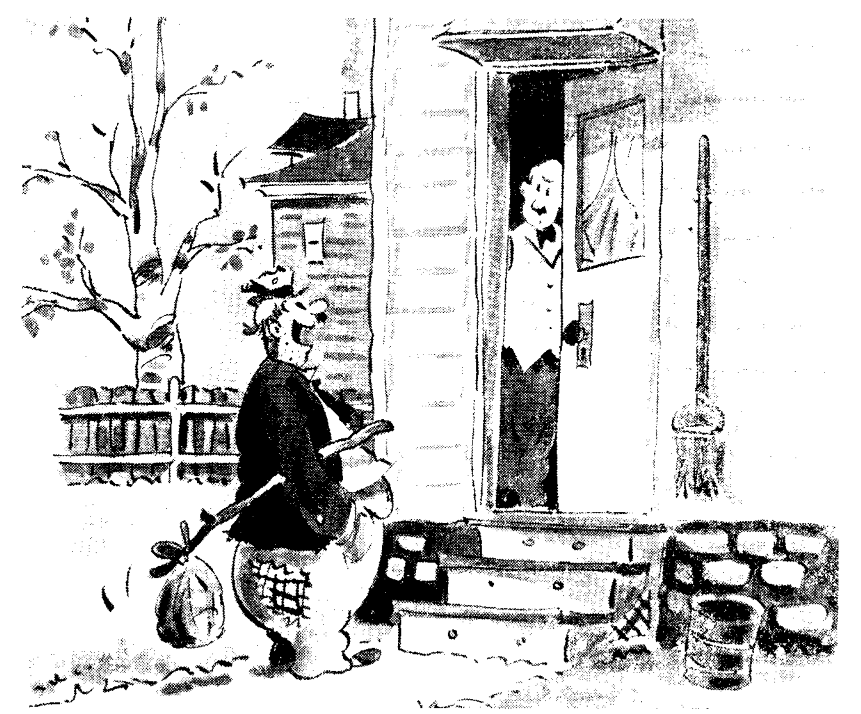
"Evidently," Norse said, "he turned out to be in a position to earn it. Damnation! Barrett, you come very near to being responsible for this!"

"I recognize that. I knew when I made him the offer that I was taking a dangerous chance."

"You certainly played hell!"

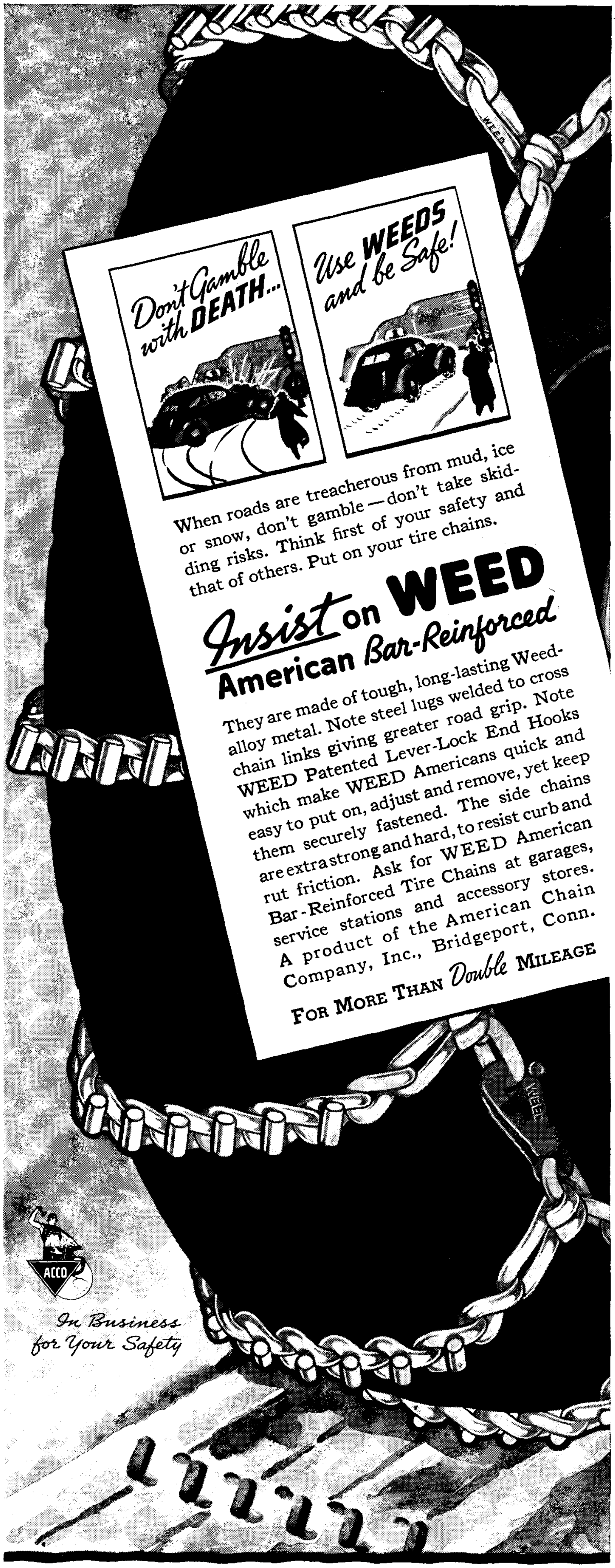
"Obviously. Yet the very fact of this new murder proves that there was justification for what I did. It doesn't seem likely to me that Nural Hakim would

(Continued on page 56)



"Could I have a cigar? I read of your being a father in today's paper"

REAMER KELLER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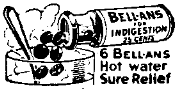
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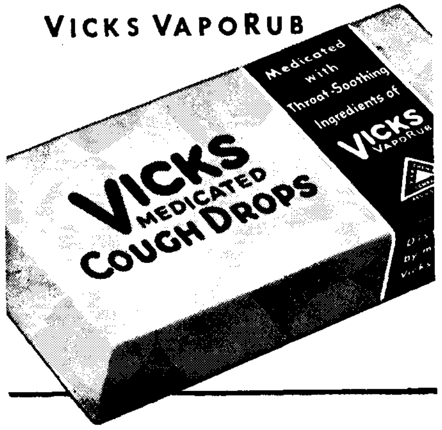
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

(Continued from page 55)

have been killed—and brought here—for any reason at all, except that my attempt very nearly succeeded."

"We'll go into all that later," Norse said shortly. He was plainly exasperated—more upset than I had seen him yet. He stooped again, and his long fingers began a thorough search of Nural Hakim's clothing.

It was when Captain Norse extended his search to the Moro's turban that he found a small, tightly twisted scroll of paper. He straightened this out carefully.

"Well, now, by God!" he said; and stood biting his lips. "Mrs. Merriam, will you step here, please?"

Tonai came forward; and Captain Norse held up his discovery for her to see. It was a photograph, faded by exposure to tropic light; from its surface, broken by twisting and crumbling, there looked out at us the likeness of Tonai Merriam herself.

"Photo by Kayama of Zamboanga," Norse remarked, examining the other side. "Mrs. Merriam, do you know where this came from?"

The girl answered him hesitantly, even unwillingly. "It—it's a picture of me, if that's what you mean."

"It is not what I mean. Was this in your possession?"

TONAI'S expression was peculiar as she said, slowly, "It may have been, at one time."

"You gave it to somebody?"

"Turn it over," Tonai said.

Norse obeyed, and for a long moment Tonai Merriam studied the back of the portrait. Then she said:

"That belonged to Neal Merriam."

"You're sure that it could not possibly be anybody else's copy?"

She shook her head. "There's a little ink mark on the back, where I started to write something on it, and then changed my mind and did not."

"Where did you last see this thing?"

"At Kivasawan."

"Did you see it when you returned to Kivasawan with Suva Jim, from Zamboanga?"

"No; I don't think it was there, then."

Captain Norse stood perfectly motionless. He was looking sidelong at me.

"I suppose," he said, "this is what you bought with your thousand pesos, Barrett. Damn! If we only knew where the Moro got this—" He stopped and turned to Mrs. Merriam again. "Where did Neal Merriam keep this thing?"

"He had it in a frame on his dresser."

"The frame," Captain Norse caught her up. "Was the frame at Kivasawan when you were there last?"

"No; the frame was gone, too."

"So I suppose," Norse said bitterly, "there won't be any fingerprints on this, except the Moro's." He snapped himself into action. "All of you go into the *sala* and stay there. Don't let me hear of a one of you setting foot outside of it until I give permission. You, Simeon, Mateo! Come in here!"

All of us except Norse and his corporals went into the *sala*, a very quiet and unhappy set of ill-assorted people. I think we all had the same thing in our minds. If any of us had clung to a hope that the murders of Shane and Gagahan had been a matter of trouble with and among natives—and the disappearance of Neal Merriam simply a coincidence—we were driven out of that theory now.

From where I sat in the *sala* I could see part of the portal; and presently I saw one of the Filipino corporals bring in Suva Jim. They took him into the *oficina*, and a little later Norse followed with angry, lurching strides.

Well into the third hour, the Filipino corporal called Simeon came to us in the *sala*. He was carrying an empty picture frame, held gingerly by its extreme corners. He glanced diffidently about the room, then crossed to stand in front of Marise Lowry.

"Excuse, señorita. Captain Norse send me. We find this, your room. He say ask you—you know this?"

There was a curious silence, then, embarrassing for special reasons known to most of us. Everybody was looking at the empty picture frame which Corporal Simeon extended. The cardboard back of the frame had been partly torn out, as if somebody had taken the picture out of there in a hurry. I saw a slow flush creep up Marise Lowry's white neck, and diffuse her temples.

"Does Captain Norse want to see me?" Marise asked at last.

"No, señorita; he just tell me ask you."

"You may tell Captain Norse," Marise said clearly, "that that is a frame in which I kept a picture of Mr. Barrett. You may tell him that I can prove it."

She had spoken too fast for the Filipino, and, picked man that he was, in his way, he did not get it. He said, "What?" and Marise had to repeat. When he understood her words, he knew their meaning well enough, as was evidenced by what he next said.

"I think he know," the Filipino offered. "We try other picture—too big. Not fit."

He went away.

Marise turned to me. "John, this is terribly awkward, but I want to tell you something that is true. I did not take your picture out of that frame. I would have kept it there. I think I would have kept it there always."

"It isn't anything of any consequence."

"It may not be anything of consequence," Mrs. Holderness said, "but I must say it is extremely peculiar. If Marise says she didn't take the picture out of the frame, she didn't. And if she didn't, then who—"

She stopped, looked about the room, and her voice changed entirely. "*Where is Mrs. Merriam?*"

I had been keeping a close eye on the portal, and I don't know what the others had been doing. But until now none of us had realized that Tonai Merriam was gone.

It was Justin Lowry who broke the moment of surprised silence. "Quick! Get Captain Norse! She mustn't be allowed to—"

"Be still!" I ordered him.

"But we were all told to stay here!"

"I don't care if we were. If—"

"But, you fool," Lowry angered, "something may happen to her! You know that nobody is safe in this infernal house! Something must be done, and done at once, and I mean to see—"

HE WENT babbling on, making it difficult for me to think. I was deeply puzzled. Her danger, if she was in danger, was not immediately apparent. Except that no woman should go running around in the dark on Malangai, I could see no great reason why Tonai Merriam should be in danger. Every single suspect which Captain Norse had been able to dig up, whether immediate or remote, was right here in this house.

Then suddenly a cold fear gripped my throat as it came to me that there was one possibility which had never been suggested at all. It was a possibility so obvious, once you saw it, that I do not to this day understand how it eluded us so long.

As my mind raced across it, I saw that everything in this case pointed to one simple answer that we had overlooked. One very probable circumstance could explain everything that needed explaining—the disappearance of Neal Merriam and its curious timing, the death of Shane, the death of Gagahan, the heel print in the mud, the death of Nural Hakim—even the photograph that was twisted into the Moro's turban.

And, when I saw that, I saw one thing more—that Tonai Merriam, if my solution was true, was at this moment in the greatest danger that had ever threatened her in her life.

"I've been here a long time," I said now, looking at everybody except Lowry, the man to whom I was talking. "If I don't know anything else, I know the island of Malangai—will you grant me that? I know where this woman would go—" (I admit, now, this was a lie)—"and I can find her, and bring her back. I can do it quickly—if only nobody interferes."

I turned squarely to Justin Lowry, and made my play. "Mr. Lowry, I need twenty minutes unimpeded. Will you keep these people here?"

"I'll hold 'em here," he said; and I went.

I SWUNG back the screen, as Tonai must have done when she slipped away; and I put one hand on the sill, and vaulted through, and as I hit the ground I began to run.

I took the long way, by the beach.

Yet I had to go by the beach, because of the village. If I had gone through the village, at a pace like that, the dogs would have been at my heels at such a rate that I might have been pulled down—if a spear had not ended it first, so that I would have died there easily, between the huts of the Samals.

So I went the long way, by the beach, and it was a nightmare. Even the long way of the sands did not free me from the inevitable cur dogs of the Moros. As I passed the stilted shacks nearest the sea a whole stream of those yellow misfit dogs poured out, bellowing to high heaven. A great shag-hackled cur stud was at the head of them, a thing with shoulders like a horse, and a head that wouldn't do for a bird. I turned as he tackled me, and tried to drop-kick for a goal; my toe caught him in the throat, and raised him only about four feet, instead of the seventy-five yards I had intended.

I almost sprained my ankle, there; the brute must have weighed sixty-five pounds. Days later he was still where he fell.

I ran on, running as hard as I knew how to run; running until I could not see the bright starlit sea, until the lining was long gone from my throat—even, it seemed, from my lungs. For I thought I knew where Tonai Merriam was.

Bad judgment there. When I came to Suva Jim Cooper's house I scarcely knew it. I swerved in some way, after I had all but gone past, and I clutched the handrail to his ladder, and set my foot on his bottom step. Then I hung there, trying nothing except to suppress my labored breath. Anything could have taken me, then; a four-year-old child with a split-bamboo kris could have skewered me unawares.

No one was there. It was a long time before I got back my beaten breath, but even before I had half got it back I was analyzing sounds. The night all around me was alive. For so many years I had been unaware of tropic insects that I had forgotten what a drum they make—a continuous droning hum of sound, smothering all little noises of the night. There was one small light somewhere in Suva Jim's house, and that was enough for the big beetles; through the eternal damnable buzzing of insect wings I could hear the boom and pop of big beetles against Suva Jim Cooper's screens. Nothing else. . . .

I know what it is to stand watch night after night upon a vacant sea of doldrum quiet, with only the silent movement of the boat, a little up and a little down, to mark the hours that only a new wind can end. But I tell you

(Continued on page 58)

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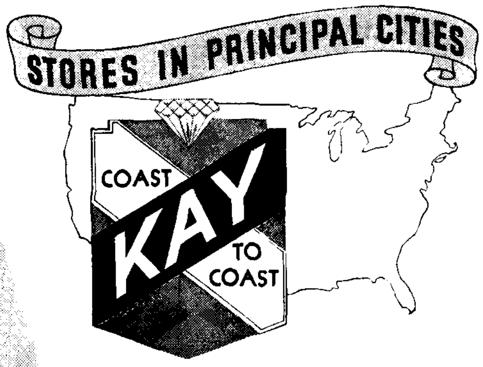

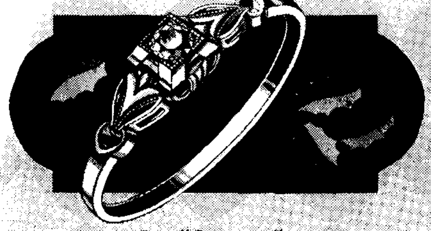

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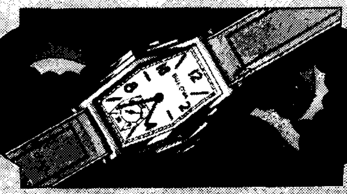

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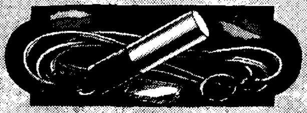

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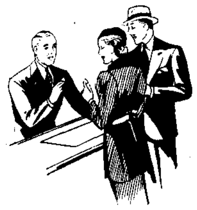

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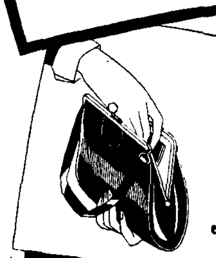

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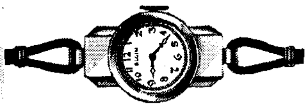

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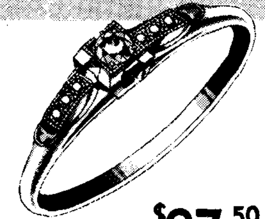

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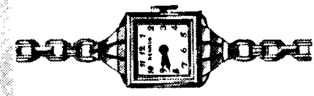

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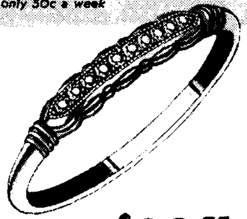

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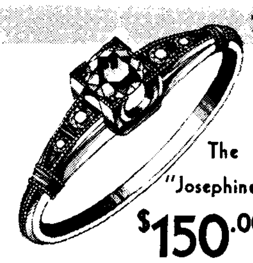

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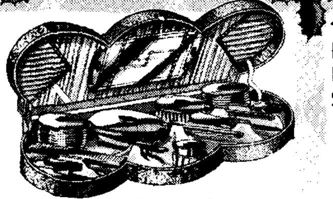

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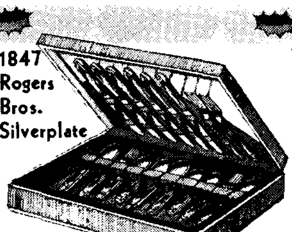

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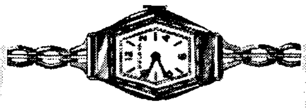

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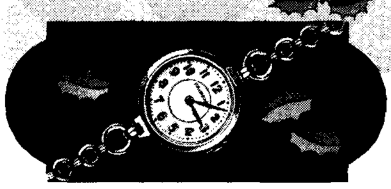

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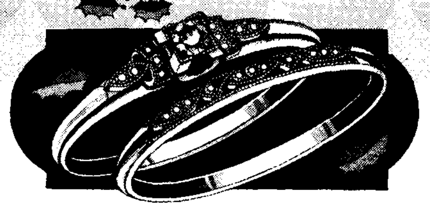

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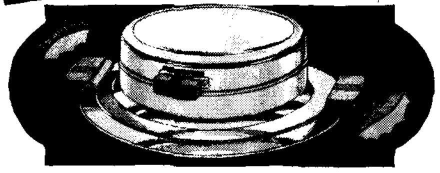

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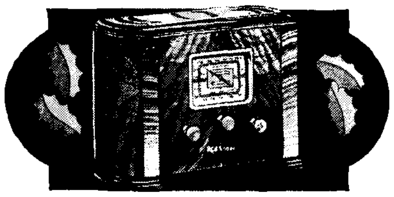

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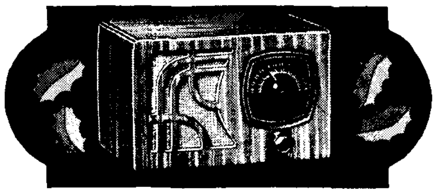

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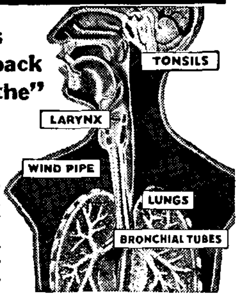

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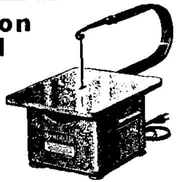

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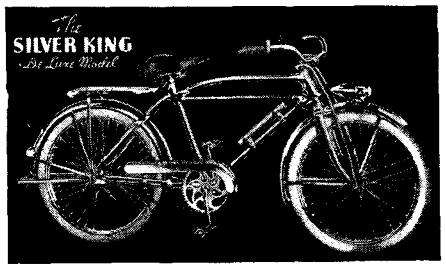

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(Continued from page 56)

there is no loneliness, and no silence on earth, such as that I knew as I stood with my hand on Suva Jim's railing, listening to the drone of insects, and the smack of beetles against Suva Jim's screens. Because I had thought that Tonai Merriam was there; and now it seemed to me, as I listened, as if nothing at all were there, except the meaningless sound of insect wings which any night light can draw.

I drew a new breath, clear to the bottom of my lungs; and went up the ladder, into the split-bamboo house, driven only by an instinct of stubborn thoroughness. I attained the floor level by an added effort of endurance, crossed the veranda in two strides, and cracked the door open, latch and all, with my fist.

Then I stood, trying to catch my breath again, leaning against the timbers of the doorway; and there was the sagging split-bamboo floor, and the table, upon which Suva Jim had thrown his feet when I last saw it, with its legs set in cups of kerosene against the ants. It was all the same as when I had last confronted Suva Jim here, except—

THE tapa cloth behind Suva Jim's favorite chair was now still; and against it, close to the farther door, Tonai Merriam stood—Tonai, set against the wall with her wrist against her mouth, and looking as if she'd seen a ghost.

I went to her, and took her by her hands, and for a brief moment pressed them against my face, unable to speak.

"John, John," she said, her low voice frightened, "you shouldn't have come here! If Jim Cooper finds you here he'll kill you—or force you to kill him."

It was not Jim Cooper I was worrying about. "I've got to get you out of here," I told her, and started for the door, drawing her after me with one hand. She came with me willingly enough.

We got out of the house, and down the ladder, and walked along the beach, avoiding the grass where the snakes were. My knees were weak, and I still had not recovered my breath; what I wanted was a place where I could rest a minute, yet know that Tonai was safe.

A brown man who thinks himself in danger from an unknown direction seeks a place to hide, where he will not be seen; but a white man, if he is armed, seeks the place where he can best keep a lookout for his enemy. So now as we came to the foot of an old useless pier of mine which stuck out into Malangai's shallow worthless bay, I turned toward it and indicated that Tonai should walk ahead of me, out along its narrow planks. Well out from the beach, near the end of the pier, I groped for the rail, and held on shamelessly with both hands, fighting for my breath.

By means of spreading my ribs and drawing each breath as deeply as I could, I got my wind back pretty soon, and I began to study the long sweep of the shore. Somewhere on Malangai, probably very close to my house, I now believed a man was hiding—a man with a wrecked body, and a distorted mind that made him more dangerous than any king cobra could ever be. If I knew Malangai as I thought I did, I should be able to work out by common-sense reasoning where that hiding place should be. Somewhere an ugly shadow was moving in shadows; I had to find it, and find it quickly, if worse things were to be prevented from happening here.

"John," Tonai Merriam said, "let me go back."

"Back? Where?"

"To Suva Jim's. There isn't any danger for me there. All of Suva Jim's people think, I suppose, that—that I belonged to Suva. And if Jim himself comes back—I know how to handle him."

"What on earth do you think you're trying to do at Suva Jim's house?"

"John, I'm looking for that picture frame. Don't you see—that picture frame is almost the only hope we have left. If we don't find it at once, nothing in the world can save you from losing Malangai, and Tunganan!"

"The frame of that picture," I said slowly, "is not at Suva Jim Cooper's house, Tonai."

"But it has to be someplace. There's a bare possibility that it might be there. If you'll only let me finish looking, it may be that I can find—"

I shook my head. "Tonai, it isn't going to make any difference whether we find the picture frame or not."

"How can you say that? Don't you see that it will change everything if only we can—"

"I think," I told her, "that I know now what has been happening here."

"You mean you think you know who—"

"As I see it now, it could not possibly have been anybody but one."

"In heaven's name, John, don't stand there looking like that!"

"This is ugly, Tonai; this is the ugliest thing we've had here yet. Can you stand one more bad thing?"

Her voice was so tense that I was afraid she was going to crack. "I can stand anything better than not knowing what is happening at all!"

"Tonai, I believe that Neal Merriam is alive."

In the brilliant starlight I saw horror come into her face slowly. "But—but—"

"It's the only answer that can give us all the answers. Neal Merriam was a sick and beaten man—bankrupt and hopelessly in debt. It's nothing to wonder at if he wanted to disappear."

"I've often been afraid," she said, her words very low, "that he would kill himself sometime."

"Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had. But I think that he did not; and when once we accept that he is alive, everything else is explained."

"Then do you think that he is—*here?*"

"I think that he is alive, and here on this island."

"But how on earth would he get to Malangai from Kivasawan, without letting it be known? The Moros would not have brought him; they hated him, and he hated them."

"I think now that I brought him myself. Barnes has already found out that Neal Merriam disappeared from Kivasawan at about the time the Mindoro Maid sailed from there. Do you see what that points to? Neal Merriam must have been stowed away on my own boat!"

HER voice was pathetic in its nerve-racked despair. "Do you think that could really have been possible?"

"At first I thought it was very unlikely. But the more I think about it, the more I think it could be done. He might have been back among the oil drums. Or he could have got down through a pump hatch, and laid on the keelson."

"But why, why would he kill these people? John, could it be that Neal went completely mad?"

"He may have been a little mad. But even a madman must have his motives, of a sort; and I think I see his motives here. When he killed Nural Hakim tonight, that, very plainly, was because Nural Hakim had discovered him. I still don't understand why he then put Hakim in through the window of Mrs. Holderness' room. Perhaps he just had a sudden notion that this would delay discovery until he could get away."

"And I suppose," Tonai admitted slowly, "that Gagahan was a witness to the murder of Henry Shane. But why Henry Shane? What motive could he possibly have had for killing that perfectly insignificant little man?"

"Tonai," I said, "I don't like to tell you this; but I suppose I will have to say it. I do not think that he came to your window with the intention of killing Shane."

"You mean—"

"I think that he came there with the intention of killing you."

There was a long silence then; I anticipated a denial that this could be a probability. Yet when she spoke, at last, it was not to express disbelief.

"Yes," she said faintly, with an infinite sadness, "I know that that might be true. Neal hated me sometimes, with a very terrible hate, when the fever was in his head."

"I had to mention that," I said quickly, "because it means, if it is true, that you are in very grave danger yet; and you will have to help me do everything I can to see that you are safe. But it is not necessarily the case. You see, he was probably just skulking about the islands, waiting for a chance to stow away to Shanghai, or to Sydney, and disappear from this part of the world, forever. And then, when he saw you here on Malangai, maybe he simply could not resist speaking to you once more—perhaps to try to persuade you to come back to him, and go with him. Perhaps, after he found out what room you were in, he simply came to your window to try to speak to you. Unstable as he was, he might then have gone amuck because he found a man in your room, without stopping to reason that Shane was a meaningless man."

"That—that is easier to think about than—the other way."

"DO YOU see how everything is explained? This explains his disappearance at just the time the Mindoro Maid sailed from Salter's store. It explains the death of Shane, and Gagahan, and Nural Hakim. It explains the heel print in the mud, and it even takes care of the photograph Nural Hakim had twisted into his turban. Hakim was doubtless bringing that photograph to me as evidence that he had found the hiding place of Neal Merriam."

Tonai was shaking, visibly; even in the starlight her face looked drawn and white. "John, this is like a terrible dream."

I took her in my arms then, and she hid wet eyes against my throat. The whole length of her body was trembling uncontrollably, and I knew that she was trying desperately hard not to crack.

"I've been a fool," I said. "Every day, every night, you've been in more danger than we'll ever know. Tonai, if anything had happened to you, I wouldn't have wanted to live."

A little pause, then:

"It's good," she said, "to hear you say it, in words."

"In words? You mean you knew that before?"

"Of course. It's been in your voice, and in your eyes, for days. And I'm so glad. It's just about the one glad thing in a pretty awful world."

"Wait a minute," I said.

Something was happening again. Of all times and places that could have been chosen, the thing that was taking place had had to pick out here and now!

For some time I had been watching a dark object a hundred yards up the beach, plainly seen but not identifiable by the starlight. It lay awash at tide-mark, like a big stranded fish, or a hurt squid; sometimes it had seemed to me that I saw it move. And now it was definitely moving, crawling laboriously up the sands of the beach.

Suddenly I released Tonai and drew my gun; I trotted back along the pier, and turned up the beach—for the crawling thing now looked a great deal like a man upon his hands and knees.

(To be concluded next week)

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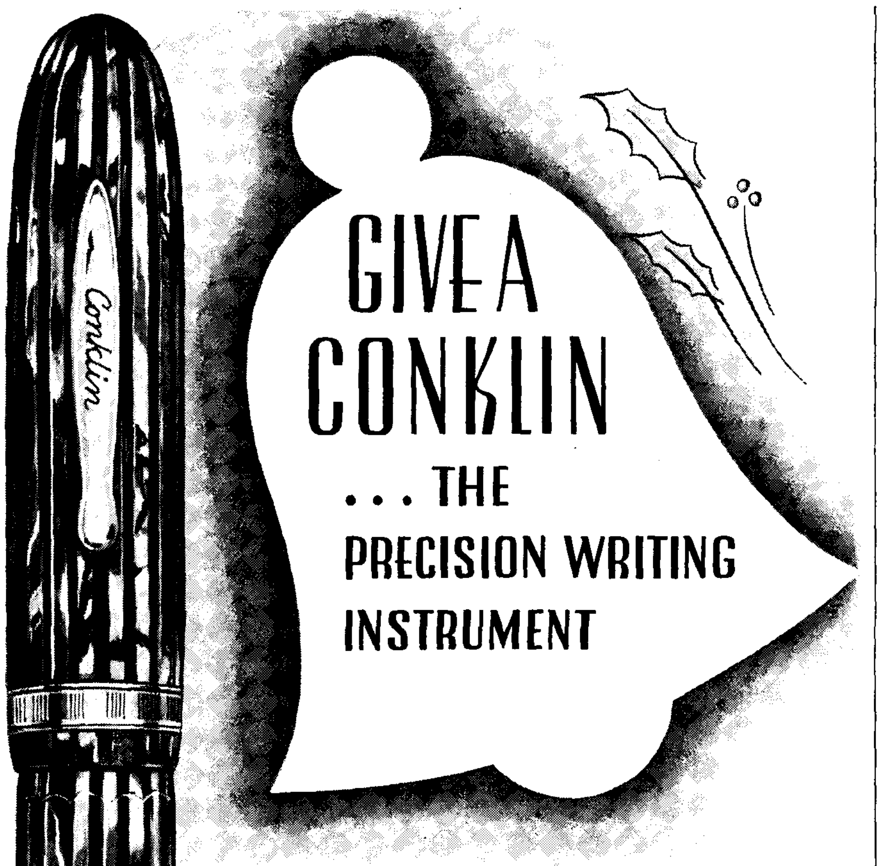

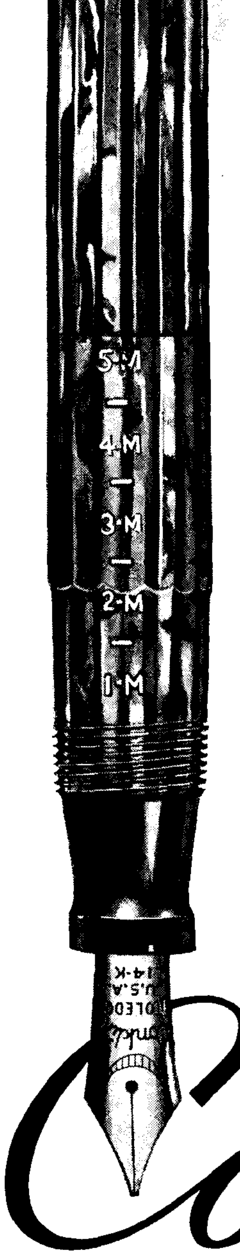

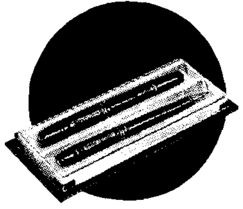

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Cooking Up Christmas

Continued from page 12

overflowing with strays, waifs, very cheerful waifs and strays they are, and unusual food at Christmas time.

One different dish at these parties is creamed white onions. Not so startling for a holiday dinner—unless cooked diced chestnuts are added to the sauce. Then you have a tender small onion which has become a sophisticated member of the upper classes.

When the lights begin to twinkle from the skyscrapers, the plum pudding comes on, and with it a sauce that you won't find anywhere else. A pint of whipping cream, whipped gently—this sauce must retain its creamy character, and not turn into fluff and froth—a half pint of brandy and a cup of confectioners' sugar folded into that. A pudding, topped with this, is tops!

There are Christmas puddings, and Christmas puddings, but, come Christmas Eve, most of us get a nostalgia for stirring up one of our own. If you have not a recipe of your own around try this one: Two packages of seeded raisins, two of seedless. Clean them carefully. Add a half pound of mixed, chopped orange peel, lemon peel and citron. Then chop the nuts, three fourths of a pound of blanched almonds and shelled pecans. In with these go the sugar, a pound and a half of the ordinary granulated variety—there's very little you can't find on the kitchen shelf for this pudding. Now a half pound of flour with the spices sifted through it, in teaspoonful quantities each. Mace. Nutmeg. Cinnamon. Ginger.

That's the first half of the recipe. For the second half chop two pounds of beef kidney suet, and chop it fine. Do the same thing with half a pound of apples after they have been pared. Crumble two loaves of stale crusted bread into bits so there will be no lumps. Mix the two halves of your pudding into a whole, and it's ready for a half dozen eggs, whites beaten stiffly, yolks beaten separately. Fold these in with a long wooden spoon. Add enough milk to make a dough stiff enough to stand up by its own backbone, and one glass of whisky.

Put into a mold, and there you have your pudding! It has to be steamed slowly for twelve hours. Fortunately no pudding pot has to be watched, so you can leave it to its own devices until next morning. Then, while your Christmas turkey is roasting, steam the pudding for another six hours. It takes time. But when it's brought onto the table with the blue flames of burning brandy over it, you'll know a pride in achievement you've never felt before.

Make a Wish

But don't forget that there's more to Christmas pudding making than the spice and sugar that go into it. Each member of the household must take a turn at stirring it—and make a wish. It's rumored that those wishes are extremely potent.

In New York, in the East Eighties, there is one of those amusing little narrow-chested houses with a brass knocker, which has been left over from a more formal day. Every Christmas Eve, while the children are stirring the pudding in the kitchen, the older members of the family, and the guests, are upstairs sampling the eggnog. And this eggnog is something of a rite in itself, being compounded of a recipe that passed the experimental stage half a century ago!

Beat the yolks of a dozen eggs until they are thick enough to cut with a knife. Beat in as many tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let this cook slowly in a double boiler for two or three minutes. Then just as slowly, while the mixture is cooking, add two quarts of milk and a quart of rye. After that a pint of heavy cream —unbeaten—and a pint of Jamaica rum. Take it off the fire, and when it's cool enough add the dozen whites of the eggs which have been beaten stiff. But it isn't ready to serve yet. This is a cold eggnog. It must stand at least overnight to attain the dignity of age and flavor!

Every family has some one Christmas-food custom that's as important as a tree or any gift: Mincemeat made weeks ahead. Punch stored in a stone jug. Roast duck as they serve it in California, with marmalade heated until it's as thin as a thick sauce.

Christmas in a Mexican mining camp! Mine foremen, wherever ore comes out of the ground, have a way of being Welsh, and their wives have a way of serving pasties and hot coffee on Christmas Eve.

If you've never had a real Welsh pasty, you've missed something! Flaky piecrust, top and bottom all of a piece, filled with small squares of pork and potatoes, seasoned with onions and parsley chopped fine, and just a hint of bay leaf. But these Christmas pasties were something else again. Miniature meat pies, with turkey under the crust, a suggestion of dressing, and a hint of sage-flavored gravy. Try them, sizzling out of the oven, for Christmas leftovers!

Christmas with a Punch

Innkeepers are not all an inhospitable lot, much as they acquired that reputation when Christmas began!

Take the Algonquin. At 11:30, on every Christmas Eve, the heavy curtains facing the street are drawn, as if this were an old English inn, with mine host mixing the punch.

In this instance, mine host is Frank Case, who owns the hotel, and the punch mixing is a ceremony! The punch has been laid down in the cellar for ten days in a stone jug. Three quarts of lemon juice, one of orange, and a pint of pineapple juice over three pounds of granulated sugar. Also a quart of rum. One of brandy. The same amount of port and claret, and a pint of benedictine.

None of this is sealed. It simply stays belowstairs aging until Christmas Eve, getting a good shaking now and then—which would appear to be one of the requisites of all the better punches! When it comes up, it's strained carefully through a cloth. Then two pints of sliced oranges go into it, and two of sliced pineapple. Three bunches of fresh mint, and a pint of maraschino cherries, add holiday colors. But the final holiday spirit comes in with a quart of domestic champagne. Fifty guests can partake of this flowing bowl, and there'll still be some left to go around!

While the guests are partaking, supper comes on. Among other items there's a pretty distinguished turkey stuffing: Three red onions chopped in a wooden mixing bowl. Two stalks of celery scrubbed and cut into fine squares. Three green peppers, also squared. One-half teaspoonful of curry powder, one of salt.

This is simmered over a slow fire for half an hour, in half a pound of butter. Meantime twelve slices of white bread have been cut in squares and toasted. These are mixed well into the simmering saucepan, and there is a dressing for a nine-pound turkey.

That is Christmas at the Algonquin. There are no singers outside the window to carol: "God rest ye merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay." But somehow they aren't needed!

Fighting Lady

Continued from page 17

Junior Lieutenant." We are nine little girls who want to learn more about Our Navy. Our next meeting is Monday P. M. at my house, 2761 A Petroleum Ave. Please come at 2:30 o'clock and tell us what we can do to show our Navy boys how thankful we are for their good work. You better talk for 15 mins. as we have visitors from Long Beach Chapter and a full program. We all would like you to show us your battleship after the program. We are knitting a surprise for you. Well, I will close now.

Your little friend,
MARY MARGARET STUDT,
(Age 12) *Secretary.*

Lieut. Chandler's first impulse was to run to Rhoda to be mothered. This he did, but he found Miss Myatt in no mood to be maternal.

"Tell them you decline to be adopted," she snapped. "Tell them you have a foster mother in Cebu, one in Colon and one in San Francisco."

"This isn't funny, darling."

Rhoda stared at him.

"Surely you're not thinking of letting Pykeson get away with it?"

"But, Rhoda, her husband's a vice admiral!"

"But, Bud, you're supposed to be a man."

"Admiral Pykeson can make or break me."

"Let him!"

"I happen to want to stay in the Navy."

"Call her bluff. You have a good record. You're not a baby provisional ensign."

"You don't seem to realize an admiral's power, Rhoda."

"Sissy!"

Miss Myatt refused to take Lieut. Chandler's dilemma seriously. Seeing only the humorous aspects of her lover's plight, Rhoda arranged to attend the Saturday-afternoon meeting of the Torrance Chapter, Junior Service Clubs Inc.

Secretary Mary Margaret Studt assembled her sister members and guests in the back yard of Oil Foreman Studt. The arrival of Miss Myatt in an imported sports roadster created a flurry. The last-minute appearance of Junior Lieut. Chandler was even more exciting. Young Mr. Chandler had the looks and charm to captivate feminine hearts of any age.

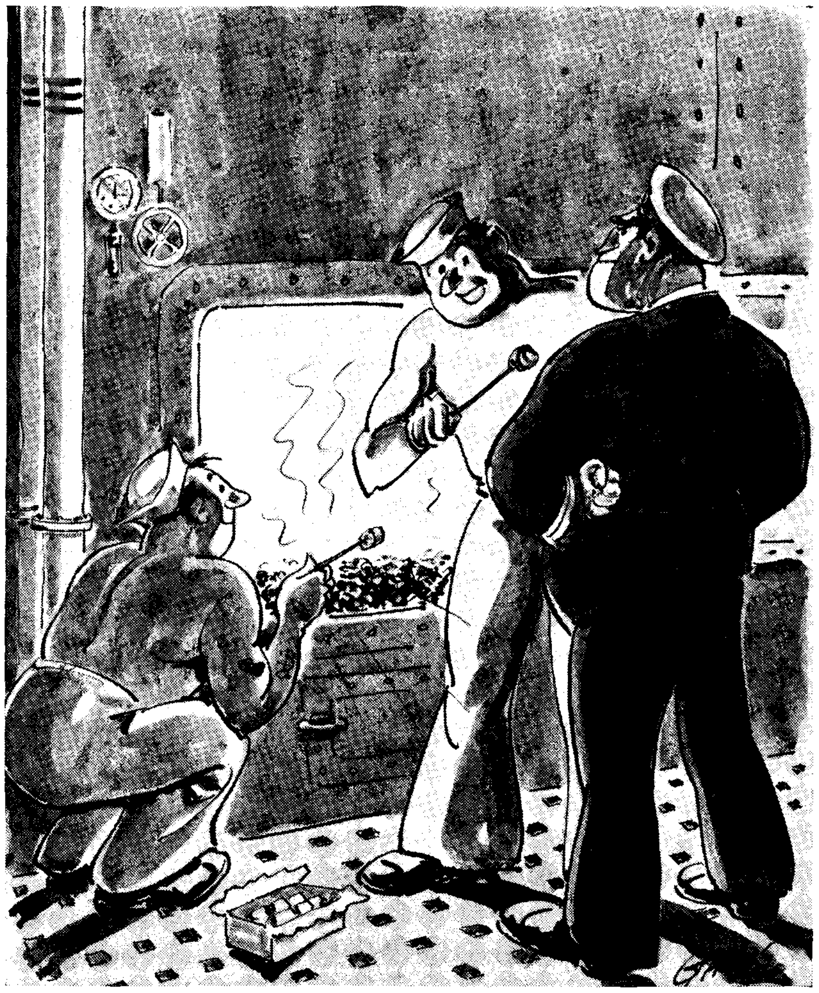
In a sweating agony, Lieut. Chandler tried to address the meeting on "What the Navy Should Mean to You." He was continually interrupted by oil derrick pumps, passers-by, stray dogs and the vociferous applause of Miss Myatt. Bud Chandler was made of good stuff, however, and suffered through the program valiantly. Only once did he waver—he took the Torrance Chapter to see the Colorado instead of his own ship.

ALONE with Rhoda in the cool twilight at last, Lieut. Chandler sighed and said: "Well, that's that. Promotion is a cinch!"

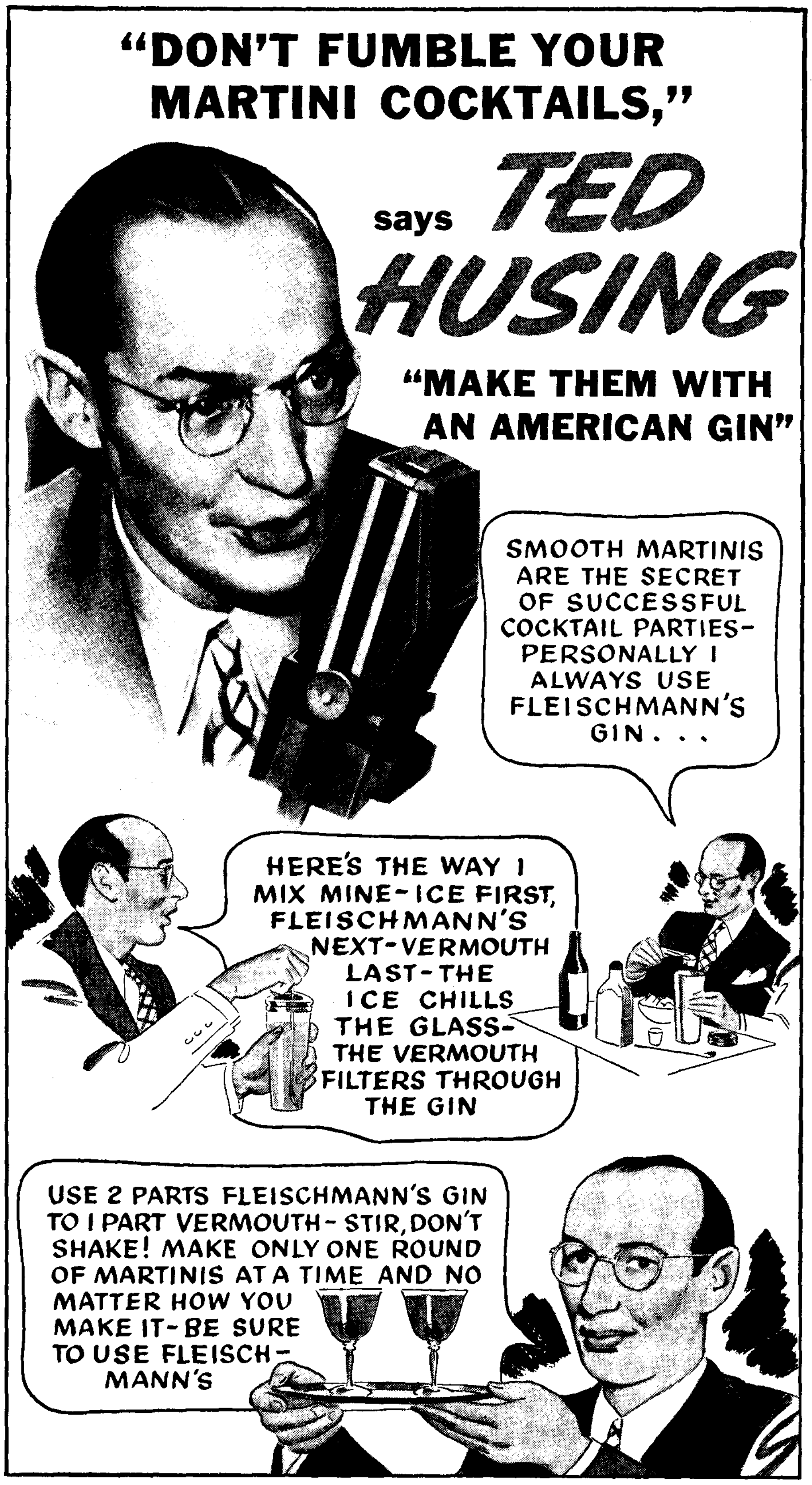
Rhoda, with woman's intuition, said slowly: "Nope. You'll hear from those sweet little girls again. I know women."

Lieut. Chandler's ordeal had just begun, as any of the adopted ensigns of the Fleet could have told him. There were love letters from Misses Studt, O'Hara and Malkewizci. There were packages of homemade fudge, cookies, cake. There was a wondrously knitted pennant inscribed Lieut. Chandler, The Navy Forever. There were telephone calls. And, finally, a note from Mrs. Pykeson:

(*Continued on page 62*)



"Have a toasted marshmallow, Chief?" CHESTER GARDE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THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE
THE HIGH BALL
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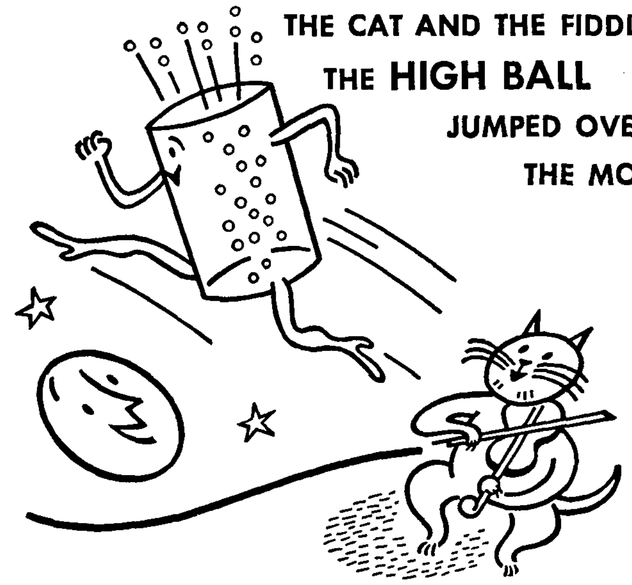
THE MOON



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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE WORTH LOOKING FOR

(Continued from page 61)

Dear Lieutenant Chandler:

Your girls have asked me to invite you to a house party I am giving for all the Junior Service chapters this week end. I wish I could tell you just how much your interest and inspiration has meant to the Torrance Chapter. They were wavering, and I knew that unless they could select just the right "big brother" to adopt, our movement would fail in Torrance. Gratefully,

DORA PYKESON.

This was the last straw. Rhoda found her promised husband in an almost hysterical condition in Benny's Bar. He announced that he would not attend the Junior Service house party. He would resign, first; he would strangle Mrs. Pykeson, first; he would die, first.

It is only fair to record that Rhoda Myatt, faced with crisis, put aside childish jesting and accepted Mrs. Pykeson for what she was—a menace to the United States Fleet.

THIS remarkable girl went straight to Mrs. Pykeson. All versions of that interview are somewhat apocryphal, but a conservative transcription would be about like this:

"Mrs. Pykeson, I am Rhoda Myatt."

"Oh, *yes*. Lieut. Chandler spoke of you."

"Why are you forcing Bud and those poor ensigns into such a humiliating and ridiculous affair as this house party?"

"Ridiculous? Humiliating? Why, they have enjoyed every moment of their—"

"They've *hated* every moment. They're just afraid to tell you. But I'm not. And I want you to release Bud from any connection with your—your girlies."

Mrs. Pykeson looked stunned, hurt to the quick, then, gradually, a mite angry.

"I was right, I see," she said. "You are not at all a proper wife for Lieut. Chandler."

"Why not?"

"You're . . . well . . . my dear . . . you're very extravagant, for one thing . . . and—"

Rhoda Myatt did not flinch.

"Mrs. Pykeson," said Rhoda, "I could afford to support *five* junior lieutenants. It might not be a bad idea, at that. Together they might make one man brave enough to tell you that you're a flossy-noddled nincompoop buttinsky. Good day, Mrs. Pykeson!"

But this was only the beginning of Rhoda Myatt's heroism. She jumped into her speedboat and drove out to the starboard gangway of the flagship South Dakota. Presently, she was seated in the cabin of Pooh-Pooh Pykeson's ComBatFor.

Alas, the admiral was not in the mood to listen to criticism of Mrs. Pykeson. Her pink taffeta port hangings fluttered in the breeze. Her hand-embroidered cushions splotched color on his leather divan. At his elbow was a box of beaten biscuits cooked by Angel's own hands.

"Pooh-pooh, child," said Admiral Pykeson, "you're taking entirely the wrong attitude. Dora . . . um . . . ah . . . loves children. She wants them to love her . . . and also . . . um . . . ah . . . the Navy. I myself enjoy having the little girlies about—"

"But would you want to be *adopted* by them?"

Vice Admiral Pykeson chuckled.

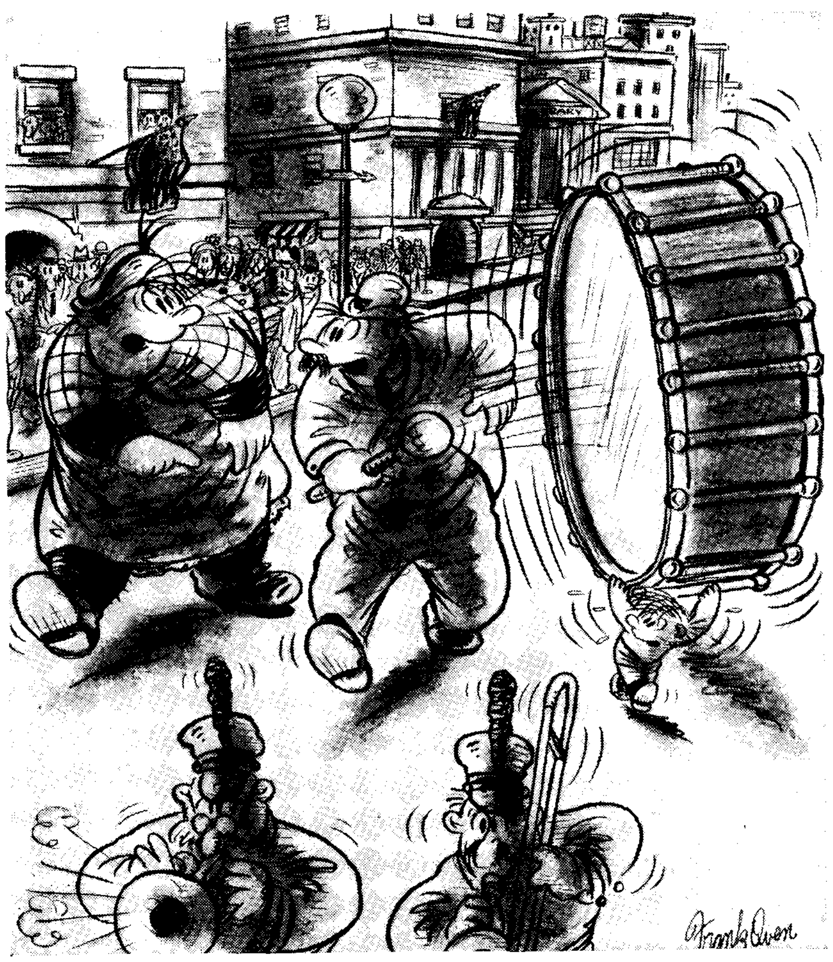
"Oh, that's purely a figure of speech, Miss Myatt. The . . . um . . . ah . . . kiddies are quite harmless—mere infants, you know. I daresay your Lieut. Chandler is in no danger. Just let him remember 'The hand that robs the cradle rocks the world'. Ha, ha, ha. One of Dora's witty sayings . . . yes . . . ha, ha."

"*Very* well, Admiral!" said Rhoda.

(Continued on page 64)

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"That's you all over! Holding the stick and letting Philbert beat the drum against it!"

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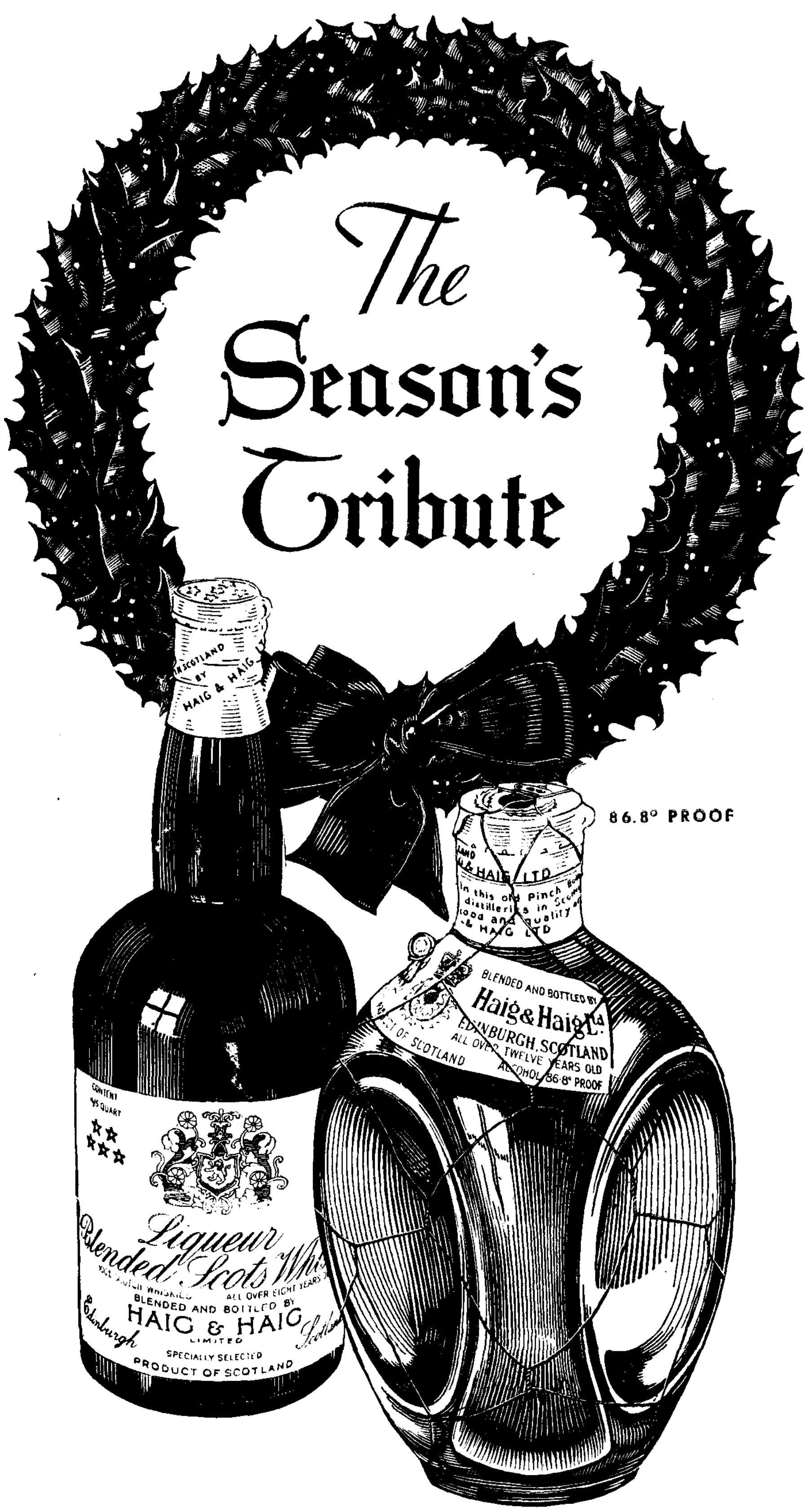
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(Continued from page 62)

Even at that moment a desperate plan was forming in Rhoda's mind. But she decided to give Lieut. Chandler one more opportunity to stand up against Mrs. Pykeson. They quarreled bitterly:

"Afraid of a vice admiral, are you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid of a vice admiral."

"Going to that house party, are you?"

"Rhoda, for goshsake, what else can I do? Pete's going. Johnny's going. They're all going."

"Are you mice or are you men?"

"We're ensigns and j. g. s. You just simply don't know how it is in the Navy—"

"Bah! You—you girl scoutmaster!"

"Take care, Rhoda—"

"Pooh-pooh."

"Pooh-pooh yourself!"

"Your ring, Lieutenant. Just put it in your nose and give the leash to 'Pants' Pykeson!"

"Rhoda!"

Blam! (Merely a door slamming.)

At this point, naval censorship closes down on all biographers of Mrs. Pykeson, on all historians of the biggest near-scandal that ever rocked the Fleet. But the sober facts are these:

One Saturday morning about ten-thirty o'clock, a boatload of small girls in charge of a young woman who looked like an Iowa schoolmarm approached the flagship South Dakota. They moved directly to the starboard gangway and were challenged by Chief Ostrander of the watch. Chief Ostrander questioned the young woman in charge of the party and was told: "We're the Junior Service Club of Ottumwa, Iowa. Mrs. Pykeson sent us to call on the admiral. You see, sir, we've adopted Admiral Pykeson and we've come all the way from Ottumwa to meet him!"

This story was relayed to Lieut. Brierly, junior officer of the deck. Lieut. Brierly accepted the introduction without surprise; and went promptly to Admiral Pykeson's cabin. He found Admiral Pykeson in conference with Holy Joe Bowers.

Admiral Pykeson frowned with momentary annoyance when told that sixteen girls from Ottumwa, Ia., were waiting to see him. He was expecting all the captains of the Battle Force for an end-of-the-week business meeting shortly.

"They say they've adopted you, sir," said Lieutenant Brierly, a diplomatic officer.

Emphasis on the point touched Admiral Pykeson. As he remarked to Holy Joe Bowers, he liked little girls. Holy Joe Bowers was touched also. He gently urged the admiral to see these children from Ottumwa.

"Bring them here, Brierly!" Admiral Pykeson ordered.

FROM this point on the facts become clouded with controversy and, it must be admitted, considerable profane or ribald interpretation. When the children assembled in Admiral Pykeson's cabin it appeared that they were all in such a boisterous, impish mood that Holy Joe Bowers, for one, was forced to surmise that they were intoxicated. Moreover, the Iowa schoolmarm on closer inspection looked more like a Hollywood soubrette. And worst of all, it soon became apparent that many of the Junior Service kiddies from Ottumwa were astonishingly well developed for their ages. They were little girls but . . . well . . . mature.

The abrupt outburst of affection for their adopted admiral flabbergasted Holy Joe Bowers and paralyzed Admiral Pykeson. To quote Sergeant Dennis of the marine guard at the door: "All the Old Man could say at first was 'Children, children!' An' you should've seen Holy Joe's face!"

To use the short and ugly phrase, sex was let loose aboard the U. S. S. South Dakota. There was feminine revelry and foolish laughter in the admiral's cabin.

It is to be assumed that Admiral Pykeson's first impulse was to call out the guard. But fear of Mrs. Pykeson, common pride and an admiral's desire to keep face before the Fleet held him back momentarily. This hesitation allowed a certain captain of a certain battleship, arriving in full dress for the admiral's conference, to witness a scene which will stay with him all his days.

Stated the captain afterward:

"It was . . . ungodly, sir . . . ungodly!"

Here, again, legends diverge. Conservatives hold that the guard was called out, the Ottumwa, Ia., kiddies placed under arrest and marched off the flagship. Liberal opinion is inclined to believe that the guard was indeed called out; but that not all of the children were captured at once. And, according to irresponsible radical raconteurs half a dozen girlies penetrated below deck where they were greeted by enlisted men of the Navy with hearty welcome. A ballad composed by Abernethy, J., fireman 3d, bears on the humorous point that, far into the night, search parties were ferreting out the last fugitives.

ALL that the Navy knows for certain is that when it was finished, Vice Admiral Pykeson spent a bad twenty minutes in the cabin of the C-in-C. Not one line appeared in the newspapers.

The most imperturbable figure throughout those trying days? Miss Rhoda Myatt.

When Lieut. Chandler, eyes glassy with horror, stumbled into her living room on the evening of the third day, this heroic young woman smiled serenely.

"Rhoda," he gasped, "you—you didn't have anything to do with it?"

"I most certainly did, my dear."

"You—you brought those children from Iowa?"

Miss Myatt laughed.

"Not from Iowa . . . from Hollywood, you chump. They're the famous Hemstenier Kiddies—movies, you know."

Lieut. Chandler groaned. Then he rallied.

"All right," he said, "I'll resign. It's all right. May take me a few months to find a job—but we'll be married right away. I can borrow—"

Rhoda looked at him proudly.

"Not a mouse. Not a j. g. A man, egad!" Then, considerately, "But I don't think you need to resign, my sweet. I believe that Mrs. Pykeson's tour of duty with the Fleet is just about over!"

"Not Pykeson," said Lieut. Chandler, as he took this noble girl in his arms, "she'll have me transferred to the Coast Guard!"

The perceiving historian will note that character analysis, courage to endure the wrath of vice admirals and contempt of the consequences are not virtues vouchsafed to junior lieutenants. But let the legend of Mrs. Pykeson close with this scene in Admiral Pykeson's breakfast room (reported by Mrs. Townsend, who was in the patio outside the open window).

Mrs. Pykeson: (flatly) Humphrey, that girl has flouted me. Young Chandler was in on the plot. I demand that you have him transferred to Wake Island.

(Mrs. Townsend takes her oath that, as Mrs. Pykeson spoke, the admiral drew himself up to full height and squared his shoulders. A beautiful light—like the very glow of freedom—suffused his face. Once more Pykeson was the man he had been in First Sea Lord Jellicoe's office at the British Admiralty. Now and forever, he would command the Battle Force, and, if need be, the entire United States Fleet.)

"Pooh-pooh, Dora!" he said. "Pooh-pooh!"